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Book 1818

Book 1813
MEDITATIONS

AND *N^o 26*

CONTEMPLATIONS:

CONTAINING

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS—REFLEC-
TIONS ON A FLOWER-GARDEN—A DESCANT
ON CREATION—CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE
NIGHT—ON THE STARRY HEAVENS—AND
A WINTER-PIECE:

By JAMES HERVEY, A. B.

LATE RECTOR OF WESTON FAVEL IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

TRANSPosed INTO BLANK VERSE,

By G. COCKING,

OF REDRUTH, CORNWALL.

W E L L I N G T O N :

Printed by J. Bishop, for the Author.

1813.



To the most Noble

ARTHUR

MARQUIS AND EARL OF
WELLINGTON,

Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley in the County of Somerset, K. B. Lieutenant-General, Marshal-General of the Portuguese, and Captain General of the Spanish Armies, and Commander-in-Chief of his Britannic Majesty's Forces serving

THE DEDICATION.

*in the Peninsula, also, Duke of
Ciudad Rodrigo, K. C. S. &c.*

MY LORD,

Being so strongly prompted by my own gratitude, and by many others of our most gracious Sovereign's loyal subjects, I cannot be silent, while such heroic, loyal, virtuous, and stable character, is now in existence as your Lordship's, to employ my pen: stable I must add, while your Lordship, with unwearied diligence, has stood the attacks of numbers yearly poured in, who had the passages at their command; while your Lordship had to wait the longer, and more uncertain events of providence, to be reinforced; but now in a prosperous way of expelling finally, a restless, and ambitious foe, from the territories of an oppressed, deceived people, who have long struggled for their own native monarchy. Wise management also must be attributed to your Lordship, in temperizing, and bringing together in harmony, the jealous dissensions of those people, (that often prevailed according to our news-

THE DEDICATION.

papers,) whom you were fighting for. These, and many other things which my heart feels, but tongue is shy to express, draw forth my sincerest praise and love due to your Lordship; hoping at the same time every virtuous subject of our most gracious King will join me; and hoping that the remainder of your Lordship's days may end in peace and tranquility; your Lordship's good conscience to be rewarded by our Creator, and your good services to our country, by our King: which are the sincere wishes of

Your Lordship's,

- Most Obedient

And very humble Servant,

GEORGE COCKING.

Long has oppressive war invested Spain,
Sprung, to enslave them, from a Tyrant's aim!
A haughty Tyrant, who would trample all,
Beneath his feet, of this terrestrial ball!
What force could not effect, his cunning could,
To save, as he pretended, spilling blood!
Not only Generals his counsel sway'd,
But Kings his wicked fallacy betray'd!
One King indeed! Which crime can't be defac'd,
While truth, and virtue, on this earth have place!
The scourge is coming home, the Tyrant fears,
His conscience Hell, his pride, perhaps, now tears!
Or worse—despair, perhaps, that cannot weep,
Despair, that Fiend, that stole here from the deep!
Vice has its day, though oft protracted long;
A steadfast virtue will that vice dethrone,—
Dethrone its wiles big with destroying events,—
For which, we hope, brave WELLINGTON is sent!

PREFACE.

Having long considered Mr. HERVEY's works, a suitable subject, for that sublime, and dignified way of expression, called blank verse; and having myself a great attachment to the harmony of accented numbers; therefore, like Milton, long choosing and beginning late, I took up the pen, and never quitted it four days together, till that whole mass of work was transposed; whole I cannot say, for I have abridged greatly, particularly what I thought was bordering on tautology, and swelled an unnecessary volume; and I have added greatly too. I was not stimulated with any ambition, as some have charged me with, of making such amendments, as would lessen the value of the original in my conceited opinion; but, for the amusement of those who are partial to meatre, and who would wish to compare them together I did it: to make any amendment in his religious sentiments, it is not in my power, I have only added more to them, drawn from the wise order we see in the creation. As soon as my work was finished, I, being ever diffident of my own proficiency, was desirous of having some learned man's opinion upon it; therefore put it into the hands of the Rev. Mr. GURNEY of St. EARTH, Cornwall, a Gentleman whom I was well known to, who returned me an answer that it was defective in places in meatre, grammar, and orthography; but there were many instructive passages in the work, which he confessed himself had benefited by: so, as a friend sincere to me, (which I have every reason to believe him such) he strongly advised me to examine it thoroughly over, purge it of those faults, and put it into the hands of the Rev. Mr. POLWHEEL before I committed it to the public eye, as he confessed to be himself not skilled enough in meatre to set me right though he saw those faults.—I made answer that Mr. Polwheel was a stranger to me.—Mr. Gurney replied he is a great writer and poet, and he will do you justice as touching the merits of your work. Accordingly I wrote it wholly over again, and found many lines defective in meatre, and words wrong spelt, which I corrected; then lay'd it before Mr. Polwheel, who after a close examination, told me I had gained strength as I went on,

PREFACE.

(meaning that my latter part excelled the first,) and that I had handled that part on the Flower-garden in a masterly manner; then asked me which way I intended to get it out. I told him by subscription. Then said Mr. Polwheel you take my name as first subscriber; and I thank you to let the Rev. Mr. ROGERS, of RENDRUTH see it, as I have written to him that there is such a thing now in my hands, and promised him he should have a sight of it: accordingly Mr. Rogers had, and told me he would thoroughly examine it over through my request, and that Mr. Polwheel and he would give me every assistance that lay in their power to encourage me. He found out many more errors that I had overlooked, pointed them out to me, returned it, and told me there were many a good line in the work: for which favours, I hope I shall ever feel a grateful acknowledgement in my heart; and should I be so fortunate to have a second edition out, I shall express my thanks to those gentlemen, particularly to Mr. Polwheel, in a more genteel, and respectful manner: but though this work has met with some degree of approbation from those gentlemen, yet it will soon have a world of opinions to face; opinions that vary as faces. But if there is any merit in the work, it will make its passage through the world when I am in the grave; if none, it will of itself soon sink in oblivion.

I remain, my Subscribers'

Most obedient

And very humble Servant,

GEORGE COCKING.

Wm Cook, R. South

MEDITATIONS *1813.*

AMONG THE TOMBS.

CHAPTER I.

CONTENTS.

THE visiting of a Church. Observations on Happiness, or the State of Man not so uneven as is by many believed. Handsome Altar-piece. Gratitude, a virtuous Principle. Solomon's Temple; his noble Sentiments on its Dedication. The Holy Ghost dwelling in our Hearts.

Thoughts on myself and the Jewish High Priest treading on holy Ground. The Happiness of true Grace. The Floor covered with funeral Inscriptions.

In thoughts involv'd, in contemplation deep
On what's beyond the grave, while graves I sought
To be my tutors, if I aught could learn
More of my mortal state, and shun those ills
That bar me from eternal happiness, 5
And be of service to unthinking minds,
A church I visited; whose doors, like heaven's,
That open'd to its sacred walls, convey'd
A guest unworthy: I well pleas'd, enjoy'd
My serious meditations there awhile, 10
Free from temptations of a busy world.
"Thy awful and retired gloom," said I,
"Strikes in my heart more rev'rence to my God!"
Its glim'ring light I view'd, and tombs survey'd;

I ponder'd much on wisdom infinite, 15
 On God's creation, so complete with justice,
 That kings as well as subjects meet the grave :
 Though death, by satan brought into the world,
 Yet could not fix corruption how he pleas'd ;
 A consolation to the murr'ring beggar, 20
 Could he, this law impartial, wisely trace ;—
 Could he but learn to know his station here,
 His cares not multipl'd, nor labour hard :
 Let him look round, and mark each living thing,
 How they must forage for their daily food ; 25
 While up to greatness oft his thoughts are cast,
 And erring there gives many troubles birth ;
 Could he but know that wealth and titles all
 Delusions are, and transient is their worth,
 Then happy he would seek some rural shade, 30
 And thank his God for what his bag affords.
 This church, though in death's dwelling fix'd, yet wure
 Highway to life, for all who seek sincerely.
 Its body spacious, and its structure high,
 And light that crept through windows small and foul, 35
 Compos'd a luminous obscurity,
 And gave the whole a venerable air.
 Deep silence adding to the gloomy scene,
 Increas'd its loneliness. Instinctively
 Stole on by being a religious dread, 40
 (While through the inmost aisle I humbly mov'd,)
 Which still'd rude passions, and becalm'd my soul !
 The Majesty eternal I ador'd,
 Who, not confin'd to temples made by hands,
 Has for his throne the heavens, and all the bounds 45
 Of his created day, or ancient night !
 A stately altar-piece came next to view,
 The work of gratitude; the builder's life,
 That God had spar'd, to fix the topmost stone
 Of that majestic edifice, conceiv'd, 50
 And found in his obedient, praying heart,
 Such thanks, such righteousness; and worship due,
 He in those sacred walls that altar plac'd,
 That his Creator he might not forget.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

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Thou gratitude, thou lovely principle,— 35

True leader of true happiness, and road

Through mortal life, to immortality!

I ponder'd here; but soon my active thoughts

New meditating subjects found,—new scenes

Of heavenly instinct momentary born; 60

And Solomon's devotion I detain'd,—

His temple's dedication to our God;

And thus, with thoughts uplifted, Israel's king

Began; "Will Deity deign here to dwell?"

"His purity confine to mortal walls, 65

"Though supplicated by an earnest spirit?

"Yet he has promis'd where true worship reigns,

"His spirit shall with us make his abode."

Who would not such devotion rather chuse,

Than all the pomp of that grand edifice, 70

By mortals built, and must to dust consume?

Who would not choose to lay his treasure up,

Where dwelling-place and dwellers never end?

Where thieves disturb not, neither kings invade!

Nor did this house the praises of our Lord 75

Escape, though prophesied its sudden fall.

But what a noble turn of thought does this

In Israel's king discover? that the high

Divine Inhabitant,—the mighty God,

Should in this temple make his bless'd abode! 80

Should there his presence manifest to man,

And make him joyful in his house of prayer!

This thought should more affect our stony hearts,

Than its external stony form our eyes.

The everlasting God does not disdain 85

His holy spirit should within us dwell,

And make a temple of our earthly bodies.

Tell me, all ye, who judgments nicely frame,

And things distinctly balance, does this truth

Astonish you, or fill you more with joy,— 90

This truth the sacred scripture says, to join

His holy spirit with polluted dust?

Be this my portion I'll not covet wealth,

Nor value crowns on sandy basis built,—

Built on the basis of allegiance, big 93
 With fate from undermining Jacobines.
 Dar'd I commit a sin, while in that church
 I trod? Could the exalted Jewish priest,
 While he his solemn yearly entrance made,
 Into that holy temple deem'd, and stood 100
 Before the great Jehovah's sacred presence,
 Allow himself in any known transgression,—
 In past or present thoughts conceiving sin?
 If conscience then awoke from any guilt,
 What must he feel in such a circumstance? 105
 How shudder at the deeds! Then why through all
 The conduct of our lives, do we not bear
 This dread religious?—Apprehensive fear?
 For ever on our guard with watchful thoughts,
 And fit our bodies temples for our God? 110
 If we are christians real, (.not nominal,)
 Through well-purg'd actions from our praying wants;
 Then the true Comforter within us dwells,
 And we enjoy a heavenly bliss on earth;—
 A tranquil calm sin's passions cannot move! 115
 The pavement next struck my attentive view;
 'Twas like Ezekiel's roll, all over written.
 And now we change from happy paradise,
 To mournful tales of dead, departed friends;
 And change from tenses past into the present. 120
 Therefore my reader follow me among
 The tombs, until my meditation ends.
 These epitaphs invite me seemingly
 To read: and what would they inform me of?
 That underneath their stones, in death's arms lie, 125
 Some lumps of earth, that once had living souls,
 Striving for worldly gains more than to shun
 This dreaded place,—the grave eternal! Stop,
 Proud man, judge not, that work belongs to God!
 But this we know, these stones receiv'd a charge, 130
 Their noble fame for ages to preserve;
 And so the letter'd monuments became,
 The trustees of their memorable name.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

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CHAPTER II.

CONTENTS.

Wisdom of meditating on our latter end. True Wisdom not in this life's polish'd arts. Promiscuous lodgment, and amicable agreement of corpses. Monument of an Infant; its fortunate Circumstances; superior felicity to those who combat sin and death to a longer age, and conquer. Monument of a Youth; Grief of his Parents.



WHERE have my searching thoughts, that boundless rove,
Led this corporeal frame? Among the dead;
That I might not forget its residence!
Thou mortal change, most wisely fix'd by heaven!
Most wisely suffer'd satan's wiles to act 5
Without repulse! That we might learn, improve,
And climb gradation's chain to purity,
Becoming more dependant on our God!
I'm now by my Creator, and the souls,
Perhaps, of some beneath my feet: then I 10
May with the rev'rend patriarch cry out
"How dreadful is this place!"
O may devotion pure here ever reign!
May I ne'er enter here irrev'rently,
But enter with an awe, and godly fear. 15
"Ye men, be wise," replied our law-giver:
But in what art is wisdom truly meant?
Not in the polish'd schools of worldly life;
For the inspired penman teaches thus,
"Ye men, be wise, get inward eyes to see 20
"Your sins, and senses to pursue concerns
"Eternal, everlasting peace!" But how
Shall we obtain this knowledge, when this spark
Of heaven, is lost so oft, beneath the school
Sophistry's glitter,—charm of tempting use? 25
But shines amidst the mansions of the dead!
Though drown'd amidst the noise of mortal acts,
Yet speaks distinctly here! Behold me now,
By providence brought to this school, whose graves

Teach men mortality, that payment sure 36
 For our first parents' fault. Come then calm grace
 Compose my thoughts; celestial spirit come,
 Enlighten me while I these pages read,
 That to salvation I may wise become!
 A multitude promiscuous here I find, 35
 Without regard to wisdom, age, or rank:
 Ambition here her scornful air has dropt:
 No coveting of highest seats, nor hopes
 Of public greetings in these cells: a man
 Of power, of years, and wisdom grave, may lie 40
 By the side of a beggar or a fool;
 All rest in dust; the cov'ring of your vaults,
 With grass or stone, the only difference makes.
 Say then, for why or what this mighty stir,
 This bustle here for vain preeminence, 45
 When time, as nothing with eternity
 Compar'd, will level all? The envious man,
 With all his darts of railery here sleeps;
 The lev'ler weigh'd his cunning, priz'd his pride,
 And worth of person rated it with dust! 50
 'Mong such remains of mortal tenements,—
 The souls' abodes, there are, when living, those,
 No doubt, who held each one his sentiment,
 And int'rest too; all right for pride and gains:
 But death impartial as an umpire sat, 55
 Judg'd their contending strife, and level'd all:
 Those who were enemies now dwell in peace;
 All thoughts of malice dropt, and foes forgotten;
 Who from each other stood aloof, now mix,
 Most likely, and embrace. Let us from these 60
 True friendship learn, and as the peaceful dead,
 Be dead to all things opposite to love.
 Departed innocence I see lies here;—
 An infant who breath'd out his soul, almost
 As soon as breath'd it in.—Short visitor! 65
 Who stay'd but to regenerate itself,
 Then bade the world adieu! What did this child,
 This little stranger, so disgustful find,
 In this our world, so hast'ly to withdraw?

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Did this child taste the bitter cup of life, 70

And like the suffering saviour, would not drink?

Was that the cause the wery babe, just saw

The light, just look'd around, and then withdrew

To regions more repos'd and undisturb'd?

O lucky voyager, no sooner launch'd 75

But at thy port arriv'd! And happy they,

Who storms have pass'd, and waves have weather'd through,

And to their heavenly convoy honour brought;

And to the tempted partners of their toil,

Instructive lessons left for them to follow. 80

Thou happy child, 'twas thy peculiar chance,

The slightest of those evils not to feel,

That wound thy friends and kindred left behind.

The stings of sin fix in our comforts deep;

Temptation's darts shot from the realm of hell, 85

Enclose us round: to thee, blest innocent,

These trying dangers were unknown. Why then,

Ye parents, do you thus lament? Your child

Is crown'd with everlasting victory,

Has won the field without one arrow shot: 90

Then parents, grieve ye not; in safety rest;

Conclude with this—"What God decrees is right."

Now let survivors doom'd to bear the cross,

Reflect on this advantage on their side,

That age permitted to be lengthen'd out, 95

To take the field from sin and raging death,

A greater than the infant's conquest gain,

And may in heaven much brighter shine. Again,

Here lies the grief, or what has caus'd the grief,

Of two indulgent parents,—the remains 100

Of their affectionate and only child,

Who grew like a well-water'd plant, bade fair

For stateliness in nature's paradise:

But as the tree began to bloom, the axe

Unto its root was lay'd,—the blow was struck, 105

And all its branching honours fell to dust!

And with him fell his parent's earthly hopes!

It would have pierc'd the hardest heart to hear

Their griefs. Methinks I see them, and their friends,

O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, moving slowly on ; 110
 The loving mother on the husband leaning,
 The partner of her woes : and now toward
 The grave draw near ; and in her eyes is all
 Her soul ; and in distress this mournful tale
 She vents ; "Farewell, my only child, farewell ! 115
 "And farewell all my earthly peace ; my hopes ,
 "On earthly things are fled ; despair becomes
 "My good : attempt no one to comfort me ;
 "In solitude I'll end my earthly days,
 "Nor see the sun, nor nature's rugged ways : 120
 "My joys are gone, and nearly fled my life ;
 "My days will move like troubl'd dreams by night ;
 "Till my gray hairs shall bring me to this place ;
 "And fitted so by God's redeeming grace,
 "My child to follow to the realms above, 125
 "With joys renew'd in everlasting love."

CHAPTER III.

CONTENTS.

The Advantage arising from a religious Education,
 Grief for the Death of a Child mitigated or aggravated by
 the Prospect of the invisible state.

THOUGH I have paus'd a little here, I've kept
 The past affecting scene in view ; a scene,
 That teaches parents wisdom in their rule,
 And be convinc'd, how just it is their charge, 5
 To watch their children's ways, and them instruct
 With precepts good, in both morality
 And grace ; in infancy with them beginning ;
 Till by gradation they become the joy
 Of parents, world, themselves, and lastly heaven :
 Then parents would, not only from their life 10
 Have joy, but from their death would also feel
 Such comforting, that would their sorrows soften.
 And should the number of their years be few,
 They may to earth commit their dust, with minds

AMONG THE TOMBS.

Exalted more than education might	11
On the surviving few link'd not with grace : Though learning to good morals often lead, And morals good oftimes to holy things. It is a trial certainly severe,	15
A blooming creature from your body sprang, Whom you have cherish'd often on your knee, And heard its prattling tales, half-words convey'd With innocence, to be torn from your bosom, To mix with earth's wet soil in the cold grave!	20
Yet if convinc'd it led a righteous life, 'Tis that alone alleviates the grief.	25
But should the youth possess impiety In spite of all their care, how would their griefs Be multiplied, with apprehensive fears?	
But should his shameful, doubtful end arise, Through bad examples given from those he sprang, As brutes they hatch'd him, and as brutes they part :	30
A short life he receiv'd, and bad advice, Or none. Dreadful event! It may be fear'd, He'll be in darkness lost to mourn his fate,	35
Deplore the loss of his neglected state ; And blame, yea curse the day when he was fram'd. His brutish parents are not worthy name ; But in oblivion let their mem'ry sink ;	
And let them seek the grave till near its brink : Perhaps some change may open then their eyes, And in a future state at last be wis. —	40
But O! their charge, their offspring's precious soul, Perhaps is where it cannot be recall'd.	

CHAPTER IV.

CONTENTS.

Monument of a young Man cut off in his prime ; how unexpected the stroke. The Frailty of all sublunary Happiness. Nothing casual, but all ordered and permitted by God's Providence ; Discourses proving it on good

Uprish and wicked Ahab's Fall. The various Accidents so called that bring us to the Grave all Corruption's Roads.



HERE lies another, whose sepulchral stone,
 Sets forth an epitaph lamentable:
 Its images, as little mourning friends,
 Over the sleeping dust recline their heads;
 As if they'd tell before the tomb relates, 5
 Some melancholy tale of one beneath.
 A youth, I see, whose age was twenty six,
 Cut off in prime of life by sudden death,
 Just in the hour of his enamour'd views,
 The nuptial day, perhaps, with his fair bride. 10
 O if some heavenly friend but in his ear
 Had whisper'd, what so quickly came to pass,—
 Told him the end of all his pleasures here;
 The bridal ornaments then in his hand,
 Insensibly would from it drop to ground, 15
 As Adam's wreath for Eve dropt from his hand,
 When he her story heard of her transgression.
 Health glowing in his cheeks he little thought
 His morning sun should set at noon; for length
 Of age seem'd written in his face,—told him 20
 Of many future joys: when lo, a stroke
 Descended from that mighty arm, whose nod
 Can mountains overturn, the earth destroy,
 The hero crush as human hands a moth,
 And chang'd his marriage pomp of gay dress'd youths 25
 Into a hearse, and sable train of mourners!
 Look on this monument, ye gay and careless;—
 Look on the date, and boast not of an hour!
 And who can say his bed was not prepar'd,—
 His marriage bed with richest cov'rings deck'd, 30
 While death had made a bed elsewhere? And now
 Stretch'd in a hearse, and follow'd by a train,
 The promis'd bride the chief, (if not in form,
 No doubt in inward grief,) whose mourning weeds
 Now tell another tale,—prepar'd to meet 35
 Him at another bed, a bed that she

Cannot partake with him, although she might
 His icy form embrace. Go, virgin now,
 And disappointed mourn; go mourn the loss,
 Uncertainty of all created bliss, 46
 And learn the worth of joys immutable;
 For thy Fidelio with another sleeps;
 Sleeps in death's arms, forgetful of the world,
 And thee! O death! why is it thou mov'st by
 Decrepit age, and nip'st the infant bud? 46
 Such providence seems cruel, though its ways
 Are right: such calls from death's uncertain strokes
 Are dispensations wise to be prepar'd:
 Then watch and pray, ye know not when the hour!
 I, the interpreter, here further need 50
 Not act; let ev'ry conscience be awake,
 Then soon the wisest meaning will appear,
 Why death's strokes are not fix'd to age alone.
 Ye sons of men, in midst of life we are
 In death; no state, no circumstance ensures 50
 A moment's safety; nothing can the blow
 Elude, so sure are death's victorious darts.
 Promise yourselves no safety in one act,—
 No time your own to range this worldly field;
 For when in vanity and luxury 60
 You swim, death's summons may your game cut short.
 The wise, and needful warning I allow,
 Confirm, in it rejoice; worthy to be
 In fallen faculties more deep engrav'd:
 We see our friends and neighbours drop, and feel 65
 Perhaps a trembling dread; but in the whirl
 Of business plung'd, or lull'd in sensual ease,
 The providential stroke is soon forgot;—
 'Tis like an arrow through the fluid air,
 Or vessel through the grosser sea, which leave 70
 No trace behind. O strange stupidity!
 To help the cure, another monitor
 Invades my sight,—another sudden death
 The monument sets forth,—an accident
 Sets forth call'd kill'd. Was it a random stroke? 75
 God reigns o'er heaven, and all created things

His omnipresence fills the earth, the sea,
 And all creation's bounds; no place exists
 In it for that fatality, call'd chance;
 No accidents exist, though accidents 80
 They seem or call'd; no warrant sign'd for death,
 But by the absolute consent of God!
 Though strange it seems that the assassin vile
 Should be an agent made! Though strange yet true:
 When wicked Ahab the mortal wound receiv'd, 85
 The hand that launch'd the fatal dart, was made
 His instrument of death. But verified
 In David more was the assassin vile,
 When he, prompted by hell for lustful ends,
 And suffer'd by the will of heaven, to take 90
 The good Uriah's life: and though the deed
 Or murder seem'd conceal'd,—lost in the strokes
 Of accidents, yet villainous the act;
 As heinous, and of wisdom destitute,
 As would Uriah's, if he openly 95
 Had slain his king. But where no murd'ring hand
 Is seen, then all seem accidental strokes,
 Where David thought to hide his crime from man,
 And nothing thought of God; who hinder'd not
 The treach'rous sin projected dart, to pierce 100
 Uriah's heart; then took his soul to him,
 That out of evil he might work his good,—
 Reclaim the monarch by a sharp rebuke,
 From his good prophet's mouth; that he might know
 His God henceforth, and to salvation wise 105
 Become! At casual strokes, when known to be
 God's equal visitation with his deaths
 In bed, the anguish of the mourner softens,
 Its fears dispel, and tranquil minds create
 In all surviving godly friends. The fence 110
 Between us and the grave, how thin; The time
 Between us and eternity, how short!
 Wild Chremylus from card-playing scarcely rose,
 And dropt into his state original.
 Cœrinna at a splendid ball one night, 115
 In spirits high; but O! the next a corpse

She lied. Young Atticus just saw his house
 Complete, but not a moment in it dwelt:
 He saw the sashes hung to give it light,
 Then clos'd his mortal eyes in endless night; 120
 Snatch'd off just in his earthly hopes, from bliss
 He should enjoy,—from house superbly fine,
 With wife and friends, in pleasures gay to roll;
 His garden plann'd, his outhouses design'd;
 He dreamt of nought but architecture, when 125
 Descended the great master architect,
 And told another tale,—another house
 For him he had design'd, a dwelling built
 In death's grim regions! While my thoughts are thus
 Engag'd on those lay'd here, there minutely 130
 Are numbers moving to death's mournful seat.
 The eye that through immensity can pierce,
 Can see afflicted tents, see armies fall,—
 Death's strokes in all its various forms; see some
 In easy chairs, nurs'd into maladies, 135
 And farther from that ease they seek and wish,
 Than the poor peasant, whose necessity
 Oftimes becomes best governor; see some
 Amidst their splendid joys cut off, their lives
 Disorder'd cut off half their days. Besides, 140
 Disasters many, prudence can't foresee,
 Nor care prevent, in secret lurk: a tile,
 Or falling chimney stack, or starting horse,
 May in a moment do death's errand: so
 Attenuated is the thread of life, 145
 That storms not only break it, but a breeze
 More gentle; small occurrences, even
 A grape stone may more execution do,
 Than great Goliath's armour; what we eat,
 Or breathe, may be a vehicle of death. 150
 O death! thou in our bosom liest entrench'd;
 Thou in the seat of life thy fortress holdst;
 The crimson juice receives the seed of death
 When in the womb; and various are its ills,
 As various weeds spring up in various soils; 155
 Diseases various as our natures change,

And kill all ages as corruption hits:
 For should the fluid be inflam'd by heat,
 Or least obstructed in its ebb and flow,
 A pois'nous mass becomes. Since then we hold 160
 This house of clay so light of landlord death,
 Let us be ready at his warning given,
 Yea long before prepar'd to quit this home:
 No fears nor accidents disturb us then:
 The city's guarded, and the troops are sound, 165
 Satan's alarms no more shall shake the ground;
 But all his legions into ruin hurl'd
 And we prepar'd to quit this nether world.

CHAPTER V.

CONTENTS.

Case of a Lady who died in Childbed; her Character,
 With regard to earthly things, we know not what is really
 desirable, or truly good.



I, in the former chapter thus observ'd,
 That earthly comforts may become our bane;
 This marble testifies that truth: for here
 Sophronia's dust that died in childbed lies:
 The branch shot forth, the stem decay'd and fell;— 5
 Sophronia fell to give her offspring birth;—
 The child to day sprang forth; but she to night,
 And was at once a mother and a corpse!
 Or if in pangs severe some may expire,
 And in that state become their infant's tomb, 10
 'Tis then the monarch's woe is epitaph
 For both; that children to the birth are come,
 But strength there's none to bring them forth. The last
 Less sorrowful: much better make the womb
 Its grave, than live to break all concord down, 15
 If such might be its vicious mind. And who
 Can tell, but what the thousands cut from life
 In infant state, are cut off for that end?
 Besides, without the parent to instruct,

AMONG THE TOMBS.

Beginning while the twig will easy bend,	17
Such child is nearly on a rock convey'd,	20
To take its fate from rude surrounding waves.	
This monument appears a structure rich,	
Directed by a gen'rous heart, who thought	
He could not do too much for the deceas'd,—	23
Her qualities and memory set forth,	
As not into oblivion fall. Such charms	
This epitaph displays, wherever found	
In this corrupted life, even sooth a tyrant.	
But vain the lustre of a sprightly eye,	26
And vain the honours of superior births,	
To quell corruption and the tyrant death.	
How lov'd, how valued once, avails thee not ;	
To whom related, or by whom begot :	
A heap of mould'ring bones remain of thee ;	
'Tis what thou art, and what the proud shall be!	
The sting of death religion true pulls out,	
Although unable to divert the stroke :	
Which is the language of the heart that burns,	
The lamps that flame, and crown that glisteneth	40
In the gilt marble, imitated well :	
They paint her vigilance of faith and works,	
Devotion pure, and vict'ry o'er the world.	
If monumental fame deceives us not,	
In giving too much praise to the deceas'd,	45
Then happy he who's with such virtue join'd,—	
Who feels that heavenly comforter she feels,—	
Such virtue as that marble testifies :	
How easy was the yoke to such a pair?	
They had, no doubt, in earthly joys a part,	50
If part had fix'd their earthly standard's wants,	
And not had soar'd too far, like Rachael saying,	
Pray give me children or I cannot live.	
If such were her unpurg'd and mix'd delights,	
Confounding earthly things with heavenly,	55
She had her wish, but bought it with her life!	
If children to their parents are a wreath,	
Or chaplet blooming odorous delight,	
Some serpent may the wreath entwine and mix	

} Pope's
Lines
alter'd

His poison with our dearest joys: for where 60
 On earthly things we fix too great a hope,
 To win possession of some charming toy,
 Our hope is baffl'd, or possession worse;
 We're baffl'd lest it should our ruin prove!
 In fancy's cup we dream of sweets unmix'd; 63
 But oftimes find the bitter draught of woe!
 Therefore to God immod'rate wants resign,
 Thy greatest bliss is thy contented mind;
 His grace is all that should supply thy will;
 What else thou ask'st may be thy future ill. 70

CHAPTER VI.

CONTENTS.

A religious Father taken from his young Family; his Behaviour on his dying bed; their Support in a fatherless state.



WHAT says this humble stone that prostrate lies?
 Form'd by frugality, or penury:
 No pomp elab'rate here to grace the dust,
 But simply sounds a virtuous name; and that
 Through time almost defac'd; or through the use
 Of the surviving children coming oft,
 To mourn the loss of their best earthly friend;
 For I perceive upon inspection close,
 It speaks of one snatch'd from his children dear,—
 A loving father and a faithful friend, 10
 Who worship paid to God, and worldly rights
 To man; who left his children unprepar'd,—
 Unsettld and untaught in tender age,
 To bear the scourge of worldly tyranny.
 O the solemnity of such a scene,— 15
 A dying scene that robs the orphan's guide!
 The work of feeble medicine is mock'd,
 And conqu'ring death his errand executes.
 The children round their parent hang, sob out
 Their souls, and weeping will you leave us cry? 20

The tender mother round them throws her arms,
 While tears each other follow down her cheeks;
 Revering servants heave their sighs; his mild
 Commands, produc'd obedience and their love.
 At his departing soul they grieve; their tears 25
 Of gratitude, perhaps, are all they can
 Bestow. His friends, who often shar'd his joys,—
 His sweet discourse on what's above this world,
 Now hear his last devotion pure, and all
 His soul pour'd out to God. They with him join, 30
 Sweet comforters; not as poor Job's, upbraid.
 The weeping wife, now near the widow's state,
 Where can she find another friend like him,—
 Whose grace from God would scarcely let him err?
 A grace that kept his watchful thoughts in bounds, 35
 Free from examples bad, or passion's flights,
 Or surly looks to grieve his virtuous wife?
 No adverse int'rest sour'd, perhaps, his mind,
 But all was peace, and heav'nly in his house.
 Now see the wife, how on his breast she hangs; 40
 See how she wipes his sweat, the dew's of death,
 While on her arms she bears his sinking head!
 Now with a speechless look on him she loves,—
 A look announcing things unutterable,
 She vents her grief, in sighs and throbs; her soul, 45
 With anguish exquisite feels nearly death.
 The patient sufferer, to God's will submits;
 Sensibly touch'd with what those feel around,—
 His wife and children dear, and friends; his wife,
 Who soon will be a widow destitute, 50
 Her loving friend, and chief protector gone.
 Although cast down, yet not despairingly,
 He has a refuge in God's covenant,
 That gives a dignity to his distress;
 And at each interval of ease, he cheers 55
 His comforters; and his afflicting pangs
 Supports, with all the greatness of a soul
 Resign'd, that's on the point to take its flight.
 And now with struggling, partly rais'd himself;

And with his hand stretch'd out, a farewell takes 60
 Of all ; then clasps his wife in his embrace ;
 Then kisses next the pledges of their love,
 And these affecting words pours out ; "I die,
 "My children dear ; but God will be with you ;
 "Your earthly parent you will loose ; but God 65
 "Your heavenly father, ever lives ; he's yours,
 "While in his paths you tread ; his paths are peace
 "You'll find, and nothing but a wicked life,
 "Can point you out new rodes, and separte
 "You: store you up this blessed truth,—my last,"— 70
 His heart was full, he could proceed no further ;
 His utt'rance fail'd. Collecting soon some strength
 Amidst death's pangs, he thus bespoke his wife ;
 "You, the dear partner of my life, to whom
 "The charge of my dear children now belongs, 75
 "I leave with you a weight of cares ; but God,
 "The widow's cause defends ; our God is good,
 "His promises are truths ; forsake him not ;
 "Be ever on your guard, keep him in view ;
 Let no temptations gay delude your thoughts ;— 80
 "No new desires, vain novelties the work of sin,
 "Invade your mind against your children's good ;
 "Keep their eternal, and their present state
 "To heart, yea press it to your very soul !
 "And now, eternal father, what thou gav'st 85
 "Thou tak'st ; thy will be done : " so saying, he
 Fell back : but like a taper near extinction,
 Rekindl'd and reviv'd, and caught the last
 Upstarting flame ; and in his struggling would
 Have spoken on, but in midway he dropp'd 90
 His sentence, with his eyes fix'd on his wife ;
 Fix'd in a posture 'midst the smile of love
 Of them, of heav'n, and then shone out their last.
 Their silent griefs, to lamentations loud
 Now burst ; all comfort they refuse from earth's 95
 Delights ; the children round their mother hang,
 And mother on the children weeps : but soon
 Religion's peace assumes its seat, and quells
 In part corruption's woes : now more compos'd,

AMONG THE TOMBS.

21

They make a search for his unfinish'd speech,	100
His dying lips began ; and in the book	
Of Jeremiah, found God's promise thus ;	
"Leave fatherless thy children ; I will them	
"Preserve ; and let thy widow's trust in me."	
They treasure up this sacred, bless'd record,	105
With certain hopes of God's unerring word ;	
This legacy will all their wants supply,—	
"Twill with them live,—be with them when they die ;	
"Twill smooth their path, and ease affliction's rod,	
God is their portion, and their guardian, God,	110

CHAPTER VII.

CONTENTS.

Matter changing Shapes. The folly of placing too much delight on this World.



Now I have paus'd, and cast my eyes around,—	
I scarcely see a spot, but has supplied	
A grave: the soil was human bodies once,	
Which bodies once was soil, be not surpris'd ;	
And here returning to that state, lies one	5
Of modern date, but ancient age ; who liv'd	
For present gains, like Esau's birthright sold :	
The stone declares he had a large estate,—	
Among the living once a figure made,	
As does his monument among the dead :	10
And further says, he much improv'd his worth,	
Through his assiduous management. His care,	
Like Martha's, when the needful thing was miss'd,	
For aught we know, deserv'd the same rebuke.	
He might be one, who ate industry's bread ;	15
In that case, he became a useful link	
In nature's chain, and should not be despis'd ;	
Except the world made him forget his God !	
Did he not purpose field to field to join,	
And house to house ? and say within himself,	20

Grant me but this, and I will ask no more;
 But grant him that, not long that grant will please;
 And like an Alexander weep his fate.
 Amidst the splendour of his toil, he hop'd
 To take his rest. Suppose him there arriv'd; 25
 No sooner was he seated on his couch,
 Of earthly joys, but death snatch'd him away,
 When his eternal seat was not prepar'd!
 The active mind, is still on action fix'd;
 But happy he who can his action place, 30
 On God's commands, sure pay for all his works.
 Ye men, be wise, drink not the bubble joy,
 But worldly wisdom's folly see; see how,
 For momentary trifles it contrives:—
 The phantoms of a day usurp our cares; 35
 On endless realities few thoughts bestow'd!
 But when our worldly wheels move smoothly round;—
 And all designs are ripening apace;
 God at the Babel-builders laughs;—their works
 To mock'ry brings; their projects vain destroys, 40
 As easy as the spider, and his web,
 Are by man's hand into one grave interr'd.
 That verdict's true, which wisdom has announc'd,
 How man desquieeth himself, and walketh
 In shadows vain: speak ye, who did attend, 45
 And heard his dying sentiments; Oh death!
 How dreadful is thy sting, did he not cry?
 How dreadful thy approach, to me, immers'd
 In sec'lar cares? Oh where's the value now,
 Of earthly knowledge, and its dreaming gains! 50
 I have attended momentary things,
 And my eternal work forgot; too late
 To build my hope and faith from grace, on which
 My future bliss depends. Oh that my days 54
 Could be restor'd!—But here stopp'd short, convuls'd;
 Some resolution then his feeble mind
 Would form, to do the work th' eleventh hour;
 But cut from life, perhaps, before 'twas done.
 May children of this world a warning take,
 And from his dying words advantage gather: 60

Through such attachment to this world of cares,
 We previous plant our dying thoughts with tares;
 That from the root they scarcely can be torn;
 Our dying bed becomes a bed of thorns.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTENTS.

Neglect of Religion too often felt on a dying-bed, and
 the Happiness attending the reverse of that.



SOME, I perceive, at threescore years depart,
 And some, much older; those remember'd, I
 Would hope, their maker in their youth, before,
 Their strength to sorrow and to labour came,—
 Before, the languishing low ebb of life, 5
 When thoughts are weak, born of a weaken'd frame,—
 When strong desires fail in the listless soul,
 Before, these languid moments come, when we
 Can only say, we have no pleasure in them:
 For if their lamps unfurnished were, perhaps, 10
 It was as hard, to gain their hope and faith,
 As then to go to market for their oil:
 Besides, through long, and irreligious lives,
 With constitutions weak, corruptions must
 Be strengthen'd, vices and ill habits bred, 15
 Conceit and bigotry have struck deep root,
 And every fibre of the heart entwin'd;
 And in the disposition be engrav'd,
 As deep as spots upon a leopard's back.
 If any under such impeding bars, 20
 Surmount them all, and into glory get,
 Then God is merciful, beyond his law.
 Age, is the season, chiefest moments here,
 When life is drawing to its utmost stretch,
 That we require the heavenly comforter; 25
 And yet the worst the combat to engage,—
 The worst, when faculties more dull become:
 The husbandman, should then his harvest reap,

When time matur'd the fruits of labour past;
 And not be breaking ground to sow the seed ; 30
 'Tis true, there's nothing with the Deity
 Impossible ; 'God said, "Let their be light,"
 And light, was instantainously diffus'd,
 Throughout creation's bounds, where darkness reign'd.
 God in his greatness can the wicked quicken, 35
 Who have in trespasses and sin lain dead,
 Not only three short days, but threescore years.
 Yet trust not that important work to such
 Uncertainty, such hazardous neglect :
 God may suspend his power, his help withdraw ; 40
 May in his wrath declare, that such abusers,
 Of his long-suffering, and his offer'd grace,
 Shall never enter his eternal rest.
 Therefore all ye, who are in health and youth,
 Improve the precious opportunity : 45
 Improve your golden hours to purposes,
 Such as may render you for ever blest,—
 To dwell where health and youth will never fade.
 The glory of a life well-spent, appears
 On our death-beds, and opens to our view, 50
 An everlasting peace from hopes well fix'd,—
 Fix'd on endeavours ever to shun ills.
 No longer trifle with your time, make haste
 And God's commandments quickly do, lest death
 With bended bow is marking you for prey. 55
 Not long ago a thoughtless jay I saw,
 Dressing his plumes, and hopping carelessly ;
 A sportsman coming by levels his blow ;
 Swifter than whirlwinds flies the leaden death,
 And in a moment kills the thoughtless bird. 60
 Thy fate, unthinking man, may be the same ;
 While dreaming on thy wealth or nonsense here,
 As if thou never saw'st mortality,
 The lev'ler may be marking thee for prey.
 Some came to this retreat, no doubt ripe full 65
 Of piety and days, as fields of corn
 With age and plenty ripe : those were to God ;
 To man, themselves, discreetly just and wise ;

AMONG THE TOMBS.

25

Wise for eternal joy's inheritance ;
 Rich also were, more permanently rich, 70
 Than all the wealth of worldly mammon join'd :
 The wealth of righteousness has made them wings
 To scorn this earth, and upwards soar their flight,
 Nor miss the way, in such attraction link'd
 Is grace with grace, till they the fountain join. 75
 If such a law from God descends to man,
 Then what must mammon's vot'ries feel? They may
 Of equal grace feel freely dealt to all:
 But oft this gift is sold,—exchang'd for worth,
 For transient worth, the pleasures of a day : 80
 O wretched wealth acquir'd! And as a dream,
 A joyful dream of certain riches found,
 To make and find it in a moment gone!
 O dreadful dream! A dreadful life to wake
 To death ; A dreadful dream for mammon's sons! 85
 But joyful is that dream that wakes to life,
 When all its dreaming stores with them abide ;
 No fables prove, but to the truth awake,
 For ever joyful in the realms of bliss.
 A pleasing, hopeful thought, that such as I, 90
 And ev'ry longing sinner may of grace,
 That heavenly gift, a treasure great obtain ;
 That not deceives like mammon's worldly dreams.
 Their bodies here in places quiet lie,
 From ev'ry burden eas'd, and snare escap'd ; 95
 The eye no more shall weep, nor thoughts despair ;
 Here ev'ry sorrow is discharg'd ; alarms
 That threaten dangers are no more. Rest then,
 Ye precious relics rest, in slumbers rest,
 Till the last trump the welcome signal gives, 100
 And through your silent mansions sound arise,
 Your light is come, the glory of the Lord
 Upon you shines, to light you to new life!
 By those how pleasant was the world given up?
 In what a cloudless sky did their sun set? 105
 How cheering was, when this life's nature fail'd,
 The blest Redeemer to their thoughts! who died
 To satisfy the law for them, and rose

To prove their hopes well-grounded! How did that
 Assuage, and soften death's approach? But what 110
 To you, remains of sin, if such lie here,
 Is wealth, and all earth's mounts of gold; is honour,
 And her proud trophies of renown, with all
 The vanities of dreaming gains? can they
 Administer the smallest joy? can they 115
 The frighted thoughts compose? or cheer the soul
 For its departing flight, and make it wings
 To mount the throne of God? They can assist
 In neither; nor redemption from the grave
 Can buy: the plumes of grace to mix with grace, 120
 Are more than sin can purchase; hell's barr'd gates
 She open'd, but to shut excell'd her power:
 The work of good sin cannot do; nor mix
 With it in our eternal state; in that
 Is man's predestination fix'd. God's arms,—
 Eternal peace, within the dying grasp 125
 Familiar lies, to those who've sought that worth.
 Amidst those heavenly aids they quit the field,
 With hopes of joys immortal, fix'd by grace;
 And through the airy void they wing their flight, 130
 More swift, perhaps, than sol sends here his light;
 If o'er his face a veil could be but thrown,
 And quick remov'd to prove how quick 'tis born,
 Some little time there would to us relapse,
 Before his light would on this earth be cast. 135

CHAPTER IX.

CONTENTS.

The righteous soul welcom'd to Happiness. The religious few abused by Satan's tools.



HERE bodies sleep in death, the souls are fled,
 The vale of troubles lost, farewell the realms
 Of woe; to heaven's calm regions they are gone,
 And welcom'd by a voice more sweet than strains

AMONG THE TOMBS.

Of softest notes,—the harmony of sounds ;	27
A voice that cries, "Lift up your heads, ye gates,	5
"Ye everlasting doors, and enter in,	
"Ye heirs of glory, to your kingdom won."	
Here then we'll leave the happy souls, escap'd	
From griefs,—a wilderness of rugged paths,	19
Unto a paradise lay'd out correct,—	
A dwelling-place as perfect as their souls :	
There with the righteous Abraham they'll dwell ;	
There with good angels mingle, and rejoice,	
Around the lamb, and God's eternal throne.	13
Fools may their lives a madness count, who give	
Their thoughts to God, and seek in earthly fame,	
Or subtle projects rightly call'd, no share.	
But such are number'd with the blest ; their fame	
Is fix'd on Sion's hill immoveable,	20
Not on that slip'ry temple fab'd here.	
However haughty, undiscerning men,	
May vilify the real religious few,	
Be this my heart's supreme desire, to live	
The life to die a righteous death ; my life	25
My end, and future state, to be like theirs :	
That, I would wish my everlasting fame,	
And not that honour some so madly claim !	

CHAPTER X.

CONTENTS.

Monument of a Warrior slain in battle. Reflections on the Death of Christ. The meanness of being obliged to a Monument for perpetuating our names. Author's wish for himself. True method of eternizing our characters.



W HAT dust distinctive lies beneath these shows ?	
And what fam'd sounds above, that live in air,	
As shadows in the light, are here announc'd ?	
Here in a splendid, and a sumptuous air,	
Are all the implements of war display'd,	5

Of murders titl'd honourable deaths.
 That signify an honourable warrior
 Is buried here. Much better for the race
 Of man,—for concord's sake, could but the cause
 Of his renown, with all its murd'ring weapons, 10
 Be buried with him in the silent tomb.
 Is such respect to this brave soldier paid,
 For sacrificing to the public good
 His life? Or sacrific'd it more, we'll say,
 For pride's renown, and murdring fame's reward! 15
 Yet he was useful in the gen'ral ill!
 How wide compar'd to this did Christ engage
 In man's behalf: he came with peace, to give
 New lives instead of lives to take; and war
 Root up, or on its stock engraft a root, 20
 Whose pores, and thirsty veins, may at the fount
 Of God drink deep, till up to heaven rear'd.
 This hero, son of Mars, a mortal died;
 He yeilded up a life long forfeited
 To sin and death, justice divine; a debt 25
 Which must have been sooner or later paid:
 But our Redeemer bore the stripes and death
 Of Satan's enmity and rage of hell,—
 Corruption's sorrows to the whole amount,
 And incorruption purchas'd for frail man,— 30
 For all who seek, and tread his righteous paths;
 And paths he clear'd, that none might stumble on.
 This gift divine was from the God of all;
 That when full time had circl'd his decrees,
 He, even he, was in our likeness made, 35
 And with us dwelt, to shame pretenders' faith,
 And prove them to the world: their hearts expos'd,
 What would their malice do but cut him off,
 The son and heir of their high Lord cut off,
 That they might dwell untax'd, uncharg'd with sin. 40
 This warrior risk'd his life for fame, reward,
 His king, and kingdom's gains; which might have been
 So circumstanc'd ignoble to refuse:
 But Christ, thoud potentate and Lord of all,
 Or held that greatness from the Lord of all, 45

As part of his essence divine branch'd off,
 Consented to give up of Godhead all,
 And suffer change, reduc'd to mortal man,
 And took the field as man, for man's behalf,
 Expos'd to death's inevitable stroke : 50
 All this for some who were deserving not,—
 A disobedient race by law condemn'd,
 Who would not Moses nor the prophets hear,—
 Not keep the law, nor be by prophets warn'd,
 Without they wrench'd it to their earthly will ; 55
 Whom in their sins he might have left to perish,
 Without the smallest charge against his love.
 Again, I must observe, this hero died,
 Most probably a quick and easy death ;
 A bullet pass'd his heart, or sword his breast,— 60
 Or battle-ax his brain : whereas the Lord,
 By satan's tools to prove him son of God,
 Was put to all the tortures born of sin ;
 And in the midst of his severest pangs,
 They challeng'd him with this, "If thou 65
 "Art son of God, come down, and shun thy pains,
 "And in thee we'll believe : " not knowing this,
 That from their evil God was working good."
 How many hours did Christ in suffering hang,
 A spectacle of woe to men and angels ! 70
 His temples mangl'd with the thorny crown,
 His hands and feet with rugged irons cleft,
 That pierc'd his soul with pangs unutterable !
 So long he hung that even nature groan'd,
 And trembl'd at the base indignity, 75
 And shook with earthquakes at the very hour !
 The sun refus'd to give its light ; the earth
 Convuls'd threw up her dead, that in the streets
 Appear'd, and were by many seen and known :
 And yet all this their malice not assuag'd, 80
 But charg'd his service to the prince of hell,—
 His miracles, his darkness reigning then,
 The earthquake with the temple's rent, and dead
 Disturb'd, to Beelzebub, whom they themselves
 Were working for. How great his charity 85

To ease them thus, "They know not what they do!"
 Once more, this warrior like a hero fell,—
 Fell for his country's good 'tis true, and bought
 Them worth will perish with them in the grave:
 Not so died Christ; he died eternal life 90
 To give, and worth that will true pleasures crown:
 Not on the bed of earthly honours died,
 With scars of fading glory on his breast,
 The bait of worldly pride that reigns a day;
 But like some execrable miscreant, 95
 To public execution shown, with stripes
 Of Satan's malice on his back: he bow'd
 His head in death between his heaven and earth
 Suspended, like an outcast wretch, unworthy
 Of either, 'twixt two thieves pour'd out his soul! 100
 What thankful praise enough can we return,
 To this our heavenly friend, the holy one
 Of God? Who dying ignominiously,
 That we may die in glory, crown'd in joy!
 'Tis not in mortals impotent and blind, 105
 To render thanks sufficiently, although
 The cheapest purchase of so great a prize;
 He only who such favours can confer,
 Can warm us with a sense of gratitude,
 And our affections kindle into love 110
 Sincere. Could but our thoughts, find that repose,
 Which sweetens death, to mount perfection's throne;
 Then build thyself a monument, O God!
 An endless one in our devoted souls!
 The memory of thy beneficence 115
 Inscribe; not with engraving tools, or pen;
 But with that blood that from thy veins gush'd forth,
 When their malicious spear had pierc'd thy side!
 Let it conspicuous stand, not on a stone
 Engrav'd, in outward show of worldly pomp, 120
 But in the deep recesses of our hearts!
 Before I'm reconcil'd to quit this tomb,
 And entertain the reader with a change,
 Let me observe, how mean, and vain the show,
 Of these proud trophies here, to bribe the vote. 125

Of fame, to give a posthumous renown,
 That's dead to his eternal fate! The whole,
 The polish'd marble and its sculptur'd form,
 If he ne'er was a soldier for his Christ,
 Are empty dreams, and now avail him nought; 130
 Live only in the breath of those, who shar'd
 His gains, to sound his warlike name; which the'll
 Remember, and applaud, and then their sons,
 And through their generations hand it down,
 Till time shall that, and marble too erase, 135
 Could but my love and charity to man,
 And duty to my God, deserve such fame!
 No other monument my soul could wish,
 Than written in the hearts of faithful men,
 And my memorial leave in honest breasts; 140
 Then my surviving friends may witness bear,
 I've liv'd not for myself alone; nor been
 A tool of mischief to unthinking souls.
 O let a series of beneficence,
 My best inscription be, wrote on the heart 145
 Of gratitude, to sound my earthly name!
 Then may the poor, as they pass by my grave,
 Point at the spot, and thankfully acknowledge,
 "There lie the bones of one, who never fail'd,
 "In acts of love, to be my heavenly friend; 150
 "Did visit me when I was ill in bed,
 "With cordial gifts to soul and body both:
 "Tis through his seasonable charities,
 "Attended with God's blessing I now live."
 And furthermore, may that ungodly soul, 155
 Who once was blind, lift up his eyes, and say
 As he walks o'er my bones, "Here lies the dust
 "Of a real friend, who watch'd my careless soul;
 "For I remember well, how in perdition's path
 "I posted on; and tremble now to think, 160
 "Into what gulf I should have quickly plung'd,
 "Had not his counsel stop'd my blind career.
 "I, with the gospel's peace was not acquainted,
 "And for its heavenly worth had no concern:
 "But now, through his instructive, graceful words, 165

"I see my saviour's all-sufficiency,
 "My past misconduct, and my danger'd state:
 "His blest discourse sill tingles in my ears,
 "And warms my heart with sympathy divine!
 "And may the warmth more operating prove, 170
 "Till we in heaven shall meet, in endless love!"
 Let us immortalize our names with good ;
 Let's make our calling and election sure,—
 A written witness in our hearts to gain,
 That we are enter'd in the book of life: 175
 However disr: garded then by men,
 Before the Lord we shall not be forgotten,—
 Before that purity where truth sole reigns:
 Be that our pride, our greatest idol here,
 Then scriptures will our passions sanctify, 180
 And grace will fan our flames. The time will come,
 When all memorials here will be defac'd ;
 The tongues of those, whose happiness we have,
 So zealously promoted, soon will be
 As silent as these silent dead: proud fame, 185
 Engrav'd with iron on the solid rock
 Will cease; and will no longer sound our praise:
 But those, who're in the saviour's book enroll'd,
 Himself declar'd shall ne'er be blotted out.
 When time shall moulder monuments to dust,— 190
 The brazen statue and triumphal column,
 Their honours and their glories still are new,—
 They perish not where incorruption dwells ;
 Where nature's thrilling changes never come,—
 Where sin and her son death dare not to roam ; 195
 From those blest regions long since been expell'd ;
 Though stole to earth, yet doom'd in hell to dwell.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTENTS.

The Vault; its awful Aspect; Grandeur in Abasement:
 the Vanity of Pleasures, Honours, and Riches. The Clock
 strikes; a Warning to redeem Time.



HERE is an entrance leading to some vault :
 I'll visit it, and take a fearful view,
 Of death's grim dwelling, and its peaceful tenants,
 The sullen door upon its hinges grates,
 And seems to welcome me with murmurings ; 5
 Not us'd, perhaps, much living to receive,
 Its habitation is for dead alone !
 What means this sudden fear, this awful dread,
 While I descend the steps ? Be calm, my soul,
 And spirits be compos'd, the wicked here 10
 Their troubling cease. O what a solemn scene !
 How dismal is the gloom ! No light approaches,
 Though now noon-day, except a beam or two,
 That through the grates, up in the coffins' nails,
 Reflect a feeble glimmer ; just enough, 15
 To show the scene more awful ! O ye house
 Of death ! Why add your horrors to the living ?
 Most wisely do,—you tell us we must die !
 Hark, how the hollow dome resounds my treads ;
 The echoes sleeping long are now disturb'd ; 20
 Not so the sleeping dead ; their rest they'll take,
 Till sounds surpassing these must rouse them hence.
 The dim inscriptions, much defac'd, I see,
 Do faintly tell, they are no vulgar dead ;
 A rich, renown'd, illustrious pedigree, 25
 This habitation claim, their last retreat !
 Where are your birth-days now, your festivals,
 Your merriments and balls ? Your dust lies here,
 In mournful order rang'd in arches proud ;—
 A sort of poppy remaining still of you, 30
 Yet rather shy to join your mother earth,
 While some at once into her lap are cast,
 And kiss, embrace the dust from which they sprang.
 My apprehensions from surprise restor'd,
 I find no phantoms here, but such as fear 35
 Creates : however, wond'ring still to see,
 The awful order of this nether world ;—
 Those who vast revenues receiv'd, and call'd
 Whole lordships theirs, to see reduc'd, not worth

The sheets of lead, in which they now are stow'd; 40
 Their rooms of state, and sumptuous furniture,
 Are all resign'd, for shrouds and dismal caves:
 No splendid retinue attends them here,—
 No gilded charriot at this dismal door;
 Nothing but sable banners crown their vault, 45
 Or statues, which the sculpture's purchas'd hand
 Has taught, to weep with imitating tears:
 Instead of stars to sound their mighty names,
 They've breast-plates now, to sound them humble dust!
 You who triumph'd in ancestors high born, 50
 Your lofty pride on pedigree here drops,
 And now with very reptiles quarter arms;
 And to corruption say thou art my sire,
 And sisters and my brothers are the worms.
 O mortifying truth! Enough to wean 55
 The strongest libertine from transient things;—
 From grasping shadows, bubbles, empty dreams.
 "For now, ye lying vanites of life!
 "Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
 "Where are you now, and what is your amount!" 60
 What is this world to you, poor breathless things?
 What are its pleasures now? A bubble broke,
 A dream forgotten, a shadow quickly gone;
 A lump of dust is now your whole amount,
 And soul dislodg'd to taste its final state. 65
 Yet err not that we must despise this life,
 But worship God for this and that to comé.
 Perhaps through inexperience and false hope,
 The bubble seem'd a substance firm; but touch'd
 'Tis gone, and all is gone, like dancing sparks 70
 Before the flying smoke. Indulge, my soul,
 A serious pause! Bring vanities to view
 That charm the senses, estimate them justly,
 Thou'lt find possession answers not the hope:
 Suppose thyself at head of empire's pomp, 75
 That kings thou couldst pull down, and nations sway;
 'Twould set thee up a mark for half mankind,
 An envious mark for rivels seeking fame;
 Nor that thou'lt find thy climbing pride had promis'd.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

35

All pleasures here feel death's corrupting sting, 80
And grace alone can cure the malady.

When tyrants trouble, and the wicked roar,
And earthly pleasures chang'd to tort'ring racks;
'Tis then hope soars beyond this treach'rous world,
And Atheists humbl'd to allow a God! 85

Ye relics of exalted greatness once,
I thank; your little world revives my duty;
Your greatness lodg'd in dungeons damp and dark;
Your grandeur mouldering in urns; your lives
So short your dates describe, just born to know 90
That you must die; have added, seemingly
To me, a new mortality to man!

Tells me that all things here are vanity
Of vanities, founded on vanities,
Like bubbles on the acting waters bred, 95
Which by that very action are destroy'd.

Not so the soul that gives our action birth,
Although his earthly tenement he quits.
Let those who may pay their obsequious court,
And fawn ignobly on your wealthy sons, 100

And sue for gains with cunning's humble art;
My court in pensive contemplation shall
To sepulchres like this be often paid,
To learn the standard of my earthly wants.—

What sound is that? In this dark, awful place, 105
The smallest noise alarms! Solemn, and slow,
It breaks again upon the silent air!

It is the clock; design'd, as conscience says,
To ratify my meditation here:—

Methinks it says amen, and sets a seal 110
To all improving hints. 'Tis striking twelve:
It says another glass is run; it cries

In reason's ear redeem my time,—detain
The warning sound a pris'ner in my head;
That this life's moments are upon the wing, 115
And I advancing fast to dwell in dust.

May such awakening admonitions, sink
Deep into minds, and them instructions give;
And may it teach me this arithmetic,

My days to number,—state my question there. 120
 I oft have walked beneath the craggy clift,
 When its projecting rocks struck me with fear;
 I oft have trod the wild and lonely desert,
 And penetrated gloomy dismal caves;
 But must confess this awful house of death 125
 Exceeds them all! When I look round, and view
 These black brow'd arches, mouldy walls, and death
 In black array, more dismal made for want
 Of light, I never such impression felt,—
 Felt no such melancholy fear till now! 130
 Let me emerge from this depressing shade!
 Farewell death's tenants, for a time farewell,
 Till I with you in some such dungeon dwell.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTENTS.

The wondrous Change which takes place in the Tomb, displayed in several particulars. Soliloquy of a Lover. Admonition to the Ladies; their true Beauty. Sin, the Cause of our Dissolution. Subject of Mortality brought home to our own case. Thoughts on the thoughts which wander through the infinite; and thoughts on the thoughts of the disembodied Soul.



Now having cast a superficial view,
 On these receptacles of death's remains;
 My thoughts are prompted to a scrutiny
 More close: could we the inside of their tombs
 Get at, and view their present moulder'd state, 5
 Surprise might seize us greater still; more great
 To see the sudden transformation pass'd,
 From blooming features once the soul's delight,
 Into corruption, and with maggots mix'd.
 O death; Thou fell devourer of God's works; 10
 Thou base and yet impartial lev'ler here;
 Thou enemy to all perfection's aims,
 Except thy imperfection perfect nam'd
 May be: O foul dishonour on ourselves

First brought! Here, sweet and winning aspects, which,
 From their false smiles, and faces smooth and fair, 16
 Fir'd youths with love and jealousy at once,
 Are grinning now as many ghastly skulls,
 And kissing dirt instead of fav'rite friends.
 The tongue that once commanded eloquence, 20
 And captivated judgments weak; the song
 And language teacher;—all embellishments
 Here lay their cunning down; and wisdom's seat
 That lodg'd the arts, and nurs'd the muses nine,
 Now lodges nature's basest trumpery,— 25
 A bed of matter nursing boiling worms,—
 Corruption's basest things to eat the brains.
 The pamper'd flesh of late in purple cloath'd,
 Now rudely cover'd with the clods of clay.
 There was a time when you so proudly nice, 30
 Would scarcely venture in the dirt your foot;
 That foot is now become as base a dirt,
 Your downy pillows chang'd for rugged stones.
 Here, those who boasted strength of nerves, and stood
 Most proudly under loads to gain some fame, 35
 Some flatt'ring, high applause, are bent, unstrung,
 And all their darling merit crush'd to ground.
 The man of trade, whose cunning, and grave face,
 Seems to announce this world is all he wants;
 But all his castles in the air down drop, 40
 And tumble into small recesses here;
 Here pleasure's sons a final farewell take,
 Of swindling acts, for present sensual joys;
 No longer revel at their gaming house,
 Then sally forth, mov'd by their luxury, 45
 To cudgel watchmen, and worse wanton deeds:
 Death ends their sports, their cheats, their gluttonies,
 And with their carcasses feast next the worms.
 The learn'd, wise fool, with satire in his head,
 That ridicules all wisdom but his own, 50
 Unfort'nate mortal! By inferiors fear'd,
 And by superiors shun'd, here resteth free
 From all their frowns. Here beauty fails, here scorn,
 Contempt of age and poor in filthy dress,

Are ended, and their earthly wages paid : 53
 The lev'ler in return pours his contempt
 Upon this outside show, this cheat, this farce,
 This mockery of man, and cuts it off!
 Destroys unkindly vanity's best work!
 Could but her loving slave, whom her shy art 60
 Had taught, attracted to be so, but see
 His darling now, what would he say? Is this
 My once Florella? My enchanting fair?
 Ungenerous death! What hast thou done? Is this
 The object I ador'd, and said she was 65
 Divinely fair? Whom as a goddess I
 With reverence approach'd? Alas! I can
 Approach thee now, without thy shy retreat!
 Where now is thy enamouring discourse?
 That when thou spok'st encouragement to me, 70
 'Twas music to my soul, my heart would dance,
 In unison 'twould flutter at the sound?
 Where are thy blushing cheeks, thy coral lips,
 And iv'ry neck on which the curling jet
 In glossy ringlets flow'd? With nature's arts 75
 So many more, that all perfection seem'd
 In thee? Upon thee I enraptur'd gaz'd,
 And took thee for substantial joys, whilst thou
 A star, or glittering meteor brightly shone:
 But now thou'rt fall'n, eclips'd, of glory spoilt; 80
 Fall'n from a sphere was not thy own, but shone
 With borrow'd light; and all that's left of thee,
 Is but a putrid mass. Lie then conceal'd,
 Deep as thou art, in secrecy there lie;
 Let night, with her impenetrable shades, 85
 Guard there thy frightful form from human sight.
 Let thy surviving sisters recollect,
 When in the glass they contemplate their charms,
 And pleasing features move them to a smile,
 The horrid veil that's over now thy face, 90
 And beauty's cheating veils that hide their own:
 It will their toylet's labours regulate,
 To deck the mind instead with virtue's garb,—
 The dress and pattern of true godliness;

It will a glory o'er their features spread, 95
 And worth external from internal crown
 Them bless'd: a lovely flower that worth will bloom,
 And not by slander wither, nor by time,
 But flourish in the winter's blast of envy.
 Though death must pass on them,—on all, their dust,
 Their holy relics, like the Phenix's, 101
 Will spring up new; but perish not again
 Like his: spring up to suffer change no more!
 This thought of change,—of beauty so transform'd
 By death, shall check my zeal to mortal things: 105
 To highly think of clay, though to a soul
 Of bless'd perfection join'd, is impotence,
 Imprudent, and unworthy our delight;
 Whate'er the heavenly soul breathes forth admire,—
 A soul to teach, though wrapt in female mould! 110
 These thoughts, I hope, will overrule me thus,
 That beauties of the soul must be preferr'd
 Before the house of clay, in which they dwell.
 Here I my meditation check, or change
 My thoughts upon the lover dwelt so long; 115
 For roving judgment now assumes the reins,
 And points me out new interesting scenes;—
 New may be call'd, but still the root the same,
 As branching from one nat'ral stock: so still
 Reflecting on the whole,—mortality!— 120
 That field of death that seems to wrap me round,
 Throng'd with immortal names from mortal acts,—
 Praises on tombs, the last hypocrisy
 From man on man bestow'd; I'll smite my breast,
 I'll heave a sigh, and ask is this thy fate, 125
 O man! Erected in thy maker's form?
 And that to keep was in thy well-warn'd power?
 And now debas'd to mix with dust and worms,
 What hast thou done? O first of men! What has
 Thy disobedience wrought on earth? O sin! 130
 So many stately structures of the flesh
 Hast thou destroy'd; and wouldst our better part
 Have plung'd much deeper still, had not the Son
 Of interesting love for his own works,

Stept quick between the murderer and man. 135
 Therefore let us acknowledge gratefully,
 With heart and works, the thanks and worship due
 To him, who has restor'd our fallen power,—
 Plac'd us on equal ground against our foe.
 In this soliloquy I'll simply ask, 140
 Must I also become a breathless corpse,
 And be what I deplore? Is there a time,
 When these ideas,—thoughts that wander through
 The infinite, like soundest sleep shall cease?
 Is there no thinking in the grave? Dead dust 145
 Cannot; the disembodied spirit may:
 But who can this confirm, or this deny?
 Yet if the soul out of the clay is perfect,
 A resurrection need not be proclaim'd!
 But rest assur'd, we shall this change pass through; 150
 And nicer points are not for man to know;
 Hope gives enough to know, if hope we keep,
 That we're ordain'd not for eternal sleep.
 If from the author I sometimes extend,
 Remember this, all writers are but men! 155
 But to my godly friend I'll now incline,
 Whose bottom stones have been my building line,—
 A fair foundation laid; therefore no fame,
 (Should I work right,) will elevate my name.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTENTS.

Incitement to improve Life;—this the best embalming.
 Mary at the Sepulchre. Satan's triumph over Christ,
 and disappointed ends:—Christ lying in the Grave soft-
 ened it for his People;—Faith in his dying moments
 disarms Death, and paves for Man a road:—Death a
 blessing to the Righteous;—their meeting the Judge;—
 their acceptance into Purity. Sin and Death destroyed.
 Thoughts on the Infinity of space, and Eternity of Exis-
 tence. Exhortation not to waste Time.



AGAIN, friend reader, Hervey you are with;

Now should a figure from confinement burst,—
 One of these dead start up in horrid shape,
 And me confront, with awful ghastly looks,
 And with a hoarse, tremendous murmur me 5
 Accost, as Samuel's ghost accosted Saul;
 It might like light'ning snatch away my life?
 God's voice in thunder might not deeper sink,
 As when pronounc'd that thou shalt shurely die!
 That sentence pass'd on all, on me: I am 10
 Condemn'd, but know not when the warrant comes!
 Let me be dead in sin, and to the world;
 Let me employ this little interval,
 This respite from the execution day,
 That when I close my eyes on all below, 15
 I may have grace to open them above.
 Since then my body to the grave is doom'd,
 And all my earthly powers to earth consign'd;
 May it be ever my unwearied care,
 This little space I shall possess them here, 20
 To use them well, in nobleness of mind,
 Be ready more to give, than to receive;
 And let my knees in humble posture, bend
 Before the throne of grace; while down to earth
 In penitential fears my eyes are cast, 25
 Or upwards turn'd with some reviving hopes.
 In ev'ry friendly interview, let love,
 The root of charity, dwell in my breast;
 Then charity will bloom in all my ways,
 In gifts to soul and body both: 'tis then, 30
 The gospel's peace might from my ut't'rance flow;
 In all assemblies then, I might my voice
 Lift up, much like the trumpet's sound, and rouse
 The living dead to their eternal state,
 As from the grave the dead living shall rise, 35
 Shall rise to glory all who died in Christ.
 Be shut, my senses, resolutely shut,
 Against the whispers of malevolence,
 And the infectious breath of evil words;
 But wisdom's counsel open still to hear; 40
 And all attention when my Saviour speaks,

Or those who speak and teach his heavenly grace,
 Or seeming grace if from deceitful hearts;
 For none but God can see hypocrisy,—
 Or knows its dwelling-places here with men. 45
 And may I ever to God's temple haste,
 To beds of sick, and houses of the poor;
 May all of me, devoted to God's will,
 Be instruments his glory to promote:
 Then, ye embalmers, spare your pains; these works 50
 Of faith, and labours of unwearied love,
 Shall be my spices and perfumes: enwrapp'd
 In these, then I would lie me gently down,
 And in the blessed Saviour sweetly sleep;
 With hopes in God, that he my bones will rise, 55
 From the corrupted grave, more perfect far,
 Than silver from the furnace purified.
 My contemplation now takes wing: and thoughts,
 Which are the speediest messengers of earth,—
 (No substances can with them wing their flight,) 60
 Are in a moment now on Calv'ry's mount,
 Alighted at the tomb of our Redeemer:
 In viewing of my fellow creature's tombs,
 I long to see that grave hewn in the rock,
 That holy spot where our Redeemer lied,— 65
 More holy made than consecrated ground
 From hearts impure, perhaps, though purely meant,
 By our Redeemer to be handed down.
 And further still my longing thoughts advance;
 Could I but really see his body lie; 70
 Then some time after see the empty grave,
 The angels next, and napkin folded up,
 What should I feel? What must have Mary felt,
 Or should have felt, when all these things she saw?
 And yet she was with no idea mov'd 75
 It seems, (though she had witness'd wondrous works
 By him perform'd,) but of his body stolen.
 Then turning round as she was kneeling down,
 Saw Jesus standing close, who ask'd her why
 She wept, and whom she sought? Confus'd 80
 She stood, as nothing minding but the dead,

Nor had she knowledge they were angels then,
 Thought Christ was one who might have stole the body.
 Jesus seeing her grief by weeping much,
 And to restore her to her former joy, 85
 Most pleasantly address'd her by her name;
 As much to say, how is it, Mary, thou
 Dost know me not? Struck with surprise
 And joy at once she would embrace his feet,
 Whom he forbade, (as he was perfect then,) 90
 Till he to heaven had arriv'd; and then
 Return with full authority, that she,
 Or Thomas should his sacred body touch;
 And to convert his unbelief the more,
 Should feel the very body with the wounds, 95
 The spear and rugged irons made! Who knows,
 But that disciple's incredulity
 Might be, with Mary's blindness at the grave
 By heaven design'd, to stamp conviction, love,
 And wonder, deeper in their souls! Thou death, 100
 Great was thy triumph when thou smotest God!
 Thy kingdom ne'er such pris'ner held before!
 But disappointed in thy envious hate—
 Corruption's sphere, he prov'd to be the spy,—
 Upsat the secrets of thy wicked realm, 105
 And from thy black dominions safe withdrew,
 And with him brought the crown and trophies all,
 That Satan like a thief from Adam stole,
 And with them long had govern'd mortal man;
 And Christ with us he thought to have fast bound, 110
 Through erring judgment brought him to the grave,
 A captive pris'ner as he hoping thought:
 But Christ restor'd himself, life's kingdom won,
 And death's strong holds demolish'd. This, ye men,
 Is your security, that Jesus trod 115
 The dreadful path and smooth'd it for our passage;
 As sin had pav'd a highway broad, from earth
 To hell, Christ has another pav'd to heaven,
 And lit it to the road we might not miss.
 This, steadfastly hold fast,—believe in him, 120
 And his highway to Sion you'll not err;

Believe in him, and losing mortal life,
 Immortal life you'll find: his word is truth,
 "Whoe'er believe in me shall never die!"
 A joyful hope, that death a blessing comes,— 125
 The life of frailty and its train of ills,
 Chang'd for perfection's incorrupted peace!
 Ye timorous, sinful souls, who're terrified
 At death's approach, and at the sight of graves
 And skulls turn pale, and to the grisly king 130
 In bondage—fetter'd in his dark domain,
 To your creator and preserver cry
 For grace and faith, while you your actions purge
 By practising good works; which for your faith,
 'Twill prove a virtuous way: then death, disarm'd 135
 Of stings, no ills alarm you, nor your end
 You dread: good Simeon clasp'd his Lord,—embrac'd
 Him with a fervent hope, acknowledg'd him
 Redeemer, and in peace departed: Saul,
 That persecutor, having found his Christ, 140
 And felt his operating grace, could wish
 From cumbrous clay to be dismiss'd. Bless'd faith,
 Furnish'd with thee, the viper, cockatrice,
 And asp, we need not fear. Thou happy faith,
 Thou child of grace, and grace the child of God, 145
 Granted when ask'd, and offer'd when 'tis not,
 Thy hopeful resurrection to new life,
 Fears not a sting, nor much worse mortal wound.
 Thou resurrection,—joyful gift to man!
 The sound alone that to thy name belongs, 150
 Fills me with raptures, banishes despair!
 Here in an abject state, you fetter'd lie
 In death's grim caves: but we are truly told
 The righteous are all prisoners of hope:—
 There is a period in the womb of time 155
 To be produc'd, whose birth none foreknows when
 But God; which moment will from his great seal,
 Hand down an act of grace, to free from bands
 The long imprison'd dead; the whole will rise,
 Shake off the slumbers of the grave, and all 160
 Who died in faith's sure hope, to meet their Christ

Will gladly fly: the soul receives its bride
 With joy, complete when to its body join'd.
 The soul alone rejoices in the union,—
 For matter cannot think; nor yet the soul 165
 Without the matter with't, for aught we know;
 But think it may, yet not so perfectly:
 If sleeping is an emblem true of death,
 Then dreams are all that to the soul belong.
 But what the disembodied soul may be 170
 United perfect is the scripture saith,
 When their Redeemer in the clouds they meet,
 And welcomes them to his abode; he comes
 Their father, bridegroom, everlasting friend,
 With glory irresistible, and power; 175
 And of his greatness they will take no dread.
 The trumpet's awful noise and solemn change,
 Unpeopleing the world of all that liv'd
 And live, serve greater to inflame the love,
 And hopes revive, of all who are in Christ. 180
 The awful Judge, amidst magnificence,
 Vouchsafes in splendour to confess their names,
 And their fidelity commemorate,
 Before the throng of earth and skies assemble'd.
 The thunder hush'd and trumpet's awful sound, 185
 The heavenly host around in silence rang'd,
 And Adam's race struck with astonishment,
 And joy at once, to see new scenes, delights,
 And glories various, when the supreme judge,
 With countenance serene and glory bright, 190
 Who is perfection, his perfected race,
 Receives by heavenly sounds, or words more sweet,
 Than art's harmonious accents here in verse,—
 The frail embellishments of mortal man;—
 "You are my own, that in my name believ'd; 195
 "Renounc'd your sins, and are in me complete;
 "Wash'd with my blood, and in my garments cloth'd;
 "You've glorified me, faithful prov'd your end:
 "Come then, ye children wise of light, receive
 "A kingdom ever yours, and wear a crown 200
 "Shall never fade": so speaks the heavenly king,

And welcomes them to his eternal mansions,
 Thou death, that hast drank deep of mortal blood,
 Now like a tyrant falls't on thy own sword;—
 For thy friend sin, that did thy quiver fill, 203
 That pointed all thy shafts, and strung thy arm,
 Thou hast destroy'd, and with her feli thyself:
 No more in realms of light dominion hold,
 But sent your Broadway down to blackest hell,
 Best suiting blackest deeds! Eternity! 210
 What thought can give thee end? And infinite!
 What eye can give thee bounds? What eye, though help'd
 By art, can pierce thy void? The optic glass
 That sends it further on, no nearer is!
 A strange existence of a something great, 215
 And yet a nothing! Form'd by thought alone
 Perhaps,—and yet our thoughts in both are lost,—
 In infinite and in eternity,
 Existencies that serve necessity!
 Who can with meditations find their depth? 220
 What figures will compute, what numbers state,
 Eternity and infinite's extent?
 Since we must launch into this endless state,
 Whose wages are the earnings of this life,
 Let us be diligent and not waste time, 225
 Repentance only to this life belongs;
 Beyond the grave the wheel of fortune ends,—
 Our wheel of fate stops turning with our breath,
 And seals us blank or prize unalterable:
 Therefore our hope, or fear, becomes our judge. 230
 The saints rejoice amidst the smiles of heaven;
 Their harps are ever tun'd, no string amiss,
 No accident nor interruption there:
 But at the wicked's misery my mind
 Recoils, starts back with apprehensive fears, 235
 Unwilling to pursue, or to set forth
 That dreadful state, which me, and all mankind
 To seriously concerns; yet better bear
 A transient pang in thought, than suffer pain
 Eternally; the misery in thought 240
 By deep reflection rous'd, may us awake,

To shun the dreadful road,—that highway broad,
 And more adore the pleasant path of God;
 Drive us, perhaps, like the avenger's sword,
 To some near refuge,—city of our Lord. 248
 The wicked here like malefactors lie,
 In dungeons dark till resurrection-day,—
 That solemn day, when all their bones shall rise,
 To join their souls, that wander'd in the skies:
 Sad they must be if they can partly think, 250
 To know their fate, when to their bodies link'd.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTENTS.

The anguish of the wicked's last Sickness; no hope but from the Religion they despised; that very precarious.



WHAT clouds of grief must weigh the wicked down
 At death's approach? Their deeds no hope have gain'd!
 No hope substantial built on heavenly love!
 But with their bodies perish in the grave!
 What dread o'erwhelms the soul that cannot die,— 5
 The sinning soul that cannot endless sleep?
 He sees the archer aiming at his heart,
 While on the precipice he shudd'ring stands,
 Dreading the plunge into eternity;
 He backward looks, and sees death arm'd with stings,—
 Her scourge to whip him on; then forward looks, 11
 And sees the black tremendous gulf, and finds
 All hopes are lost, to shun the ruinous fall!
 And should accomplices in his vile deeds,
 Be near him then, and stare him in the face, 15
 Those who perhaps he has drawn into sin,
 'Twould further aggravate his guilt; 'or had
 They been religious teachers to his soul,
 When in the height of his gay merriments,
 He shunn'd, and ridicul'd the warning voice, 20
 How would he then on his death-bed reflect?
 But now too late to purge his guilty soul,

And only serves hell's horrors to augment!
 Disjoin'd from good, his heart already feels,
 Feels the impassable abyss beyond 25
 The grave, that bar between the good and ill.—
 He may at last begin to pray, constrain'd
 By deep distress to tempt his maker's aid;—
 With trembling lips and fault'ring tongue, lifts up
 A feeble, doubting prayer. But why so long 30
 Has he forgot his God? His counsels all
 Despis'd? And under his incessant calls
 So thoughtless and so harden'd stood, when warn'd
 By prophets, teachers, and the holy Spirit,
 To seek the Lord while yet he might be found? 35
 If mercy he obtains th'eleventh hour,
 Then God is gracious, and his law not hard:
 Happy at such a moment to find grace,
 Happy for him and man's neglecting race;
 But who can tell that God will lend an ear, 40
 And give him hopes in his despairing fear?
 He may for aught all mortals here do know,
 Withhold his grace or freely it bestow;
 Freely, perhaps, if he in time had call'd,
 To seek that faith his law bestows on all: 45
 But now of life he moans the sad remains,
 In doubting hopes, mix'd with convulsive pains;
 Pains insupportable in ev'ry pore,
 With pains of conscience ever to endure.

CHAPTER XV.

CONTENTS.

Sin double form'd. The sinner's fate in the invisible world; they rise though reluctantly. Sin and death's Broadway. No helps beyond the grave. The hypocrite that preaches for pride and interest. Hope, our greatest blessing here. Despair, a bitter cup. On the resurrection day, with a view of the present security and future glory of the righteous.

I such is sin's sure paying, dreadful end,
 Fly from her baits, shun her deceiving sweets;
 Into her slip'ry secrets enter not!
 Thou sin, thou cunning painted fair deceiver;
 Thou fair intriguing harlot double form'd, 3
 Thy looks seem pleasant, but thy end is death!
 Fly from her, lest the antidote against
 Her pois'nous sting, may not be sought in time.
 A happy dissolution, was the grave,
 The period of the sinner's woes, the soul's 10
 Abode, in silence with its house of clay,
 No more to animate it: but alas!
 These tribulations at the sinner's death,
 Are maladies eternity can't cure:
 No sooner is the soul dislodg'd, but wings 15
 Its flight into the endless void; nor join
 With those who have perfection gain'd, and died
 In peace; as incorruption cannot join
 With base,—or righteousness with evil; dwell
 In turns they may in human hearts, but mix 20
 Cannot; nor can they both the blest abodes
 Enjoy; impell'd to wander through their loss
 Of faith, (despair their instinct judge becomes,)
 To hopeless regions,—evil's fountain head;
 And there expos'd to bear the scorn, insults 25
 Of those who lately tempted them; of which
 From wicked men we taste a sample here:
 That discontent, foul tongue, and envious hate,
 That roam the earth, and skulk in wicked hearts,
 Are but the branches of a root in hell. 30
 What holy thoughts can form the wicked's state?
 Thoughts holy made, free from sin's tempting snares,
 Which is our holy state hereafter this?
 For evil can best evil comprehend?
 The prince of peace no longer owns them his; 35
 His law impartial dealt to all, which gives
 Them hopes in their departing hours, and hope
 Gives heaven, they sought not, but a dreadful ruin!
 To dwell in darkness, with embitter'd thoughts,
 Far worse than that despair of suicide, 40

Which plagues the sinner here; and of their fate
 More sensible as more complete their thoughts,
 When resurrection has its work perform'd!
 A resurrection will bring them no gains:
 Would they not bless the grave, not bless that state 45
 Less sensible of misery, and wish
 To lie eternally from sense and thought,
 When sense and thought no comfort find but pain?
 But O! Their souls through God's unerring law,
 Must animate again their clay; their fate 50
 Was seal'd at the departing soul; now join'd,
 They're by a whip of conscience drove to hell.
 And now her gates eternally are shut,
 And sin and death's Broadway, that on the gulf
 Of chaos long been built, by heaven remov'd; 55
 Unless God should repeal his ancient law,
 Or his decrees not known to man or angel,
 And mitigate their endless pain; and then,
 For second trial of their faith, should place
 On even ground by strength and worth renew'd, 60
 That after drinking deep such bitter cup,
 Might easy then their happy state maintain.
 But man, trust not to that uncertainty,
 But what the scriptures have declar'd; thy works
 And faith is all thou hast to trust to here; 65
 Therefore make thy election sure, for saints,
 Nor angels, can assist thee: 'tis in vain
 Beyond the grave,—'tis then too late: if helps
 Could be beyond the grave the Son of God
 Need not on earth appear. What wouldst thou then? 70
 To shun, impracticable thou wilt find;
 To justify thyself impossible,
 And supplications utterly in vain.
 How empty now, how ineffectual are
 The arts of hypocrites, those polish'd frauds 75
 For int'rest and renown? Who doctrines teach
 To gain them names, or be themselves that God,
 Whom they would teach their neighbours to adore?
 The heavens their guilty treachery declare,
 And all redeem'd who justly serv'd their God; 80

God's law they traded with for worldly pride;
 But now a price unpleasant they receive:
 All hopes are lost, despair the punishment,
 And self destruction not within their power!
 Now gladly would they hide from God and light! 65
 From joy that they cannot partake; for good
 In prospect aggravates the ill, and hell's
 Close dungeon best becomes despair! If minds
 Contemptuous follow, and become their hell
 What must they feel when purity has got 90
 The lead,— their Judge,—there enemy unseen,
 That with a whip of conscience close pursues?
 And right or left of hell's deep tract to move,
 No shelter nor advantage gain? But down
 In darkness sink, best hiding place they wish,— 95
 Best suiting their despair! A misery
 Indeed, if hope is cut for ever off,
 That greatest source of bliss that strikes us here!
 No hope of end is that which makes the pain;
 One pleasing minute's hope is justly this, 100
 One minute's joy! Despair, thou bitter cup,
 When on thyself thou canst not act, but bear
 Eternal horrors thou canst not destroy!
 Therefore through hopeless ages thou must suffer,
 "Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 105
 "And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
 "That comes to all; but torture without end"
 Let him who've pity and compassion, warn
 His erring fellow creatures lovingly;
 Not like a judge, and on them sentence pass, 110
 Lest his own sight should not be clearly purg'd;
 Or in God's chair should set, to teach, dictate,
 For pride's vain glory, from the praise of men;
 But to their hearts join seriously his own:
 Then may he pray, exhort his friends, or whom 115
 He likes, to take the wings of faith unfeign'd,
 Repentance undelay'd, and shun the curse,
 Through our neglect, we on ourselves might bring.
 Those serious meditations on the grave,
 On righteousness, and endless misery, 120

May thou, my soul, for ever recollect;
 Remember them in going to thy rest,
 And when thou risest up; and when thou walk'st,
 Make them companions with thy thoughts as now;
 Let their wise voices thy sole prompter be; 125
 Thy views, and adoration to thy God,
 They'll magnify, and earthly vanities
 Decrease. Be this my fix'd, and grounded view;
 My sovereign Creator to obtain;
 Obtain my sentence in my heart, of love 130
 And faith, unmov'd by tempting snares: 'tis then
 His love and glory will engross my soul;
 And I shall nothing equal to it feel!
 Those dread events impending who shall see?
 What child unborn, or born, shall witness be 135
 To nature's dissolution? Who behold
 The burning earth, the living chang'd, and dead
 Alarm'd? Who hear the trumpet's awful sound,
 That threatens ruin to ten thousand worlds?
 The burning earth such rapid flames will cast, 140
 While on her orbit languishing she rolls,
 May fright the moon's inhabitants; her kings
 In council, drop their deep designs of war,—
 Of burning cities, laying kingdoms waste,
 Mere nothings all, to this they now behold! 145
 A wide, surpassing change, from when she stood,
 Between them and the sun, in dead eclipse?
 A globe of darkness then she seem'd and hid
 The sun, if doubl'd his diamater!
 And must my soul when to the body join'd, 150
 Like an ethereal vapour to it join'd,
 Snatch'd from the grave, or chang'd from earthly life,
 See from aloof this dreadful burning earth?
 And will her flames a further ruin spread?
 Will all our glorious system be a wreck? 155
 And further still— an universal wreck,
 And touch the bounds of uncreated night?
 And will they see the blue expanse, that binds
 Our view, bend like a scroll? Or rather say
 Into the chaos turn'd, its ancient state, 160

And nature's curtain drop, to end the scene,
 And heaven and hell the only two abodes?
 And will creation end? To mortals here
 That matters not; but to our ways take heed,
 And trim our lamps, that for the bridegroom we 165
 May be prepar'd, and found in virtue's robes:
 Or how shall we with boldness stand, without
 Our faith,— our all in Christ, and he in us,
 To see the ruin through creation's whole,
 When earth herself reels to and fro, and hearts 170
 Of numbers sinking deep with fear? Now lest
 My meditations in a cloud should set,
 And leave a gloom upon the reader's mind,
 Let me once more the brightest prospects chase;
 A view of them and their delightful hopes, 175
 May help remove the melancholy bred,
 On misery eternal dwelt so long:
 As when a field, array'd in chearful green,
 Enliven'd and renew'd by summer's spring,
 Invites the eye from freezing winter's death. 180
 The righteous here in tombs of safety lie,
 Like wary pilots in a shelter'd creek,
 Till storms are ended in the lower world;
 Here they safe anchorage enjoy; no fear
 Of shipwreck from temptation's scenes, 185
 Some gulf to penetrate for worldly lust,
 Or seas unseal'd before: their voyages
 Through life are made; ere long they'll hoist their flag
 Of hope, redeeming love their sails, and faith
 Secur'd the gale; and make eternal life, 190
 Their long, and labour'd, wish'd for, happy port!
 Thus may my readers rich in faith and love,
 Surmount the storms, and make the port above;
 My little bark shall with their number mix,
 Nor reck'ning doubt, while faith at helm is fix'd; 195
 No envious winds shall wreck or us divide,
 While Christ our convoy rides upon the tide;
 A pilot sure, as sure as we believe,
 Believe in him and he will not deceive;
 But land us safely from this troubl'd sea, 200
 To peaceful regions in eternal day.

REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.



CHAPTER I.

CONTENTS.

Summer-morning's walk in a Garden; invitation to early rising. The insensible Sluggard. Vastness of the Heavens: greater extent of divine Mercy. The Sun's rising glories, emblem of Christ, in its natural quickening influencies. The Pagan World in darkness. Opinion on the cause of Colours. Production of Metals: all substancies generated from Fluids. The Sun, Fountain of light and vigour to his own System. The Atmosphere distributes the sun's heat round this globe, and a reference drawn from it to Christ's Kingdom. On the nature of Dews, and their worth, and many religious referencies drawn from it. A view of the Country and its Productions; of an Orchard, and Kitchen Garden, characteris'd as useful. Distant Hills, their worth described. The Sea, and its worth described;—incitements to Gratitude.



EREWHILE my meditations I indulg'd
Among the tombs, and view'd with rev'rent thoughts
The gloomy mansions of the dead; I now
Invite you to a more delightful scene,
(Though there delight I took,) a garden deck'd 5
With blossom, charming to the sight and smell,
Which senses I awhile will here regale.
'Tis early in a summer's morn, the air
Is cool, the face of nature fresh and gay;
The busy human-world scarcely awake, 10
Nor riot's giddy slumbers long begun

All is serene that pleases tranquil minds,
 And serious thoughts invites ; all nature still,
 Except the chearful lark, that left his nest,
 And mounting high, to welcome in the day, 15
 And call his fellow songsters to their notes,
 And rouse the sluggard, if he will be rous'd !
 Thou early bird, companion of the dawn,
 May I for ever rise when thou dost call,
 To offer up my song of thankfulness, 20
 As thou thy song of joy ! How charming 'tis,
 To rove abroad at this sweet hour of time ?
 The calm of nature to enjoy, and taste
 The sweet, unrif'd morning air ?
 "Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet 25
 "With charm of earliest birds"
 What pleasures real the sons of sloth pass by,
 How little is the sluggard sensible,
 Of his existence, and its true delights ?
 Born as he thinks, to gratify, indulge 30
 All sensual ease, and as a brute, of life
 No higher value knows ; yet brutes may be
 His teachers now, and rouse him from his slumber ;
 Though ease his aim, yet he so vainly errs,
 That nature's joys, by overacting spoils, 35
 The morning's grayness now declines, and streaks
 Of ruddy hue supply its place, and tinge
 The fleeces of the firmament. At length
 The dapple aspect of the east is lost,
 Or spread into one ardent, boundless blush ; 40
 With shame it reddens at its slothful sons,
 So many on their downy pillows lost,
 From God and nature in luxurious ease !
 Was man created for such idle use ?
 While that is up which gives him light and heat, 45
 Performing willingly for him his part ?
 And all the feather'd songsters, joyfully,
 In hymning harmony their homage paying ?
 No ; from his slumb'ring ease of misery,
 Let him recover, and recall his thoughts, 50
 And learn from them to live ; let him improve

Their joyful morning's song, by praises more
 Refin'd, as his endowments more excel ;
 So form'd with reason, and erected shape,
 To upward look into the blue expanse,— 55
 A wondrous theatre ! Where lightnings dart
 Their long imprison'd fires, and thunders roar,
 And tempests spend their rage, and move the sea ;
 Where worlds unnumber'd roll ; where height, and depth,
 And all extent is lost ; where high, or low,— 60
 Above, beneath, there's none ; for up, or down,
 Is only known by gravity's strange force,
 Which wraps our globe, and presses to its centre ;
 But up or down, in the etherial space,
 Is no where to be found : mysterious this 65
 To weakest faculties ; mysterious more
 To strongest, God's eternal wisdom home
 To fountain head to trace ; who in his grasp
 Supports creation with its train of worlds !
 To whom the vast extent is but a point ! 70
 His truth and mercy is as infinite ;
 He pardons crimes through his redeeming love,
 The blackest, hell can in the mind instill,
 With perfect readiness, more readily
 Than this huge globe, on its convexity, 75
 Admits a mountain, or a grain of sand !
 Come hither then, ye trembling sinners come,
 Who're laden with your guilt, condemn yourselves ;
 Renounce reliânce on this changing world,
 And on God's mercy set your trust for ever. 80
 Behold the sun descending from the east ;
 The clouds, like floating curtains, are thrown back
 At his approach : of all ethereal beings
 He is the greatest monarch, visible
 To man : with a majestic sway he rules ; 85
 Sole governor of light and heat, he sheds
 His influence far through the boundless space,
 Illuminating many worlds ; or they
 In deeper darkness must their journeys take,
 Than any midnight traveller : nor light 90
 And heat are all his qualities ; all life

That God has fram'd he nourishes ; his force
 Finds way to gems and gold, and in the deep,
 And subterraneous arteries of earth,
 As well as nourish, acts the alchymist. 95
 Well might the heathens take him for their God!
 And worship him, far more excusable,
 Than worship figures form'd by their own hands!
 Yet erring still at best, for to the sun
 Of righteousness their homage should be paid, 100
 Till it became their happiness supreme,
 And be the ruling passion of their souls.
 Nor do I stand alone in this opinion ;
 A judge of science and perfective worth,
 Who form'd his taste on blisful paradise, 105
 And his instructions finish'd in the heavens,
 Determin'd to know nothing but his Christ,
 And his redeeming love though he possess'd
 Accomplishments admir'd,—sin's tempting baits,
 Yet he despis'd them all for saving grace, 110
 Pronounc'd them snares to capture vanity !
 Methinks I see a splendid quality,
 Worthy admiring in thy face, thou sun :
 Thou art the most materials't consequence,
 To man and nature, on the azure roads ; 115
 There's more of God in thy created face,
 Than what is visible besides. Well might
 The heathens make mistake, and worship thee,
 For even sacred writings this declare,
 Comparing thee to God's bright essence thus, 120
 The sun of righteousness shall rise to all
 Who fear my name, with healing in his wings.
 And now to God compar'd thou climbst the east,
 To scatter light and gladness round the earth,—
 The parts thy nightly circuit could not chear : 125
 And what a chearless dungeon all would be,
 Without thy beams? Lost in obscurity,
 We should in vain roll round our eyes ; turn where
 We would, no comeliness would grace our sight ;—
 All would an undistinguish'd blank appear : 130
 But in the center fix'd thou serv'st the worlds,

And by them serv'd through some attracting use,
 While they in circles round thee move ; useless
 There's nothing in the space ; reciprocal
 Their wants, as kings protect, and subjects pay. 135
 Behold our plains, by his celestial gifts,
 Adorn'd with verdure, both to use and sight ;
 The whole creation round enjoys his wealth,—
 The system's retinue, or man would perish ;
 And perish still for what his beams could do, 140
 Had not the sun of righteousness appear'd.
 What apprehensions did the pagan world
 Suggest of God ? What dreams of doctrines held
 They of a future state ? How did the Jews,
 In disadvantages and labour hard, 145
 In very vanity weary themselves,
 For peace with their Jehovah to obtain,
 Till Jesus rose, and clear'd the way to light ?
 Now we no longer cry with restless fears,
 Where is our God, and whom shall we adore, 150
 While we contemplate him in Jesus Christ ;
 No longer cry which is the way to bliss ;
 The path he mark'd,—the perfect road describ'd,
 And wilderness of errors pointed out ;
 No more misgivings in our hearts, to ask, 155
 Who shall the stone roll off, and to us open
 The everlasting doors, or who remove
 The flaming sword, that into paradise
 Blocks up our entrance : 'tis already done :
 The mighty Lord and leader to our rights, 160
 Abolish'd all strong holds, that had intrench'd,
 And fortified both sin and death. Now sin,
 By his obedience to the law, and death,
 By his unblemish'd sacrifice cut down ;
 Such clear removes, or conquests gain'd for man, 165
 And left his followers to maintain the same,
 What have we left to do but follow them,
 Whose great dictator was the Lord of all !
 Whenever we bless God for transient gifts,—

The circling seasons and revolving days, 170
 Bless him much more for that eternal gift,—
 The sun of righteousness, that in the east
 Appear'd, a bright, unclouded, happy morn;
 And brought eternal day to all mankind,
 To all who wake to early godliness; 175
 Or we should be in darkness groping, lost
 In mazes, stumbling on no one to help,
 No one to set the wand'ring trav'ler right.
 Thou sun, thou emblem of that glorious day,—
 Thou faint resemblance of thy mighty God, 180
 Without thy influencing principle,—
 Thy quickning, masc'line nature shed abroad,
 This earth would be a lifeless mass, a lump
 Of rude inactive dirt; without thy beams,
 Thy energy shot through the universe, 185
 The trees would bear no leaves, nor plants bear flowers;
 No more should we behold the meadows green,
 The vallies thick with corn, the fig trees bloom,
 Nor vines bear grapes; but flocks and herds
 Cut off for want of pasturage, and man 190
 Likewise through that defective cause. Thou sun,
 That paints with colours gay the flow'ry tribe;—
 The changing colours cause to mortal art
 A mystery, as secret as the tides:
 This property, in seed, in juice, or both; 195
 In juice perhaps, which is the food the root
 Takes in, and taints the fluid in it lodg'd;
 Or heat, (which is the tree's concoction,) taints
 The juicy food that through its arteries run;
 Which quality, expos'd to air and heat, 200
 Discriminates itself in white or red,
 Or any colour from that instinct's worth.
 Thou sun, that paints the spring to charm the eye,
 And autumn with our necessary food,
 Thou pierces to the roots, and set'st a float 205
 Fermenting juices, and exhales them quickly;
 In ev'ry tree and herb, that law the same;
 Whose fruit is that same juice congeal'd, that wa

Partake, to feed our heat, and strengthen us ;
 Though various are the draughts by poison mixt, 210
 Which God, through nature gave us art to know,
 The good to choose, and bad to shun ; yet bad
 There's none, if art was greater still to prove
 Its use : God nothing made in vain ! Nor are
 His favours to the surface round confin'd ; 215
 For in the deep recesses of the earth,
 His agency cast into rain finds way,
 And penetrates to metal beds, and finds
 Its way to seeds of gold ripening to oar,
 And brilliant makes the operating fluid, 220
 That swells the di'mond, or the saphire stone,
 Congeal'd on mother rocks, as fruit on trees :
 One plan in nature, forms the whole produce
 Of earth, though various are the worths and structures ;
 Nor are our bodies built by any stranger law, 225
 Than fluids changing into substances.
 In short, the beneficial agency,
 Of this magnificent and wondrous hall,
 Does beautify, impregnate, all the worlds
 That round him roll ; there's nothing in his reach 230
 He overlooks ;—an emblem of our God,
 Who hasten'd through the universe his beams,—
 His son, the promis'd sun of righteousness,
 To quicken who, unto eternal life
 Were dead in sins ; beyond the sun's command, 235
 Whose quick'ning power into eternal life,
 Was spoilt, when Satan cross'd the gulph of chaos,
 And over-reach'd the regent of his realm,
 And threw his beams into mortality :
 But Christ, the resurrection and the life, 240
 Renews us all, his transient virtue also,
 While nature, and his mortal orb exist ;
 His greater blaze of glory shines on him,
 And on our souls, till the affected heart,
 Forth into heavenly graces shoot, with fruits 245
 Of righteousness abounding. Thou true faith,
 Thou undissembl'd love,—productions sure

Of our vile natures chang'd, effects of his
 Divine impressions purchas'd by our prayers ;
 The mind, without this heavenly grace, one act 250
 Of good except a moral one cannot
 Perform. Thou sun, thou sov'reign of the day,
 When thou diffusest mildness from thy rays,
 Millions of glitt'ring insects then awake,
 And bask their cheerful moments in thy beams ; 255
 The birds start from their slumbers winterly
 Or nightly, pouring forth their joy to see
 Thy face,—their songs of joy in ev'ry wood ;
 The flocks with bleating accents hail the morn,
 The hills rebound their notes, and fill the vales 260
 With music ; nature all join in one joy
 At thy approach, or thy unclouded face.
 Wert thou extinct, what horrors would attack
 This globe ! Or stedfast stand at any hour,
 One side would burn, the other freeze ! Shouldst thou 265
 But only be eclips'd,—thy face conceal'd
 By our small moon, whose shadow on this earth
 Is but a point, all nature seems to loose
 Its joys ; the heavens put on a sable mourning,
 The sprightliest animals hang down their heads, 270
 The songsters of the grove seem dumb, and beasts
 That roam in darkness, quit their dens for prey ;
 Some birds alarm'd, shriek omens for their songs ;
 And sinners unacquainted with the cause,
 Are seiz'd with apprehensive fears : just so, 275
 If Christ should hide his face, and faith loose sight
 Of Israel's glory, gloomy is the soul :
 The christian heavily again moves on,
 Left naked to a sinful world, his peace,—
 His reconcilment fled, and nought to weigh 280
 Against his tempting adversaries, nought
 Against indignity the scourge of hell.
 Send down, most gracious Jesus then, send down
 Thy nobler sun-beams from on high and bless
 The people with thy light ; and that impart, 285
 "What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart felt joy."
 Thou sun, thy sov'reign virtues I'll pursue
 Again; profusely liberal of gifts,
 'Thou chear'st the utmost compass of the skies; 290
 The east thy rising radiance guilds, the west
 Thy setting; when to other kingdoms thou
 Retir'st, the atmosphere impregnated
 By thee, supplies in part thy place, and spreads
 Thy heat impartially, from south to north, 295
 Encompassing the globe: so thou, great sun
 Of righteousness, impartial are thy gifts;
 The generations thy enlivening beams
 Felt long ago: before this world or sun
 Thou wert; before terrestrial things were form'd, 300
 Thou sat'st secure upon the throne of bliss;
 And generations yet unborn, shall feel
 Thy quick'ning spirit, and rejoice; thy grace,
 And suff'ring death, did to the first extend,
 And will to latest ages of mankind. 305
 Could but thy gospel with the sun take flight,
 And light up every nation in his round,
 Then will that best of eras come,—that time
 Advance, when all the world shall know their God,
 His grace, themselves, and worship him aright! 310
 Now we from heaven, descend again to earth:
 Here, drops of dew, like liquid crystals shine;
 As brilliant to the eye as those rich gems,
 That ornament the crowns of kings; there's nought
 Deficient but solidity to vie 315
 With them. Ye short-liv'd ornaments possess'd
 Of little more than momentary beings;
 The sun that lights you up, will soon dissolve,—
 Exhale you hence to feed the dryer air.
 May our united breathings after God, 320
 Not be like these uprooted vanities,
 But in our hearts be ever fixt and found;
 Not like these fleeting beauties of the morn,
 But like the growing glories of the day,
 That with increasing splendours brighter shine. 325

Thou dew, let me thy qualities set forth ;
 Thou hast thy place and worth, with transient things ;
 Thy cooling distillation in the night,
 Restores the loss from parching heat by day ;
 The verdure moisten'd by thy humid sweets, 330
 Shoots deeper roots, and flushes fresher bloom ;
 Their fragrance faint, becomes reversely strong,
 And fattens into food for hungry herds.
 Thus by the holy spirit are our souls
 Restor'd, and hopes renew'd ; the comforter, 335
 That steals upon our minds invisibly,
 Like pearly drops upon the languid leaves,
 Is witness we are born of God ; is proof
 We are renew'd by chearing us with hopes,
 As by the dew the drooping grass is cheer'd. 340
 What pleasing changes then ensue? No more
 Disquietudes from boubting hopes to taste ;
 No more uneasy apprehensions feel ;
 Hope's soothing train of joys succeed ; the looks
 And features from dejection bend ; the eyes 345
 Brighten from happiness within ; the tongue
 Its heart-felt satisfaction sounds ; sounds forth
 Thanksgiving language from the lips. O God!
 Pour down thy blessings in continual dew,
 Let not our thirsty fleeces long be dry, 350
 For want of thy eternal spring of life!
 Who can enumerate these pearly drops ?
 They hang on every hedge and spray wide round ;
 No blade of grass nor single leaf, but wears
 The studded ornaments,—small watry globes, 355
 That are in size as various as in tale.
 That acting law from the almighty cause,
 That forms the universal bodies round,
 Forms wat'ry drops to globes. The active thoughts
 Here may contemplate, wander, and admire! 360
 First that similitude contemplate, which,
 The royal prophet's prophecy declar'd,
 That grace shall spread itself in human hearts,
 As numerous as dew-drops on the leaves,—

Christ's kingdom's growth in numbers equal them! 365
 The cool still night, by air serene, conceives,
 And bears these numerous pearly drops,
 And morning's sun exposes them to view :
 So shall the gospel's flock regenerate ;
 Millions shall to the birth repair, support 370
 Christ's church, that satan's race, by subtle art,
 Nor open violence shall hurt ; the hypocrite's
 Deluding bait, and tyrant's dreaded fear,
 Shall fly before the truth, where truth takes root,
 Like sparks before the smoke. Immanuel 375
 Believers will not want,—the world is his !
 A heaven on earth his trav'ling grace maintains,
 'To bring him saints and worshippers above,
 To form his retinue, and throne surround.
 Here, on the various acts of providence, 380
 My wonder seems renew'd ! I weigh in mind
 Those wise effects of the almighty cause,—
 Those raging showers, and those more gentle dews,
 Though wide their births, yet to one end concur !
 The showers, returning from the well fed clouds, 385
 Which they suck'd up when parch'd with thirst, and drank
 Their fill, concocted there, and then discharg'd
 As dregs, feed next the parch'd up hungry earth ;
 While dews as sweat the atmosphere perspires,
 And nourishes the substances below ; 390
 And some the hot and sweating earth creates,
 Sent from her entrails to the surface round,
 And nourish growing nature there : when done
 With, they are by the dryer air exhal'd,
 (Air made more dry when Sol ascends his throne,) 395
 And from our senses disappear by stealth
 As form'd ; form'd in the nightly air serene
 They steal their births insensibly ; so still,
 And imperceptibly, they overreach
 The human eye and ear ; less violent 400
 Than blust'ring storms, or thunder's rain : yet all,
 Are God's creating, secret providence ;
 Secret to man, that he might more admire,

When lab'ring hard his wisdom he obtains,
 And finds his works are not without a plan: 405
 Encourag'd there he onward bends his course:
 For should his works be too familiar made,
 He might by that unhallowed become.
 As gentle dews, and rain more violent,
 Are in their places equally of use; 410
 So sinners I have known, reclaim'd from works
 Of darkness, by severity's harsh means;
 Their stubborn hearts at Sinai were address'd,
 By the almighty's voice, that shook the mountain,
 Their guilty souls far more; the thunders roar'd, 415
 And dismal fears preceded their new birth;
 In pain they mov'd, and to extremities
 Reduc'd, before they found their hope of rest.
 Others have been by milder methods won;
 Serene as gentle dews the warning voice 420
 Came down; God's kingdom in their hearts took place,—
 They pass'd from death to life, a change unseen,
 Though not unfelt. Thou fountain head of good,
 If with conviction's scourge, or cords of love,
 Or terrors of alarms, or winning smiles, 425
 Thou soften'st stubborn hearts, like liquid glass,
 To mix with joys they've long been strangers to,
 In either way let us return to thee,
 And the first movement make, or try to make,
 By dwelling long and oft on serious thoughts; 430
 In that our will is free: thy word declares
 To us, it shall be open'd when we knock.
 I, elevated with reflecting thoughts,
 So long confin'd within this garden's walls,
 Will soar from hence, and on the terrace get. 435
 How vast the prospect, beautiful the sight,
 To see God's favours in earth's plenteous growth!
 How vast, how various are thy stores! How rich
 Is thy almighty hand, parent of good!
 The fields with corn are cover'd thick; their grains 440
 Of milky juice and hue are ripen'd brown,
 And qualified the farmer to reward,

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

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And famine's scarcity to move far off.
 The meadows smooth'd into a pleasant plain,
 Show far and wide their decorated coats,— 445
 Embroidery beyond the painter's art,—
 To imitate within his landscape's lines, }
 With blossoms gaily dress'd of various hue,
 And loaded with spontaneous crops of herbage,
 Which into hay converted, kindly proves, 450
 A dreary winter's stock for cattle's use.
 A river clear, winds round the flow'ry plain,
 And in it stamps the image of the skies,
 And feeds the roots of willows by its side;
 And stock'd with fish, the angler to amuse, 455
 And spread his table with delicious treats.
 Nor are these all the river's qualities,
 For health, and fruitfulness, spring where it rolls.
 On sev'ral spots are groves of trees, like some
 Grand colonade, raising their tow'ring heads; 460
 Their branches making cooling shades for beasts;
 And in them safe retreats for warbling birds;
 The builder too with timber it supplies,
 And health's rich blessing with its useful bark;
 To poor, distress'd, some fuel it bestows, 465
 For winter's cold, to warm them round their hearths.
 One wood seems skirted with a barren waste,
 Like shades in painting so dispos'd, that give
 The landscape's richer parts, a gaiety
 More lively; barren seems yet 'tis not blank 470
 As if neglected, or waste room, as useless
 And nothing worth; no spot in all God's works
 Is left unfinish'd, though forlorn it seems;
 Some animals may in that place exist;
 And if allow'd that God created all, 475
 Then surely all have being for some end.
 And in that waste may useful herbs be bred,
 Whose quality may purge the venom'd wound,
 And maladies internal, right applied,
 Digestion strengthen, and then soon the nerves. 480
 Much nearer, I perceive a spacious spread
 Of trees, more tender, and of quicker growth;

I saw them early, in their pregnancy,
 When beauteous blossoms led the way for fruit;
 My heart rejoiced at such impending plenty, 485
 Was entertain'd with pleasure at the sight:
 But now the prospect hatch'd, the flower is chang'd,
 Breathe soft, ye winds, pray spare, ye surly blasts,
 The tender fruit, and let the mother tree,
 Rear up her infant young, that with her juice, 490
 She kindly suckles to maturity,
 That we again may by that juice be suck'd.
 Thou plumb, hang unmolested on thy bough,
 Till fatten'd in thy blue, and polish'd skin;
 Thou apple, let no shock, or hurricane 495
 Shake thee from life, till with complexion ripe
 Thou art prepar'd and cooling juice, to check,
 Or soften fev'rish heats. Your ripening some
 Take from the falling snows, and into depth
 Of winter carry autumn; some adorn 500
 The salver, and digest the grosser food;
 And some, whose copious, mellow'd juice prepar'd,
 Health's lively sparkles round the glass displays;
 A valuable gift, if right applied!
 Some spots are shelter'd, and defended well, 505
 From hostile visits of the northern blast,
 By lofty woods or walls; but to the south
 More open, whose mild moisture is their nurse.
 Within the reach of my commanding sight,
 A kitchen garden represents itself; 510
 Like some republic is its government,
 The natives bearing such equality:
 Whatever may resemble pomp of courts,
 Seems banish'd from this frugal, rich'ning state:
 With decency's perfection all seem cloath'd: 515
 Some skilful hand has parcell'd out the ground
 In tenements, and intervening streets;
 And has assign'd each verdant family
 Distinct abodes: confusion banish'd hence,
 Each has its proper place like troops in ranks, 520
 Though only one commander to the whole,—
 The God invisible! Whose acting rule

Is lodg'd in man and nature; under those
 They thrive, with great increase, useful to us!
 Why does the parsley, with its frizl'd locks, 525
 The border fringe? Or why the celery,
 With whitening arms pierce thro' the mould? For man.
 Asparagus shoots forth its tap'ring stems,
 To offer him its earliest fruits; and spreads
 The artichoke its turg'd top, to give 530
 Him treats of vegetable marrow; creep
 To heat the tendrils of the cucumber;
 Though basking in the sun's severest rays,
 They drain the cooling'st juices of the soil,
 To barrel up for human use; the beans, 535
 Like files of troops in rank, stand firm; the peas,
 Like invalids, have artificial props;
 Though invalided not from use, their pods
 Are fill'd with equal nutriment. Among
 This herd of vegetable gentlemen, 540
 Are found few useless plants; for idle weeds,
 Are by its government soon rooted out,
 As kingly states should try to do with man.
 So well is this small garden kingdom rul'd,
 Its yearly revenues come smiling in, 545
 And bless the owner with its plenty: then,
 If he is wise, he'll envy not the state
 Of kings, who rule a stubborn, selfish race,
 Himself a monarch happier far, who walks
 Amidst his garden subjects peaceably, 550
 That offer him their yearly revenues,
 And crown his life with plenty and delight.
 Some hills so high at distance I descry,
 Which even heave their backs above the clouds,
 And look like nature's bounds, or kingdom's walls. 555
 Deform'd, and barren, as they may appear,
 Their bowels are with growing treasure fraught;
 From them industry may her implements
 Provide, to plow the soil, or reap the grain;
 The organ pipe of concord harmony, 560
 And cannon too of discord's rage, may there
 Claim birth; and ornaments of polish'd life,

The richest held, may there be bred and found.
 On t'other side that terminates the view,
 A tract of congregated waters rolls, 565
 As wonderful to man as all God's works ;
 A world itself for animated beings ;
 The fluid air and land may not excel
 Its number, but perhaps in quality.
 Thou master cestern of this earthly ball ; 570
 Thou feeder of the land and atmosphere ;
 Thou reservoir of all the fountain springs,
 Or rivulets that flow ; thou vehicle
 For trade to distant climes, so cheap convey'd,
 That ev'ry other art, without thy flood, 575
 Would over-prize the merchandise ; thou fence
 Against the tyrant's climbing pride, whose troops,
 Through numbers would the weak destroy ; methinks
 A view of thee alone, inspires delight !
 Thou friendly sea, that wall'st this empire round, 580
 God bless'd our kings, and gave to them thy keys,
 To shut thy gates and open when they please.
 In viewing this profuse munificence,
 The liquid blue, the vales with verdure cloath'd,
 And hills in clusters friendly join'd, that guard, 585
 As seemingly the fruitful paradise,
 Who can withhold his praise ? Who is not touch'd
 With thankfulness to God, to see such gifts
 Profusely spread ? The smiling earth his own,
 That wheels her course unerringly for him ? 590
 My heart, I must confess, beats high with thanks,
 Congratulates these rural dwellers here,
 With peace within their walls, as plentiful,
 As plenty round their dwellings grow : I hope,
 Peace is within your minds : live sensible, 595
 Ye highly favour'd race, of benefits,
 From your rich benefactor ; look on these
 Productions of your fruitful soil, and call
 Them all your own ; but ever be reminded,
 Of this important truth, your thanks are due 600
 To Christ, for all your good receiv'd ; your good
 In nature from the teeming earth ; your good
 In grace, that's teeming everlasting life.

CHAPTER II.

CONTENTS.

On Creation, supposing matter eternal. Christ recovers what Adam lost, The universe one chain of connected laws, maintained by highest wisdom. Character of two men. The hypocrite displayed. The end of worldly Sciences.



WHEN we were not as now, nor yet this world ;
When chaos rul'd, where now this planet rolls ;
Far through the boggy gulf God's voice was heard,
And peace impos'd upon its wild uproar ;
Eternal matter with his law complied, 5
Obedient stood at his command, ceasing
Its own misrule, and into order sprung,
Compiling various spheres, leaving between
A clearer void, each rolling in its place,
All useful to each other and themselves ; 10
Attraction's gen'ral law unites the whole,
From worlds to empires, kingdoms, even down
To ants' good order, and the realm of bees :
All is a chain, and God knows where it ends !
Then with this matter form'd the living race, 15
And favour'd man with this peculiar gift—
A soul, to know he came not through himself ;
And form'd to upward look, and God adore,
Above the animated race besides ;
Therefore from gloomy darkness we were fetch'd, 20
And uncreated night, as some announce.
Then cloath'd in blue the vast ethereal space,
And in a liv'ry green our fertile world :
His pencil streak'd, his wisdom fram'd, all things
That charm his new created favourite ; 25
That power divine that wrought the leper's cure,
Wrought all these growing benefits for us,—
This landscape's treasure now my eyes survey !
Christ us restor'd when we were forfeited ;
By Adam's sin we lost eternal life, 30

Whose disobedience was a horrid fault,
 So lately warn'd the consequence: but why
 Condemn, when we ourselves so oft rebel?
 Why throw the charge on him, when actions worse
 Rebellious of our own, would us involve, 35
 In the same ruin, had he never err'd?
 The first of men being disinherited,
 The second Adam heir of all things made;
 As by the former we possession lost,
 A reinstatement by the latter claim; 40
 Enabling us, through his inspiring love,
 To conquer lust and passions of this world.
 By him, th' inspired oracle declar'd
 All things exist: behold the various beings,
 A world or single atom in his sphere, 45
 Adhering all to some attractive law:
 The suns on centers roll, and planets round
 Those suns, in oblique attitudes and flights
 Unerring, to, accommodate their dwellers,
 With change of days of seasons, heat and cold: 50
 The whole creation on his wisdom hangs,
 Depending still on his almighty sway,
 As we, who not a moments life can boast;
 Or soon into confusion they would fall,
 And back into their chaos turn again, 55
 And wild disorder reign among their spheres:
 As when a king gives up his rule, and crown
 At random to be caught; the multitude,
 Like hurlers aiming for a ball jump at
 The prize, 'tis seiz'd, and momentaneous held! 60
 It is the Lord of life that guards their ways;
 They on his bounteous good are pensioners;
 And all their worth to man, or worth besides,
 Is his celestial force. The grape receives
 Its juice from him; though not from his own hand, 65
 No more than subjects their advantages
 From kings: all things are one great chain of law!
 If by the melody of birds you're charm'd,
 Then think on God who form'd the woods for them,
 And them for you; and you, for aught we know, 70

For both: the melting peach, the wholesome grape,
 And luscious fig, your appetites regale;
 But this consider, in your turn that you,
 Their soil and mother stock must nurse! If all
 The vegetable tribe, and min'ral too, 75
 That gave their richest treasures up to us,
 Could only speak their nat'ral innocence,—
 Free from that selfishness of human pride,
 How would they say we're for thy use, O man!
 And thou for God's! That we all worth disclaim 80
 Besides! Then if in innocence such praise
 Is found, let innocence thy teacher be;
 And learn to live for thy Creator first,
 And then thou'lt live more glorious for thyself!
 We serve our wants, their innocence would say, 85
 That you might worship and adore for both,
 For all the bounties you receive, or we
 Shall pine with indignation and regret;
 Use us and welcome, we are yours, if you
 Are Christ's; our choicest beauties you may crop; 90
 Accommodate yourselves we're wholly yours,
 But let us be incentives to your thanks,
 And motives to an humble heart with God.
 Having awhile survey'd the spacious sky,
 And earth's gay landscape in the reach of sight, 95
 As if I'd soar beyond my station's sphere,
 Let me descend from this pre-eminence,
 And God adore more humbly in my reach!
 Here, nature, in this garden spot appears
 Correct; but yonder seems irregular 100
 Though grand: here, she, her handmaid art calls in;
 And if perfection is by art obtain'd,
 Here then this spot in art's perfection shines;
 Shines in these regulations art explores;
 Shines in this garden spot, this cabinet, 105
 Museum grand for modern antique stores,
 Renewing still what has for ages been.
 If from my low procedure I may form
 Allusions to exalted practices,
 Let me this opportunity embrace, 110

To sound the names of two illustrious men,
 That fam'd Erasmus and judicious Locke;
 They for awhile rejoic'd in sciences,—
 Rejoic'd in fame on worldly wisdom form'd;
 But finding it at last a fleeting joy, 115
 They wisely chang'd their active thoughts, from here
 To things above, those earthly arts
 Superior judgments build, that only serve,
 As highest plac'd, for envy's darts to strike;
 Or worse; to serve the cheating, fleeting praise 120
 Of the bought hypocrite, who is with you,
 No longer than his ends are gratified,
 A midnight murderer, whose private stabs
 Are worse than open darts—the madman's rage,
 Or passions honesty more rightly call'd: 125
 Wisely those men withdrew from nature's walks,
 Where noxious weeds are mixt with wholesome herbs,
 And prickly shrubs by far the largest growth;
 They read the law of God, and found it free,
 From those entanglements of jealous hate, 130
 For fame and gain dividing still mankind;
 They found within themselves a garden pure,
 Which God soon planted in their fruitful soil,
 And water'd daily with his grace; his grace
 Which meets them chearfully; and all who seek, 135
 Soon find that proof, of labour not in vain!
 I, also, from the polish'd cup have sipp'd,
 And found its draughts unsteady comfort gave:
 Like those above I would devote my days,—
 The few remaining consecrate to God, 140
 Through his unerring oracles of grace;
 From which I trust to reap a stedfast truth,
 Improvements solid, and the purest joys.
 Waft me, O waft my mind to Sion's mount,
 And through the sacred walks inspired rove! 145
 There grows the plant, (that grew in paradise
 Before vain Eve let in a noxious weed
 And poison'd all the soil,) the living tree
 With ever budding joys, whose fruit is life
 Eternal; eat of it, and ever live. 150

There flow those streams of righteousness and grace,
 The fount of God, fast by the tree of life,
 That whosoever drink shall thirst no more.
 What Roman eloquence, or Grecian schools,
 Or Cesar's thirst of slaughter fill'd, or all 145
 Embellishments of life fill'd for awhile,
 Can with this fount of endless bless compare?
 Where are those heroes now, and polish'd schools,
 Philosophers and fencers they have bred?
 Extinct; and their proud names almost eras'd; 160
 A name existing, serving wicked minds,
 To praise, defame, just as their humours take,
 To squable, contradict, and fight for wit,
 And justly may they fight for want of it.

CHAPTER III.

CONTENTS.

The Fragrance of Flowers strongest in the Morning, another inducement to shake off Sloth. The smelling sense as well as the tasting to be palled. Christ's sacrifice faintly representing the fragrancy of Flowers. All our performances polluted; Grace must lead the way. Colours of flowers; how perfect in every kind; with what skill disposed: fineness of the flowery texture, inducements to trust in Providence. The folly of Pride in Dress. Our true Ornaments displayed. Flowers inspire delight: what pleasure must arise from the beatific Vision. Solomon pictures out the Christ by the most delicate Flowers: Beauties in the Creature lead us to the Creator. Diversity of Flowers, in their air, habits, attitudes, and lineaments; Wisdom of the Almighty Maker. The Sun's masculine nature, or the King of the System. Diversity of Colours from one stock, an emblem of small dissensions springing from one mother church. Regular succession of Flowers; some of the choicest sets described: pleasing effects produced by this economy, move us to adore our Maker.



WHAT fragrancy invades the smelling sense?
 The garden's incense and the breath of flowers!

The woodbine, and the jessamine, embalm'd
 This morning's walk; the air is all perfume,
 And is not this another argument
 Against the sluggard's sloth? Who would dissolv'd
 In senseless slumbers lie? The spirits sunk,
 Half animated when awake, by sleep
 Too much, and want of morning cool, and sweets
 So wide, from air imprison'd round his head? 10
 That when he lifts his heavy eyes, through heat
 Increas'd, the flowers are droop'd, their sweets decay'd,
 And air, as fever'd, has too much of fire?
 Such was the morn's delight, when Adam wak'd
 His lovely Eve; the sweet, enchanting thought, 15
 Of the real happiness of that first pair,
 And tender, soft expression Adam gave,
 Inviting Eve from sleep, to taste the sweets
 Of morn, I cannot reas'nably pass by,
 Without requesting some kind tongue, to tell 20
 It unto those, that instinct yet, nor art
 Has taught, God's blessings nor themselves to know.
 The smelling sense, proportion'd to receive
 Exact delights, from our Creator wise,
 Is like the appetite's excess of food, 25
 To be o'ercharg'd, by staying here too long;
 Though differ'nt felt, yet nature's law the same:
 With too much food the appetite is cloy'd,
 With too much fragranc'y the smell declines.
 The smelling luxury is innocent, 30
 'Tis true; not like the heavy banquet's food,
 That oft in epicures creates a pain;
 This, leaves you senseless of its worth, as most
 Enjoyments do on mortal things, enjoy'd
 Too much. The blessed Jesus offer'd up 35
 Himself to God, a savour smelling sweet;—
 Of that sweet incense, we cannot enjoy.
 Too much. Ten thousand rams, and running oil
 In floods, from an apostate world, the most
 Submiss acknowledgments from hands defil'd, 40
 Are mockeries to that oblation made.
 By Christ! A prophet says, the mighty God

Whose dwelling is eternity, from things
 So filthy, turns, as from the dunghill's steam
 But in that spotless holiness of Christ, 45
 Obedience even to his shedding blood,
 With what complacency is vengeance quell'd
 And satisfied, and justice recompens'd?
 Thou sole security for injur'd man,
 The sufferings all were thine! Thou slaughter'd lamb, 50
 Thou bridegroom of thy church, thy smell of myrrh,
 Cassia and aloes, to our perfect God,
 Are far more grateful than the garden's fumes!
 Of old the altar sanctified the gift;
 So this great propitiation recommends 55
 Obnoxious persons, and unfruitful works,
 Of the believing world. In this, my soul,
 Be interested, ever in belief
 Of my salvation made by a redeemer,
 Without neglecting God's first written law. 60
 There's much depravity cleaves to our natures,
 Polluting all our best performances:
 My adorations most profound, my works
 Though cleaving to the law, nor any sin
 Committed wilfully, yet I presume 65
 To challenge no reward for them: therefore
 All confidence renouncing in myself,
 Or works alone, (though works must join with grace,)
 Forgiveness I implore, to be receiv'd
 Through my Redeemer, to the realms of bliss. 70
 To paint the variegated colours here,
 With that perfection nature's hand has done,
 Where shall we find the artist? Some so bold,
 And some so delicately faint, with glow
 Eukind!d some, and some with glossy shine, 75
 Excelling all the arts of varnishing!
 In all, the dyes so exquisitely rich,
 And in one leaf so uniformly spread,
 With varying tints so well dispos'd, they seem
 A list of patterns for the painter's brush! 80
 But whether blended, soften'd, harsh, arrang'd,
 Contracted, with an endless change of forms

Invisible, one architect rules all;
 And rules and checks our second handed works,—
 Our thoughts performing wonders as we think; 85
 As if like babel builders we would build,
 From rotten time into eternity!
 Mark how inimitably fine the leaf,
 On which such colours are so strong impress'd!
 What are the works of Persian looms, and all 90
 The brussel's boasted trumpery, fine lawn
 And cambrick, chints, man's secondary arts,
 Compar'd to nature's weaving here? The silk
 Spun fine—the insect's art, falls short, an art,—
 Another branch descended from God's law,— 95
 Another link in his almighty chain,
 That mocks this human artist in excelling.
 So Christ, from lilies carding not, nor spinning,
 And birds that wing the air, a lesson gave.
 If providence with unremitted care, 100
 Supports the least of God's created works,
 'Twill not withhold from man what nature wants,
 Nor yet the gift for that great end he's born!
 Ye faithful followers of the Lamb, dismiss
 Your low anxieties of life, your doubts 105
 Of food to eat, or raiment to put on;
 He who the ravens feeds, and lilies clothes
 With elegance, surpassing human art,
 Can all your wants supply; his favourite,
 His noblest work on earth, he'll not forget; 110
 Ye are peculiar objects of his love;
 Fear not his word, to greater ends you're born,
 Than lilies, lifeless to the sense of touch;
 Or birds, whose flight wise providence directs,
 Nor fall, but through that agency of God! 115
 Then if for you, an endless life he means,
 Which ev'ry channel nature breaths through tell,
 Mistrust not his provision for you here;
 But if the miser covetous you act,
 Then murmur not if you are not supplied. 120
 Of food and raiment we may have enough;
 An honest aim, contentment, charity,

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And hope, makes up our greatest blessing here:
 If raiment is, the youth's prevailing charm,
 And gluttony, the belly-lover's dreams, 129
 And hoarded gold, the wrinkl'd miser's God,
 And finding faults, the snarling critic's pride,
 All vanity, though they each other mock;
 All equal roads to nature's basest aims,
 Destroying even moral happiness; 130
 All baubl'd trumpery compar'd to that
 Eternity, our chief concern and aim!
 Unworthy our immortal dignity,
 And wisdom too, which God endow'd us with,—
 A wisdom few of us rightly apply! 131
 What is our wisdom's worth on shadows built?
 That shadow moving, moves us to the grave!
 Yet that says not we're to be idle here,
 For on industry may much honesty
 Depend, our joy in part, our usefulness: 132
 But when we stretch our line, remember this,
 That righteousness is our foundation stone!
 Go clothe thyself in purple raiment fine;
 Trick thyself up in all the gay attire,
 The shuttle, or the needle can produce, 133
 Yet scarcely with the daisy thou wilt vie;
 Try all thy wondrous skill, yet that in show,
 And uniformity, will thee excel
 Almost. Scorn then to borrow gaieties,
 Beneath thy feet, just sprung from humble dirt; 134
 Yet that shows thee what God from dirt can do;
 Example great to tell thee of thy shows,
 Who art superior to such vanities:
 Let thy exalted state, exalt thy thoughts,
 To nobler views, than such gay outside nothings; 135
 Thou seest their fleeting worths, gay for a day,
 Their structures, colours, soon to disappear;
 And so will thy proud tinsels and brocades!
 Let thy endowments be immortal worth;
 Wear that within thy breast, and cherish it; 136
 Adorn thy mind with virtue's gayest weeds;
 Then from thy deeds such comfort thou'lt receive,

Thy dress and daisy's too, thou'lt soon despise.
 Then righteousness, that spotless robe, will clothe
 Thy inner man; in that array'd, thou'lt find 155
 No rival in the feather'd peacock's tail,
 Or maggot fly, with her gay painted wings.
 Such vain, and worthless shows, in worthless things,
 The painted butterfly, and daisy too,
 What do they more or less import, than mock 170
 Vain man, this mighty lord of all things here,
 In his pursuit of darling vanity?
 Those flowers perfume the air wide round: the health
 Within their atmosphere revives, the mind
 Is even touch'd, with joy additional. 175
 How often have I felt them dissipate
 The gloom of thought? And through the spirit's ebb
 A gaiety transfuse? Then wonder not,
 Why kings, amidst the toilsome thoughts of war,
 Should quit the council board, and here retire; 185
 Or queens forego awhile the compliments,
 And cringing flatteries that round them wait,
 For tributes here deceiving not the sense.
 If such resemblance faint of purity,
 Can in mortality be pictur'd out, 185
 Then what transporting pleasures must arise,
 From joys of uncreated excellence?
 From joys of every sense detain'd, no more
 To change? Or if to change, the scene is chang'd
 For pleasure, not for any other fate. 190
 To change, renew, put on what form we please,
 Be here, or there, as quick as thought commands,
 Is God's, and righteous man's immortal state;
 A state enjoy'd, through union's faith in him,
 The Lord of Glory ever to behold! 195
 But this, in our imperfect, present life,
 We cannot bear; such gust of glory would
 Our mortal sight put out, and faculties
 O'erwhelm: but when corruption shall put on
 An incorrupted change,—our lives renew'd, 200
 Then shall we feel these glories rightly spher'd.
 Here then, my wish, be resolutely fixt,

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To know naught else but right, that happy read
 To those abodes above, to there behold
 The beauties of the Lord, the attributes 205
 Of his bright beams, that heaven's wide circuit fill,
 King Solomon, that penetrating judge,
 Allow'd a charming quality in flowers;
 And figur'd out his Christ by Sharon's rose,
 The lily of the valley, full of grace 210
 And blest delights, exalted majesty;
 In all perfection figur'd him complete:
 High honour to the vegetable world!
 This king of Israel creation roams,
 To borrow its most finish'd forms, and dipa 215
 His pencil in its richest dyes, to paint
 In prophecy, the Christ that was to come;
 Who'd be the light and glory of the world,
 The hope and consolation of us all;
 And infinitely high, above compare, 220
 Not only with all sublunary things,
 But praises too from sublunary souls;
 For mortal praise cannot exalt his bliss;
 But praise and worship may exalt our own.
 Let momentary beauties me remind, 225
 Of that abode, where they are never fleeting;
 Let these small emanations move my thirst,
 Till heaven's pure fountain head supplies my draughts:
 Then shall the creatures be my constant clue,
 To the Creator, and with this to mind, 230
 Perfection finite is a feeble ray,
 Shot through the void immense, from that great source,
 That ocean inexhaustible of good!
 How is the hand of providence display'd,
 Among the flow'ry tribe? Diversified, 235
 Their changes charm; equality in them,
 Would be insipid to the sight and use;
 For ev'ry species something new effects,
 And ev'ry tribe their constant fashion keeps;
 Some rear their heads with loftiness of growth, 240
 And some more wise a middle station take,
 Extremes avoiding, wiser far than man:

And others, free from all aspiring views,
 Creep unambitiously upon the ground;
 Some intersected are with stripes, and some 245
 With radiant spots, as studded ornaments;
 And some affect to be genteely dress'd,
 In flow'ry white, gay and perfum'd; and some
 In purple cloth'd, like nobles dress'd for court;
 But doleful black has no admittance here, 250
 The joyful spring casts off such gloomy weeds,
 'Tis nature's birthday annually held.
 Here, stands a warrior, clad in crimson gay,
 And there, a magistrate, genteely rob'd;
 And yonder some in rainbow's dies shine out; 255
 And proudly too they're shap'd, as well as tinctur'd;
 Some form a curious cup, and some are shap'd
 Like bells; some spread themselves in swelling tufts,
 And some in clusters form society;
 And some each other face, and boldly stand, 260
 And will not mingle at the root, nor join,
 As seemingly, their various qualities;
 As if their worths and beauties should be judg'd,
 By human skill. What limner, into shades
 Can lighter parts diminish like their dies, 265
 With such decline, so gently disappearing?
 The eye amus'd, by gazing on their beauty,
 May wonder at the sly decoy, to steal
 Their brighter parts into another lustre.
 How wondrous are thy works, how multiplied, 270
 O Lord! With what consummate wisdom all
 Are shap'd, by nature's subtle art from thee,
 And gardener its tool of workmanship!
 And his contrivance I admire, whose care,
 And watchful eye, and labour hard, produce 275
 With nature's seeds, some second handed work:
 But when the wise almighty artist spoke,
 A million plumes had intantaneous birth,
 With varying shapes, all perfectly complete;
 No need of second trial as man's works, 280
 Whose errors model'd oft, improv'd, yet still
 A faint resemblance of perfection gains.

How far this agent nature may advance,
 As she goes on, in beauty, shape, or size,
 Is yet, I think, a secret to us all. 285
 Now should you ask, who paints the flow'ry tribe,
 Or rather ask from what springs the effect,
 You'll answer'd be the sun; that had his birth
 From the almighty cause; and still by him
 Renew'd, becomes a master to the worlds: 290
 Whate'er you see of male and female here,
 That law with him, and with our earth exists;
 For his celestial touch, impregnates all
 The matter in his reach: the ambient air
 Receives his force, which is from thence infus'd, 295
 Into the fluid he exhales; then brought
 To earth in rain, and through her centers pass;
 And from the qualities of those hot wombs,
 Are all the species of this globe produc'd,
 The vegetables, and the minerals, 300
 In all their various shapes: for trees and rocks
 Have roots, which are their mouths; their nourishment
 Their roots suck up, attracted by their heat
 Or hungry drought, as animals attract
 Their nourishment, (attraction felt in life 305
 Through hunger's sense,) and there concocted, through
 The art'ries run redundant to the top,
 And then break out in blossoms, fruit, and leaves;
 And in its course congeals, and swells the stock,
 As blood in animated life grows limbs. 310
 The fluid, as above observ'd, concocted,
 By heat, as animals concoct their food,
 Receives a worth peculiar to itself,—
 Peculiar to the trees internal nature,
 Which quality is by the sun expos'd 315
 In colour; all their insides are expos'd,
 And painted in their colours really true:
 But various colours in one flower, to all
 Philosophers, is yet a stumbling block.
 Life's fluid is in gen'ral red: but why, 320
 The varying tinctures on the leopard's back,
 Or spotted negro, is unknown to me:

But excellent are all creation's works,
 And wonderful beyond our reach of art!
 The various tinctures in one knot of pinks, 325
 Scarce two alike, though from one root produc'd,
 Are emblems just, of men's opinions here,
 And small dissensions springing from one church:
 Religion may some varying modes embrace,
 Without offence to godliness or faith: 330
 If in such inconsiderable points,
 Our christian brethren may dissent, let us
 The rooted int'rest join; let's harmonize
 In principles, and cherish no disgust,
 Nor alienating love; with humble hearts 335
 Let us each other serve; in offices
 Of friendship ever ready; join'd in one,
 Although distinguish'd, in one bond of love.
 The various sects, for aught we know, whose forms
 Of worship disagree, may imitate, 340
 Yea branch from God in nature's law, the same
 As painted tulips varying from one root:
 But should men further go; in blasphemy
 Deny the God of their created beings,
 Then teachers branching from that very root, 345
 As agents on a secondary cause,
 Step quick between, and their disorder rude,
 To order bring; the friend of truth steps forth;
 Not with the bigot's air of self conceit,
 For worldly fame from hypocrite's; instead 350
 Of such censorious judges earthly wise,
 Let heaven's officers, sworn by its grace,
 The agents of true godliness step forth,
 Against the branching offsprings hell corrupts;
 With friendly counsels they will you reprove, 355
 Lest their remissness criminal be deem'd,
 By conscience judge, before the bar of grace:
 Those truly comforters will not upbraid,
 Nor doom to wrath your rash revolt from God;
 With arguments as soft as sunshine's air, 360
 They'll bring you to the cheerful light of life!
 Another circumstance observable,

Seems recommending those gay vegetables,—
 They make appearances not all at once;
 But in succession regular display 365
 Their worths; while some sufficient on us wait,
 The rest retire and hold in rediness
 Themselves, as sentinels each other do
 Relieve. The snow-drop first we'll call, that through
 The frozen soil explores his passage, fraught 370
 With compliments external to his lord;
 He comes dress'd in the robes of innocence,
 Fearless of dangers, long before the trees
 Have ventur'd to unfold their summer's dress,
 Or isicles transform'd their winter's shape. 380
 Next peeps the crocus out, but cautiously,
 For with a timid fear he skulks below,
 And dares not make excursions far from home,
 As if he heard, or fear'd the howling blast.
 Nor is the violet last that pays her visit; 390
 Nor is she shy of meanness, or of person;
 Though her accomplishments a garden grace,
 Yet condescends to give them to a hedge,—
 Yea at the feet of briars prostrates them,
 Without solicitation's aid; and there, 395
 In humble secrecy her sweets imparts,
 And chooses charity beyond proud fame,
 That gives a lesson to ambitious man.
 The polyanthus with his sparkling gems,
 Has lately beautified the border'd walk; 400
 He with his entertaining silent charms,
 Most artfully in favour crept, stole up
 Our walls, and in our windows perch'd his pride:
 Much like the silent, artful sycophant,
 When some conceit moves money'd fools to prate, 405
 Applauds it all with yes, and silent nods,
 And never rides tongue'd hobby but behind,
 But he, with all his cunning, humble art,
 Like polyanthus must return to dust:
 And polyanthus has his exit made 410
 Already; mourn'd would be his disappearance,
 If not succeeded by auricula,

Arrayed in splendid forms, in satin gay,
 A crystal eve, and powder'd down to neck
 And ears, exhaling much perfume. A band 405
 Of invalids were never more renown'd,
 Then this inanimated troop; in ranks
 They're form'd; and not a single company
 But's fam'd for mortal and immortal deeds:
 The vegetable tribe can boast these worths— 410
 Cure and destroy: the meagre skeleton,
 The gouted epicure, the midnight rev'ler,
 The nervous lie-a-bed, the poison'd glutton,
 The whoremonger, and the fool fancy sick,
 Are here supplied with medicines and soups: 415
 But notwithstanding their illustrious worths,
 Like other mortals fam'd must turn to dust;
 To which already several have dropt.
 Who could forbear lamenting their short lives,
 If not succeeded by their brotherly friends? 420
 And now the tulips ready stand to take
 The field, or garden rather more correct;
 They raise themselves on lofty wands, and dress
 The gayest in the vegetable world:
 The beau in his best trim of birthday suit,— 425
 That work of mortal sense, is equal'd here,
 With nature's humble dirt! Behold in flowers,
 A beauty gay but innocent: no tongue
 Have they for boast, no envy they excite;
 No praise nor dispraise haunt their modest tribes: 430
 Unlike vain man, in gay attire, who seeks
 Applause from gewgaws like himself; but seeks
 In vain,—no love in worldly rivals found!
 The tulip rob'd in nature's simple art,
 Displays her charms, and win's admirers real; 435
 Not like the coquette's gay allurements,
 With lustful eyes, and forward tongue, attract
 You hers, and then no longer she is yours,
 For only changes please her am'rous freaks.
 Anemone appears the next; enclos'd 440
 At bottom with a spreading circling robe,
 And rounded at the top into a dome;

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And in his flowing mantle you behold
 A noble negligence; and in his tufts
 Declining bent, the nicest symmetry: 445
 He might be term'd the garden's gentleman,
 For gentle ease appears in all his robes:
 Unlike the awkward robing of a clown,
 When he attempts to imitate the beau.
 Renunculus is next, that rears his head, 450
 Expanding gracefully his foliag'd leaves,
 And to a tincture rich enamell'd rise;
 As persons of intrinsic worth, less value
 The superficial arts that polish fops,
 So does this flower upon his greatness stand, 455
 And scorns to borrow powder's empty show;
 His aspect, elegance, and dignity,
 Want not those arts that deck an empty title.
 Methinks that nature's operating hand
 Improves; her latest work seems best: and now, 460
 To bear the palm, carnation next is crown'd;
 And with a noble spread of graces, charms,
 And captivates the sight and smell; in him
 Are such perfections center'd, that the past
 Excell'd not; beautiful are all his parts: 465
 Therefore we'll quit him in his perfect state,
 Before corruption contradicts that truth.
 The jelly flower, much like a friend sincere,
 Forsakes you not in your distress; attends
 You through vicissitudes,—through those extremes 470
 Of nature, in her roughest elements;
 A constant friend, if constancy has charms.
 A catalogue of number to attempt,
 Or treatise on their worth, in both much said
 Might be. Here stand and wonder, and adore 475
 The wise design,—the first, almighty cause,
 Of gifts so num'rous, handed down to man,—
 Of flowers throughout all periods of the year!
 Were they to blossom all at once, such throng
 Promiscuous would subvert the gift; no time 480
 Would be to read their beauties, or their worths;
 But now, since ev'ry species has a post

Distinct, free from the rest to occupy,
 We can at leisure take more close surveys,
 Of each succeeding set; view and review, 485
 And taste their sweets, and of their qualities
 A greater knowledge gain. Economies
 So wise in their alternative reliefs,
 Not only render each community,
 Most advantageous to our interest, 490
 But wiser thus, their nation to support,
 And render them a corpse immortal, whose
 Successionary births, their number fill:
 What wondrous goodness! And more wondrous still,
 The mighty hand, from whom such goodness flows, 495
 To strew our path incessantly with flowers!
 And has indeed with one,—the blest Redeemer,
 If we'd but value, and his bloom receive!
 Oh what but wisdom infinite, can bid
 These beings here insensible, to know 500
 Their sev'ral stations, so to keep their birth?
 What mortals here in wise experiments,
 Have wiser ways? What actors on a stage,
 Their exits make, and entrances more wise?
 Who taught the daffodil, to venture out 505
 In winter's months, and trust his flow'ring gold,
 To treacherous, inclement skies? Who taught
 His constitution hardships to endure
 For our accomodation here? Who taught
 The various tribes of blossoms bearing fruit, 510
 That genial warmth, and vernal suns, would suit
 Their natures delicate and growth? Who taught
 The clove to lie at rest, till hotter beams
 Impregnate him with hotter worth? Who them
 Instructed to retreat, when their supplies 515
 Are ended, and their duty done? And who
 Commands the beauties to advance reserv'd?
 Who but unerring providence,—Gods law,
 That from the works of highest creatures down
 To reptiles governs all? These are the works 520
 Of that beneficent divine, who made
 The heavenly bodies and this earth stretch'd out

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A wondrous globe; and deign'd with mortals here
To dwell; united man's corrupted state,
With incorruption's health and peace, or part 523
Of deity branch'd off. Our souls uprais'd,
Or ransom'd from the grave, and yet the gift
Too slightly we pass by: to him, our Lord
And Saviour, is the honour due; our Lord
Sustain'd the vengeance which we did deserve, 530
And suffer'd for our crimes; fulfill'd what did
To us belong, that death on Adam's race
Pronounc'd, by tortures, and reproaches vile:
The Lord of all created things done this,
Who form'd the vast machine of nature's worlds, 535
Supported how, no human eye can see,
Nor heights of his mysterious majesty;
But depths of love to us he has reveal'd,
Which cannot be from eyes of grace conceal'd.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTENTS.

God's Greatness admir'd; what cannot be comprehend-
ed liable to be mock'd. The structures of Flowers so
correct, beyond any alteration for the better, and a refer-
ence drawn therefrom, that Man's situation is also right.



SHALL we admire our God's essential greatness,
Or his free grace the most? The both; but first
His greatness, that subdu'd the tyrant death;
His grace the next, that from his greatness sprung!
He marks the paths of all those shining globes; 5
His mighty works extend, throughout the space
Of unavoidable necessity,—
That wide domain of uncreated night!
Extend from seraphs down to fallen man;
And further go, down to the reptile worm: 10
The daisy rear'd no other builder claims,
Nor violet springing from his bed of dust.
If summer, like a sparkling bride, that gives

More graces to the bridegroom's joys, gives us
 A joy, superior to the winter's frost, 15
 So hope, gives joy, superior to despair!
 The brightest summer mortals here enjoy,
 Is but a feeble beam of his eternal stores!
 If autumn's gifts, our nourishment supply, 20
 They're but a taste of his liberality!
 If thunders roar, we hear his warning good;
 If lightnings glare, we see it more confirm'd;
 To rouse, the long ungrateful heart to thanks,
 And sleeping sinners wake, to know their God!
 Thou happy man that hast thy all in him; 25
 Thou stand'st unshaken at his dread alarms:
 Thy faith discountenances all thy fears;
 Thou ready stand'st to wing thy flight above.
 If hills be scatter'd, mountains bow'd, and rocks
 Should rend, a prophet says, his power is so 30
 Immense, tis but the threat'nings of his greatness,
 And tell of wonders greater far conceal'd!
 The systems should with eyes of grace be view'd;
 Like optic glasses they would magnify
 His works; and then, whatever is admir'd, 35
 What's great, tremendous, or magnificent,
 Will be admired more; the glory more
 To him ascrib'd the more of glory seen,
 By wonder, and by worship, more in us.
 These are the works astronomers should best 40
 Admire; and do, we hope: can they, with such
 Superior skill, look through the universe,
 And see that order plac'd,—unerring law,
 That their conjunctions may be trac'd, and all
 Be found in their respective ubications, 45
 A thousand years to come? Can they, with gaze,
 That must their wonder raise, behold such works,
 And not allow some wise, almighty cause?
 Cannot; but in them read a God; and would
 His mightiness announce, throughout the earth, 50
 If sacred writings never had appear'd!
 The learn'd philosopher, may likewise make
 This contemplating scene his creed;—when he

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Beholds the operating works of heaven
 And earth, and traces causes of effects, 55
 Or climbs the wondrous chain that ties the whole,
 In ev'ry link sees deity as full,
 And wonderful, as at the top arriv'd !
 His prying thoughts he finds so recompens'd,
 Allows a God, and gives him worship too! 60
 These words, or words like these might from him flow,
 Thou Lord, thou hast the earth's foundation laid,
 And all these globes of light; or through the void
 Must darkness ever reign! Then what am I?
 A living soul, wrapt in a frame of dust: 65
 But may be bless'd eternally by grace;
 And is, with knowledge, to obtain that end:
 To read the book of life in nature's works;
 Know right from wrong, and for my sins no cloak.
 Did we, to this endearing principle 70
 Attend, it might blow up that spark, so long
 In ember lay'd, into a flaming love;
 Then farther go, enkindle into faith
 Deep rooted. When such num'rous race I see,
 Whose paths so widely stray from moral good, 75
 And with a futura state my thoughts impress'd,
 The glorious Saviour quickly comes my aid,
 Dispers the gloom, and leaves no time for doubt:
 For if my Maker on a cross expir'd,
 Reduc'd to man, and bore man's mortal pains, 80
 Most surely then, 'twas for some wondrous end!
 And for what end? Was it for stocks or stones,
 Or planetary matter—senseless lumps?
 Or sooner for the reptile worm than man?
 For man it was, man's reason will confirm! 85
 Then how can I indifferent remain?
 Must not the coldest heart begin to glow
 With gratitude? When these productions here
 Call forth my thoughts, then with reflections quick
 As thought, for thought reflections brings, my praise, 90
 My adoration, and my all, are cast
 Upon my mediator, and on him
 Repose, my everlasting confidence.

Let me one more peculiar worth remark, Attending nature's works through all the flowers ;	95
With such correctness are their structures form'd, The smallest alteration would impair, Disorder, and immodulate those worths,— Those just proportions which now please the eye:	
For should the tulip's foliage fly abroad Irregular, the flaunting woodbine like ; Or jessamine, her diminutive head Rear on those columns grand, the holihoek's Support; or should the piony's manliness Erect, hang bending in a pensive air,	100
Much like the flexile bells of hyacinths ; Or should that noble plainness, which attends The lily, be exchang'd for fringes round The paltry pink; or should the tap'ring stema, Which in the middle of its vase arise,	105
And tipt with golden pendants, be outshone, By the surrounding alabaster guards; Or should those sink, and disappear like chives, Which crown the heart of the anemone ; Such transpositions, would fantastical, And aukard seem; and to the prejudice, Apparently, of all the beauteous tribe, Again, with what precaution, and foresight Remarkable, rule their appearances?	110
How wise in order plac'd! What ill effects Would certainly arise, should those presume Of slender growth, to open in the winter's months, And to the storms expose their tender foliage?	115
Those only then appear of sturdy growth, Of shortest stema, and smallest spread of leaves ; Like sailors wise, when storms are threat'ning put Out not their sails. How injudiciously Would the perfumer act, should he unseal His finest essences, and them expose To northen winds, or win'try rains? All wise, Indeed, creation's architect preforms!	120
If such unerring order may be found, 'Mong senseless beings in creation's works,	125

Then murmur not at any place, or state
 Thou fills't; the wise almighty sees the best 135
 What thou canst bear; the flight of joys from wealth
 Arising, should thy views be gratified,
 Might hurt thee here, and worse, hereafter too.
 We tacitly arraign our maker's will,
 Or his impartial kindness erringly 140
 Dispute; each one in fancy thinks he's poor;
 Or thinks his sense some better place might fill:
 But school him here by nature's simplest hand,
 He may be taught, his usefulness, and end.
 The hand of providence, that does preserve, 145
 So strict a harmony among these toys,
 O'er man maintains as strict a care: does not
 It choose the season for the cowslip's health,
 To drink the dews and thrive? When good,
 Or ill, descends, (as ill's appearingly 150
 To us,) they are oft-times mistook, exchang'd;
 Exchang'd for what? The stroke unfortunate,
 As thou may'st call it, robs thy present toys;
 Then is the time, thou'lt ask for grace instead;
 And for thy transient, momentary loss, 155
 Receive eternal gains. Be still, then thou,
 Uneasy mortal, God, unerringly
 Is wise; and be assur'd that he neglects
 Not thee: my Saviour me authority
 Has given, to say, thou art in value held, 160
 By the omnipotent, superior far
 To gayest verdure, gold, or gems; or all
 The changing forms of matter here. Should'st thou
 With sickness be afflicted, never dare
 Thy judgment to deceive, and God arraign, 165
 That health uninterrupted would, and gold,
 Thy wants and endless pleasures crown.
 If children are from thee withheld, presume
 Not to conclude, thy end and station here
 Is wrong'd: he who array'd the starry host, 170
 Has not put man out of his useful place.
 Then bow thy head with thanks, submissive rest,
 Rest satisfied, what God appoints is best.

CHAPTER V.

CONTENTS.

Flowers, seemingly created for our delight; an opinion upon that; cleared up, excites gratitude to the Creator. The Qualities of this Globe, with Sun and Moon, all useful to each other: an inducement to rest on Providence. The Garden's cultivation, an image of a cultivated Mind: address to persons concerned in the education of youth. Flowers in the bud, figurative of a niggard. Love, the effect of true Righteousness. The Sun-flower; its attachment to the Sun: Wisdom of Nature. Christ our High Priest. The Passion-flower, its description, with a religious improvement. Sensative-plant, so delicately shy, teaches us a moral and religious worth.



Among the works on the creation day
 Produc'd, the flowers appear design'd for man;
 A present calculated for his use
 Alone, that shares it wholly to himself;
 All other creatures, seemingly to us, 5
 Have no idea of their worth,—without
 The bee, or any insect unobserv'd,
 May gather from them food; the horse,
 To gaze on their delights, seems never charm'd;
 Nor ox attempts to browse upon their sweets: 10
 They may have sense, these objects to observe,
 But to contemplate on their worth, must not
 Expect: much like unthinking souls, who're dead
 In sins, upon the gospel's peace, and grace,
 Cannot refine, nor relish heavenly truths. 15
 The chiefest end philosophers set forth,
 Of flowers so cloth'd, and decorated gay,
 Is to infold, and nurse the emb'ro seed,
 Or swathe the body in its infant state:
 If that should be kind nature's worthy aim, 20
 'Tis certain from that worth another good
 Derives,—delight administ'ring to man;
 By chance, say we? Wise nature's plans are all
 Too regular for random strokes. Then hold

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No longer doubt, that from one root can spring	95
A double good; which is a wonder lost,	25
Compar'd with nature's wondrous works at large!	.
And if a reproductive principle	.
Was nature's aim alone, what need of such	.
Elaborate show, in gaiety of dress?	30
Such art employ'd in decorations gay?	.
Such vestments be prepar'd, more delicate	.
Than lawns, and finer than the velvet's glow?	.
If the great mother had no other aim	.
Than barely to accommodate her young,	35
More coarse, and stout, free from the pride of show,	.
Would equally accommodate that end:	.
In reason's ear with me 'tis vague, for all	.
That finery to serve the seed alone:	.
On reason's base philosophers project,	40
But there, I think, philosophers have err'd:	.
It seems more plain, that their enchanting worths,	.
Both to the smell and sight, were made for man;	.
And in pursuance of that law, to him	.
They still pay court, and near his dwellings thrive,	45
As if their graces recompens'd his cares:	.
To win attention, and regale our walks,	.
They hide in earth their courser parts from sight,	.
And nothing but their gayest forms display;	.
To merit still esteem, dispense perfumes;	50
And with such art, to chear our morning's walk	.
Reserv'd, as if to bid the slothful man	.
Be wise. O man! Belov'd by heaven, that good	.
Designs thee, and yet thou rebell'st; thou art	.
Distinguish'd by a thousand favours; then,	55
With gratitude distinguish well thyself.	.
While these inferior substances declare,	.
In silent eloquence their maker's praise,	.
We'll be their priest, lend them our vocal aid,	.
Adore the maker both for them and us,	60
And worship more for our immortal souls,	.
That title us the lord of all things here:	.
By means of such exalted principle,	.
We're qualified to read our maker's works,	.

His image bear, not only through this life, But through eternity's wide round: all this Is our prerogative we may enjoy. The good exuberant that flows from heaven, I cannot yet omit to celebrate,	65
In new reflections on this flow'ry scene : How much indebted should we think ourselves, For man's benevolence, who would for us A stately mansion build? Should we not find A glow of thankful gratitude? And should His charity still volunt'ry extend, To furnish it with all conveniences, And ornaments delightful to behold, What heart of silent and of open praise Would senseless be? This has our heavenly friend And maker done; has built this wondrous earth For us, and furnish'd it with sea and land, With day and night, with hills and vales, and woods And plains, with desarts wild and fertile meads, And summer's shades from intervening clouds, Delightful changes to amuse the mind :	70
These are our blessings part of us forget, Another part seems senseless of their worth. Behold the sun, in splendour hung to view, Big with the vig'rous properties of life, That should he be created for himself, Yet to himself he can't detain his worth; Does not this earth, as first, then man, enjoy His beams? The moon, that borrows from his wealth, Or takes more justly what he cannot keep, Still hands it down to us; the stars afford Us aid, when moon and sun do not, an aid Sufficient for our nightly rest; the clouds, Whose use in part I've publish'd, ornament The evening skies, with gay perspective views, Exceeding far the landscape's painted art; Then wafted by fermenting matter, spread Their moisture round the universal garden. The fields are our exhaustless granary; The ocean is our reservoir; the beasts	75
	80
	85
	90
	95
	100

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Dispatch our business, and their useless coats
 103
 Become our robes; the changing seasons bring
 A change of joys: all nature seems our own,—
 Her whole production seemingly is ours.
 Then rest on providence; not only rest,
 But thankful be besides; if thou rebell'st
 110
 Against her, happiness thou'lt not enjoy,
 Nor God his worship due: he thee surrounds
 With benefits, that thy illiterate,
 Or harden'd heart, is senseless of: he courts
 Thy straying thoughts, invites thy gratitude,
 115
 By never ceasing liberalities,
 Or bounties still bestow'd. Most perfect Lord,
 Let thy real goodness, thy unwearied care,
 Lead us to knowledge and repentance: win
 Us to thyself, thou fountain of all good,
 120
 By these inducements; draw us sensible
 Of our salvation, by these ties of love.
 Behold the scene that's here exhibited,
 Of benefits arising from the active hand:
 This garden, through the art of cultivation,
 125
 Resembles Eden; here, industry seems
 Blest, by the power above; without man's aid,
 Might be a wilderness, a haunt for beasts;
 The gardner's art, bless'd with God's providence,
 Has render'd it a second paradise.
 130
 The mind, without instruction early, may,
 Much like a sluggard's vineyard soon appear;
 Left to its will deprav'd, what can we else
 Expect, but passions uncontrol'd will check
 The few examples good, that might grow up,
 135
 Like garden's useless weeds the useful few:
 Then anger, like a prickling thorn springs forth,
 With peevishness, revenge, and deadly hate,
 Your temper stabbing with unpleasant wounds,
 Year life a warfare making without end.
 140
 But let the mind be nurtur'd under God;
 Let holy discipline reform the soil,
 Let it be sown with inspiration's seed,
 And skillful teachers dress the rising shoots,

Direct the young ideas how to spread; 145
 The wayward passions how to move; then what
 Productions different will soon appear?
 The inner man will quickly know his path,
 And be at rest; soft charity will breathe
 Her sweets, and hope expand her bloom: the mind 150
 Accomplish'd with internal worth, then love,
 And all external graces soon appear;
 Unlike that flatt'ring face which art has taught,
 To win mankind for earthly vanities;
 The sentiments become more generous, 155
 And life more perfect, both to God and man.
 If governors of families would watch,
 And guide more diligent their offspring's ways,
 Unpleasant weeds that choak society
 Would soon decrease: but business, pleasure, sloth, 160
 With all the various hobbies men do ride,
 No time have they for such dull irksome work,
 Dull to that moment's interest or ease.
 With what an assiduity and skill,
 The florist regulates his nursery! 165
 He, late and early visits them; supplies
 Their wants with mould and moisture readily;
 Guards them from ravages of enemies,
 And screens them from the weather; marks their growth
 Attentively, till he beholds them bloom; 170
 Which crowns his toil, with plenty and with joy!
 Yet trust thou not, in cultivation's art
 Alone, but to the blessings of above;
 If God should wing the clouds irregular,
 Thy works by drought will be destroy'd, by floods 175
 Another's; rottenness will seize their roots,
 And blossoms go to dust. Let parents plant,
 Let tutors water; but let both look up,
 With hopeful thankfulness for the increase,
 As must the gardener with all his toil. 180
 The various flowers in their budding state,
 Like bales of cloth from packer's warehouses,
 Are wrapt within a strong enclosure; tied
 Together by the strongest bandages;

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

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So that their beauties lie conceal'd, and all 85
 Their sweets lock'd up; much like the sordid wretch,
 Whose aims turn'd inward on himself, are all
 Lock'd up, as safely as his gold. Ye flowers,
 Sol's searching beams your silken folds will open,
 And all your treasures wide expand; and so 190
 Thy riches will, thou miser, in its turn;
 Expand by spendthrifts after thee, or what
 From God, may soften and unlock thy heart.
 Arise, thou sun of righteousness, arise
 With heaven's advantages to us; transfuse 195
 Thy gentle, penetrating ray, through all
 Our intellectual powers; enlarge our minds,
 With humble, mild benevolence; make room
 To entertain with love, the whole of man:
 May we be ever pleas'd with their abilities, 200
 Should they excel, in any worthy act;
 And in their happiness rejoice, and feel
 Their miseries, and to relieve them hasten:
 Then we their joys by sympathy shall share.
 I see a range of strong and stately stalks, 205
 Dispos'd at proper distances; their heads
 So regular in space and height, they seem
 Like towers upon a city wall; at top
 They separate into a tribe of pods;
 From each a figure gay displays a form, 210
 That seems to constitute a perfect circle,
 Wide open spread into a pleasant, frank,
 Communicative air; and ting'd with that,
 Which is so charming in the miser's eye.
 One property, that I admire, is her 215
 So singular attraction to the sun:
 When evening shades take place, this flower seems drooping,
 Folds up her leaves, as if like animals
 'Twould take her rest; or like some slighted lover,
 Go pine in melancholy through the night: 220
 As soon as providence unbars the sun,
 This pining flower expands her longing arms,
 And welcomes him into her bosom; there,
 Throughout the day his mas'line force receives;.

So long as he continues in her reach, 225
 Declines her head unto him, as himself
 Declines. Wise nature's action is a book,
 The author, God ; one law attractive runs
 Throughout the work, though variously branch'd off.
 This garden is a sermon, and who read, 230
 May wise instructions gain! Let us but love
 The sun of righteousness, as heliotropes
 The sun of day ; conform'd to their belov'd
 As they, enamour'd as these grateful flowers.
 Then watchful christian, up to Jesus look ; 235
 In all enjoyments mark his gracious hand ;
 Receive them as proceeding from his love ;
 Receive eternal joys his death has purchas'd ;
 In ev'ry pang afflicting look to him ;
 In thy infirmities he's thy high priest, 240
 Pleading thy sufferings, and his own for thee :
 He's thy prevailing advocate above,
 He thy devotion marks and recommends ;
 In every temptation look to him,
 The author of thy strength ; thy feebleness 245
 He can invigorate, and those subdue
 Who seek to ruin thee ; especially,
 When thy departing time is near, when all
 The springs of life are breaking down, thou mayst
 See him at God's right hand to succour thee, 250
 As murder'd Stephen saw to succour him.
 When this life's tale is at the verge arriv'd,
 And all before thee is eternity,
 O then be sure keep Jesus in thy view!
 Not lose him there, lest all thy former sight, 255
 Should into endless darkness sink, for one
 Small miss : thy constant trav'ling grace and works,
 Will build thee faith, and faith will give thee sight,
 To see, an everlasting happiness!
 Another tree, I see, which faces south 260
 Unable is, much like the fruitful vine,
 Her branches to support, without the aid
 Of sunny walls, and human hands ; as yet
 The tender twigs their growing blossoms have

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

101

Not gemm'd, I'll pass them by, and introduce
 A greater favourite,—the passion-flower,
 Which with a long succeeding train, will soon
 Adorn the boughs. I've read in books prophane,
 Of flowers that bear the names of kings; but here
 Is one, emblaz'd with our Redeemer's arms,— 270
 The trophies of renown, that conquer'd death.
 I've also read, in the inspired works
 Of holy men, who've on their bodies wore,
 The suff'ring marks, that won them from the grave:
 But there's a blooming, real religionist, 275
 Though it consist in outside show, no fraud
 Within, like cover'd counterfeits, with robes
 Of heaven and minds of hell: this honest flower,
 Most simply represents mount Calv'ry's scene.
 Does nature mourn the horrid act, and pay 280
 Commemorating honours to her Lord?
 Is she in nature fix'd our memories
 To move, and keep our chief concern alive?
 Or is wild fancy my interpreter,
 And all upon imagination rest? 285
 Should it be so, it matters not, while she
 Such joys create this side the grave, and end
 In consequences innocent the other:
 So let imagination bear the rule,
 While she revives my gratitude, and prompts 290
 My love to an immortal friend divine.
 That spiral tendril, rising from the stalk
 At's bottom, seems to represent the scourge,
 Which lash'd our Saviour Lord's unspotted flesh,
 Or twisted for the cord that bound his hands; 295
 Behold the nails that pierc'd his sacred veins;
 Behold the hammer too, that drove those nails,
 And thorns encompassing his royal brow;
 Instead of the triumphal laurel crown'd
 Was he with darts; such tort'ring wreath was fix'd, 300
 Upon his head, with barb'rous blows, that struck
 The pointed prickles deep into his flesh!
 There in the green impalement circling rang'd,
 Are his deciples in battalion order,

The instruments surrounding of his death,	305
Like faithful followers appearingly,	
That breathe a resolution firm, their Lord	
To stand by in distress, if 'twas requir'd,	
In nat'ral combat, yet no further knew,	
And barely that as Peter's cowardice	310
Declares ; but emblematically shown	
By nature here, what might have been their office.	
Were they in truth his faithful followers,	
What cause was then for their barr'd up retreat, ¹	
Fearing the Jews when Christ to them appear'd?	315
But what is human strength, when destitute	
Of succours from above? Which then they'd not?	
But afterwards receiv'd the comforter,	
Without he suffer'd, they would not receive.	
Among the beauties here in sunny robes,	320
That sips the dews dropt from the sweating air,	
I think that emblematic figurer	
That figures out the sufferings of Christ,	
Commands a superiority ; the prize	
Be then assign'd to this fair candidate,	325
That bears such marks of seeming loyalty,	
Towards his heavenly king, and public good :	
If he is just, I'll wear him in my heart ;	
If he is not, he cannot mischief do,	
Like candidates of flow'ry rhetoric,	330
Who'd sell the nation to retrieve their loss.	
Another yet remains deserving fame,	
Still nearer imitating motion'd life ;	
One so extremely delicate, that dares	
Not venture out in open air, but nurs'd	335
In warmth, and costly beds: this wondrous plant	
Shrinks at the touch, as if by sense alarm'd,	
Much like the oister closing up its shell :	
From what within, what instinct, or what cause,	
No human art yet knows ; certain it is,	340
Dull worms, shell fish, with such like things that crawl,	
Appearingly no greater knowledge have,	
Than sensible to touch. Philosophers	
Have long ago divided nature's growth,	

And nam'd it three distinctive kingdoms; one 345
 Produces stones, the min'ral kingdom call'd;
 Another trees, the vegetable nam'd;
 And animal claims all of motion'd sense:
 Gradation's chain of swelling links unites
 The whole, from stones to trees, from trees to worms; 350
 This plant and eister may each other join,
 As link to link may ideots and baboons;
 So upward go, nor rest with nature here,
 Nor with our earth, nor systems numberless,
 For aught we know; when comets quit our skies, 355
 From their well known rapidity, may fly
 To other suns, encircling them as links,
 Uniting systems in one chain; that law
 Continuing throughout creation's bounds.
 This plant, so delicately shy, might teach 360
 Unguarded females how to act; so quick
 Alarm'd at liberties that might it hurt,
 Like virgins modest, sensible, and graceful,
 Spurn at temptations which may cost them woe.
 As such should be our tim'rous care 'gainst sin,— 365
 Against the first approach of growing vice;
 If sinners plead, forbidden pleasures tempt,
 And selfish frauds as baits before you lie,
 Turn from the snare, touch not the gilded bane,
 Fly hastily from the bewitching ruin, 370
 From flattery's enchanting whispers fly;
 Permit not discontentment's leaden hand,
 Upon your spirits to lie, and weigh you down
 To sourness, nauseously ill to yourselves,
 And what is worse, a pestilence to others: 375
 The happy man makes all around him happy.
 Let us revolve that wonderful composure
 In our Redeemer, who amidst insults,
 The basest from corruption's scourge, stood firm;
 His thoughts and hope were fixt above this world: 380
 Encourage not what may betray your virtue;
 Be deaf inflexibly to all beguiles;
 Should they intrude into your easy minds,
 Be quick as light'ning to repel the cheat;

To parley with such enemy, gives hope 385
 To sin, to plant her train of ills: play not
 On ruin's brink,—the precipice's edge,
 Should there be toys of gold; but shun
 The verge of deep destruction, as this jealous plant
 Recoils, at liberties might hurt. Not long 390
 Ago, these blooming beauties of the spring
 Were course, misshapen roots; had we their soil
 Remov'd, and seen them in their crude conceptions,
 How blank, and unadorn'd, they then would seem?
 But now they're nature's boast, delights of men, 395
 And patterns for their handy arts: mark how
 Enam'ling, and embroidery, from these
 Their beauties take; they're taught to bloom in them,
 And in the painter's art, in tapestries,
 And silks, but with inferior brilliances; 400
 Their modesty attempts not equalling,
 But places merit in a faint resemblance,
 And thanks wise nature for her useful copy:
 In robes of gold and silver wrought, the pink,
 And jessamine's gay charms, triumphant reign: 405
 Then wonder not, thou infidel, if God,
 Such treasures from the dust can raise, that saints
 While liv'd, the prime of nature's works, should burst
 Corruption's bonds, and from the grave arise!
 Nor wonder at the trumpet's sound to call 410
 Them forth, more than the thunder's voice alarms
 The blossoms, and congeals their fruit. Fear not,
 Thou faithful christian, to descend to dust,
 Thy soul thou mayst with thy Redeemer trust;
 In weakness sown, from thence shall rise in power, 415
 To thank thy God, and bless that happy hour,
 Thou from the dust wert call'd, to realms above,
 By God's decrees of everlasting love;
 To be rebuilt upon a firmer plan,—
 Immortally renew'd from mortal man! 420
 The keys of dust and death thy Saviour keeps,
 And who but he can rouse thee from thy sleep?
 Or who thee there a prisoner detain?
 He's God above, and all beneath the main!

CHAPTER VI.

CONTENTS.

Corruption of all things on this Globe ; Grace ballances that defect in Man, and Christ the Refuge. Insects' operations . Concludes with a reward due to the righteous Man above the Sinner.



N ow having made my panegyric, next Let me my lamentation make ; for I Foresee their end approaching, all their sweets Of breathing smells, and all that charm the sight, Are hastening to dust: significant	5
Resemblance these, of higher valued things ; All flesh is grass, all like the herbage green ; All valued faces, and admired arts, All scornng pride, and weening self esteem, Must give up all their darling vanities,	10
And like these flowers return to humble dust. Behold, ye fairest then among the sons Of Eve, behold yourselves in this true glass ; First see, your beauty is out-shone by these, Next see, you are with them design'd for dust ;	15
Your blue, enamell'd veins, and polish'd skin, A fever will deface ; your blooming, plump, And dimpl'd cheeks, consumptions soon will nip ; And sorrow will your lively spirits crush :	20
Should these disasters spare, and pity you, Yet age, that sly advancing, sculking thief, Will find you out, and all your beauties blast ! O then, ye fair ones, when your sparkling eyes In dimness roll, and in their centers deep Impress'd, and death, another certain thief,	25
Which follows age appears ; what recompense Will your past beauty bring to you ? What thoughts But horror, when your all was there ? now robb'd Of all, where will you go ? To Christ ? Perhaps It is too late ! Too late to build your work	30

Of faith! Your hope, the offspring of belief,
 For your foundation stone, you have not got!
 O thou, neglecting creature! Where canst thou
 Thy refuge build? Fly quickly to the work,
 And overtake the sad neglect; prepare 35
 For thy immortal state,—eternal bliss
 Enjoy'd: thou mayst find grace the 'leventh hour!
 Ye flow'ry nations you must all decay:
 That stately lily reigns your present queen,
 But is to dust consign'd, and shortly too: 40
 The tulip gay, in various colours rob'd,
 No cup enamell'd with its beauty vied,
 Has now laid all his splendid honours down,
 His radiant stripes are blendid with the dust!
 The rose too has an odorous delight, 45
 Complexion blooming, and a graceful shape;
 That men of business, misers, lovers, students,
 Their darling toys will quit awhile, and court
 This amiable flower, will wear it next
 The heart; yet there 'twill wither, soon resign 50
 Those pualities, and bow its head in death!
 Who would not wish those lovely ornaments
 A longer life? They fade almost as soon
 As flourish; let a few chilling nights,
 And days of fierce extremes, pass over them, 55
 You'll find their place a wilderness of stalks:
 Ye vegetable kingdoms, winter like
 A conqueror will you invade; the storms
 Are gath'ring, and the tempest mustering
 Its rage; they'll plunder and lay waste your charms 60
 They'll strip your trees of robes, your fields of verdure:
 The earth dismantl'd of her gay attire,
 Will in a pensive state appear, pining
 Her loss; the sun that's now exalted high,
 Will you abandon for his southern charge, 65
 Leave you to northern blasts, and tedious nights,
 The lark and linnet to their hungry wants,
 Half-animated, sheltring in some nook:
 Their harmony in woods must cease awhile,
 And howling winds instead the forest shake! 70

This is your fate, ye vegetable tribe,
 Had you the strength of oaks, yet short even then
 Would your duration be: I see all things,
 Not rocks excepted, but must turn to dust !
 Amidst these views of gen'ral ruin, here 75
 Is our safe refuge, this our consolation,
 We know that our Redeemer lives, and time
 Is his, and we may hold a part in him :
 Then perish if ye will, ye worldly things,
 If we're with God, we live, amidst these spoils ! 80
 The mounting sun, directing to the earth
 More pointingly his beams, firing its soil,
 And adding to its rays reflected heat,
 Let me into that arbour there retire,
 Of cool repose.—Welcome refreshing shades, 85
 Your chearing influence I feel ; by heat
 My spirits languid made, will soon revive,
 The slacken'd sinews will new brace, and life
 Flow brisker through its liquid channels. On
 This mossy couch reclin'd, and temp'rate air 90
 Surrounding, here at ease let me indulge
 The thought, which providence's instinct has renew'd,
 And imitate Monica, and her son
 Augustine ; who discoursing piously,
 On God's creation and these beauteous flowers, 95
 Rose step by step to glories hung on high,
 By inspiration rose, till almost rapt,
 Into the heaven which they contemplated.
 When storms disturb the grosser element,
 And floating wrecks with signals of distress 100
 Are seen, who can from shore such scenes behold,
 Regardless of their welfare ? Who, like me,
 Enjoying here luxurious ease, and wing'd with faith
 Could mount to perfect happiness, behold
 Their fellow creatures, floating on the waves 105
 Of death, without endeav'ring for their safety ?
 Without their warning voice, their feeble aid ?
 By faith made happy, I the thought enjoy !
 And now the sun blazing on high, the air
 Is fill'd with fire, the plains are rent with chinks, 110

The roads are scorch'd to dust, the woods contract
 A sickly aspect, and a russet hue ;
 The traveller languishing moves on, with hopes
 Some entertaining inn may soon appear ;
 The labourer with an anxious eye, watches 115
 The sun's meridian he may rest at noon ;
 The beasts to shady coverts fly, and I
 Enjoy my cool refreshment here: thus may
 The virtuous few, (few may I say?) abide
 Beneath the safe retreat of heavenly care: 120
 Should pestilence even then in darkness walk,
 Or lawless ruffians roam by day, at right
 Or left should thousands fall, no evil need
 We fear; or breath of infidels should taint,
 With deadly poison multitudes around, 125
 Yet faith, this secret whispers in my ears,
 That God will hide me from an endless ruin.
 Let us our refuge take beneath the cross,
 Beneath that tree of life,—though fixt for death ;
 A secret hiding place we shall find there! 130
 In that tremendous day when worlds shall rent,
 The sun arrested in his splendid course,
 And universal order broken down,
 The dead assembled to their fate, that fate
 Their dying eyelids seal'd, then Jesus will 135
 His own confess; his just, defended through
 Their faith, will stand unshaken, unappall'd ;
 Redeeming wings of love will shelter them,
 From nature's gasp, and jaws of deepest hell!
 The bees, I see, amidst the scorching heat 140
 Their work pursue; like other insects bred
 By hottest beams, can better with that heat
 Agree: this race of chymists learnt, extract
 Their wealth, from what is senseless of its loss ;
 Not like usurping man, who cumulates, 145
 Perhaps, his interesting gains, from those,
 Whose present hunger serv'd are open left,
 To worse impending evils on their heads.
 Thou bee, thou honest operator, while
 The wicked spider, deeper tainted through 150

Man's fall, his artful nets contrive, and preys
 With vengeance on another's ruin! May
 These meditations sink into my soul,
 May I each heavenly thought improve, convert
 The sacred instinct into stedfast truth, 135
 To stedfast principles of love and faith,
 That will my conduct ever regulate:
 Then I shall gather heavenly sweets, ye bees,
 Of greater value than your golden stores.
 Here I behold assembl'd in one view, 160
 What sev'rally has my attention charm'd:
 The vista through an ancient wood prepar'd,
 Or form'd by rows of venerable elms,
 Conducts the sight to some distinctive object,
 Or leads the steps to this delightful scene; 165
 The walls with trees enrich'd, each deck'd with fruit,
 The walks shorn neatly, and with verdure lin'd,
 Some uniformly smooth'd, and fac'd with gravel,
 The alleys arch'd to shade noontide's repose,
 And each compartment selvage-edg'd with box, 170
 The shapely evergreens and flow'ring shrubs,
 The bason center'd with a crystal fount,
 And waters falling from remote cascades,
 And murm'ring gently as they flow, so well
 Dispos'd in order, and adorn'd by art, 175
 All recommends united elegance,
 A scene delightful of magnificence!
 Who can behold such lovely prospect here,
 Without contemplating on what's above,—
 The first, almighty cause, and fountain head 180
 Of bliss: but where's the artist can sketch out,
 An imitation of that holy land?
 Would some celestial hand the curtain move,
 And favour us with one resplendent glance,
 And mortal sight prepare to stand its blaze: 185
 How would all earthly things to nothing sink?
 Eden itself might be no Eden then,—
 And all that charm'd in nature charm no more.
 O thou, celestial world! Great things, and high,
 Are spoke of thee: the volumes wrote by men 190

Inspir'd, and conscience umpire in us plac'd,
How strange it is so many grossly errs!
Thou seest that all terrestrial things will end,
But canst thou think that all eternally
Shall end? The righteous man that bore the scourge,—
A world in arms against perfection's peace, 196
And quickly kill'd all thoughts conceiv'd by sin,
As births abortive, monsters from the brain,
Whose happy mind has tasted heavenly bliss,
Whose soul would wing its flight, uneasy here 200
Mixing with elements perverse and base,
And canst thou think such well known worth will end?
Be level'd with the vile? Unjust-reward,
Thy reason will thee tell, excepting sin
Has sown in thee the seeds of deadly ills,
To hate all good. Go wean thy pompous lust 205
From temp'ral things; Go fix thy pride above,
And then that pride shall lose that sinful name;
Long for that paradise planted on high,
Where happiness eternal lives and reigns:
Then with that heavenly joy thou wilt be crown'd; 210
To taste it truly grace will hand it down,

A DESCANT

UPON

CREATION.



CONTENTS.

Design of the whole. Angels; the visible Heavens; Stars; Comets; Planets; Sun; Moon; Thunders; Lightnings; Clouds, wintry and vernal; Rainbow; Storms and Tempest: Pestilence; Heat and Cold; Ocean; Woods and Shrubs; Vine and Fruit Trees; Meadows and Fields; Mines and Jewels; Fountains and Rivers; Birds; Bees; Silkworms; Cattle, and Creatures in every Element. General Chorus of Praise.



To know God's love, to have a hopeful proof,—
A deep assurance rooted in the heart,
Of his unbounded charity, granting
The full of grace to man's repenting prayers,
And have a steadfast gratitude, and faith
Unfeign'd, according to Saint Paul's account,
Is the true summit of christianity:
What follows may assist the mind, to learn
A line or two, of that important lesson;
It brings to view the striking'st sentences,
In that great book of universal nature,—
The spangl'd sky, and operating earth:
There you shall read incentive arguments,
Inducements strong to gratitude devout;
Quotations, references, prefaces,
Sufficient for your knowledge here to know
Your God, and as the author him adore!
Such scenes of harmony thou wilt behold,
That will rouse up thy inattentive state;

Who'rt form'd with reason for this use, with heart 20
 To love receive the soft impression, spark
 Etherial, from that order thou behold'st;
 And thy disorder'd notions kindle right,
 And purge the base ingredients from thy soul.
 What can impart to the believer joys 25
 More vivid,—more effectually confirm
 His faith, than see the firmament display
 Such works? Or what can more effectually
 Reclaim the harden'd atheist to believe?
 If order is in kingly states maintain'd, 30
 Would order long exist without a chief?
 No more the systems would without a king.
 Go read in rolling spheres thy station here,—
 Thy duty, and thy worth; among mankind
 Thy worth, and duty to thy God. Go read 35
 Thy Saviour in the title page of heaven:
 Thou'lt see him there as striking to thy view,
 As in the prophet's works; delineated
 In that stupendous volume, where the leaves
 Are ether's boundless plains; and words are worlds! 40
 Should the unfort'nate few, through less of art,
 Or mental organs in the reasoning seat,
 Deem this a vague, far-fetch'd hypothesis,
 Or a conceit dress'd up in rhetoric,
 May charity's compassion on them fall, 45
 And better sense, their spleen, or ignorance teach;
 Teach them this sacred art, the hinge on which
 The planets turn, is their Immanuel's;
 The plan, and grand machine are his; it came
 Not of itself; the parts that constitute 50
 The whole, were no more privy to their use,
 Then simple wheels in men's machines; they claim
 A workman; and that workman is our God!
 On such a subject, what is wonderful,
 Should not be nam'd extravagant, but more 55
 The soaring flight of love inspir'd; for God
 Is love, and wonderful beyond his works,
 In our redemption from the grave beyond
 So gloriously, that all the miracles,

UPON CREATION.

113

Divinity or history records
 Besides, will dwindle into trivial nothings,
 Compar'd with its momentous worth to man!
 Then let my meditations have full scope;
 Let me the boundless subject make my text;
 The boundless void in this discourse, with all
 The wonders it contains to sight, I'll sing,
 Without regarding busy critics' tongues,—
 Those births of all uncharitableness.
 Ye angels, princes filling many thrones,
 And ye inferior tribes that on you wait,
 Whose joys excel our mortal joys so far,
 That you no sorrow know; for deadly hate,
 Corruption's scourge is banish'd hence; who plac'd
 You in that happy state? He whom you all
 Obey; obedience is your happiness,
 And disobedience mortal misery:
 He whom you all obey, man disobey'd,
 And lost what you enjoy: then to retrieve
 His fallen dignity, the mighty God
 Spar'd part of his essence divine, to dwell
 With us, made mortal, subject to disease,
 To all mankind's infirmities: but sin
 Our worst disease, he conquer'd through his faith,
 That we might rise victorious from the grave,
 By his example, to possess, our rights!
 Ye heavens, founded upon the mighty void,
 Where orbs sail under, worlds unnumber'd float,
 He who adjusted you, prescrib'd your bounds,
 Then call'd the systems forth, lit up old night,
 Was mortal made the lowest of our throng,
 That meek humility might win, what pride
 In Eve's aspiring mind left go. Ye stars,
 That beam with brilliancy, though lost in Sol's
 Superior blaze,—superior glory through
 His neighbourly abode, nor boasts a use
 No greater than your own, but centers all
 To orbs innumerable, distances deceive
 The vulgar sense, who gave you all these worths,—
 As lamps of light, and fire of active life.

60

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95

A power superior to your light and heat ; 100
 A power most wise, your light and heat to govern ;
 That shone before your lamps, before the wheel
 Of day and night, that measures time to man
 Was made ; who was involv'd, conceal'd
 In his own works, his works deprav'd to mend ; 105
 Disguis'd in humble habit, just pretence
 To prove the enemies of truth, to give
 Infernal malice its full scope, that guilt
 Might greater on itself redound ; to plant
 A grace to strengthen weakest parts, that would 110
 To conscience strike that weakness, and its guilt ;
 The heaven of heavens to adorn, when stars
 Expire, like sparks from smitten steel, and earth,
 With mortal man, may be no more ! Next you,
 Bright comets, as behind not in the works 115
 Of wisdom, I will sing ; your visits here
 So seldom strike our reason, that you make
 Excursions far into the universe ;
 And then returning with your fiery train,
 Amidst the planets' roads ; but never meet 120
 The planets there, nor near them rove, to hurt
 Each other ; all in orbits fixt so wise !
 Who could such order frame, but some wise hand ?
 Some cause of causes,—wisdom infinite ;
 A cause of which our trifling wisdom is a part ! 125
 Who can withdraw or lead the comet forth,
 The blazing wonder over guilty lands,
 Those kingdoms lull'd by luxury to sleep,
 But Deity to give creation his
 Impartial gifts ? Those gifts some long enjoy'd, 130
 And little thank'd him for ? At last they're took
 From them, and tyrants oftimes share the spoil,
 Permitted as the instruments, to work
 Some providential change,—some secret good,
 That God might have a greater usury. 135
 Ye planets, wing'd by force attractive ; round
 Your centers up and down you climb, though down
 And up in the ethereal space are lost ;
 More perfect than the wisest men's machines,

You measure time; through ether's space you rove, 140
 In narrower limits than the comet's whirl,
 Though useful all in your respective spheres:
 He who your bounds prescrib'd, and gave you wings,
 Became a mortal in the world he made,
 To lead us through the path of righteousness, 145
 And that recover we had forfeited.
 Thou sun, thou inexhausted source of light,
 Of heat and vigour, giving day to realms
 Beyond this earthly ball, the heathens err'd
 When thee they worship'd for their God, for he 150
 Who fram'd thee central king of worlds. Thou moon,
 Thou, singly shalt command my praises too,
 As not the least in usefulness to us;
 Thou walk'st apparently among the stars,
 Though neighbour to our earth; near us thou dwell'st,
 Earth's servant mayst be call'd, as thou attend'st 156
 Us round the sun: sometimes thou'rt seen full orb'd,
 In nightly splendour bright; and in the hour
 Of thy most lucid'st charm, thou'rt robb'd of light;
 Thou'rt forc'd behind the earth in dim eclipse, 160
 Her larger size robs thee of borrow'd light;
 In her large shadow thou must struggle on,
 Till thou hast work'd thy passage through it: oft
 In close conjunction with the sun thou'rt found;
 And if of equal force with us, thou'dst serve 165
 This earth in cheerless, long eclipse, as earth
 Serves thee; then moving round half way to full,
 Thou show'st us half thy face; but far more kind
 To Sol, thou ever show'st him all, except
 Eclips'd; yet gratitude to thee belong'st, 170
 Thou show'st him what he gives. Thou gratitude,
 Thou twin with love, true source of human bliss,
 And steps, on which we shall ascend to heaven.
 Obedience also to that voice, pronounc'd
 By Joshua, was thine; the loud request 175
 Reach'd sun and moon, as seemingly conceiv'd,
 But God more justly; and by him approv'd,
 He quickly stopp'd this earth's diurnal course.
 Ye thunders, that with awful terror shake

The earth, the air, the beast, and sinful man, 180
 You seem a warning voice against our sins;
 And of that dreaded noise impending, when
 The dead shall be alarm'd, awake to thoughts,
 Some wish had slept eternally: he who
 Alarms you with these necessary signs, 185
 Remains your greatest friend; a feeble cry
 He made for you, when in the manger lay;
 And stronger groans, when on the tree expir'd,
 That whisper'd peace to all, in him believing.
 Ye light'nings, wing'd with forked menaces, 190
 You brood, and couchant lie, in vapours black
 And sulphurous; till whirl'd by active force,
 Through agitation kindle into flames,
 Whose centres carry death, to those they strike;
 And swifter than all else in nature's whirl, 195
 They o'er the prostrate world sublimely wave:
 He who vile Sodom into ashes turn'd,
 And your black sulphur kindle into flames,
 Will kindle elements, and elements
 The earth; he who your sulphur wings, directs 200
 Its flight, resign'd his essence up to scorn,
 Indignity, that deadly hate might sting
 Itself, and good its level find; instead
 Of hate return'd, that spite the child of sin,
 He pray'd that God might them forgive, they knew 205
 Not what they did! Example wonderful
 Of patience for his saints, and all mankind!
 Ye frowning clouds, ye waters in the air,
 Burd'ning the sulphurous, active winds, spreading.
 Impartially, a nutriment, to parch'd, 210
 Intemp'rate soil, whose hands you are in can make
 You instruments of ruin, spoiling all
 The lab'rer's toil: but favour'd man, thou seest
 It is not so; instead of wrath discharg'd
 Upon thy guilty head, he sighs and prayers 215
 Pour'd out for thee, and peace on downy wings
 Sends down, thy greatest blessing here. Ye soft,
 And vernal air, with the gross element
 As yet less loaded, he who gave you thirst

UPON CREATION.

117

To drink the briny deep, can all our thirst
Supply with grace, that nourishment of life
Eternal, fount of everlasting love!

220

Thou grand ethereal bow, whose beauties flush
The firmament, and charm the curious eye,
And restless thoughts of those, who'd penetrate
The depths of wisdom's ways, and trace effects,
He who decks thee in colour'd ornaments,
And bends thee to a sweep so regular,

225

Beyond all circles centred by frail man,
Was cloth'd in meaner colours than thy bow,

230

A garment of contempt, to introduce
The robes of righteousness,—that peace to us,
And reconciliation, which thy bow declares.

Ye storms and tempests, whose impetuous rage
Disturbs the continent, and moves the sea,

235

And dashes fleets on rocks, and forests rends,
He who your restless fury gives, best knows
Your use; his wisdom infinite best knows

The gen'ral good, though partial seems to man!
The ties united through creation's works,

240

The narrow minded miser thinks naught of;
His greatest sense is on his dunghheap fixt;
The secret good, from thunders, storms, or rain,

Is secret still where ignorance prevails:
But he who knowledge gives, (and worldly minds

245

May of that knowledge more obtain, if views,
Abridg'd and mean do not usurp the seat,)
All meek and gentle to the slaughter went,

With ev'ry spark of sense summ'd up in good,
Which virtue he maintain'd, instructing man

250

To bear adversities, insults and scorns,
And trample them by grace beneath his feet:
Deliver'd then from tempest in thy breast,

To calm tranquility's happy repose,
The worldly glitt'ring shows thou wilt less value,

255

And make them not thy idol wholly here.
Thou pestilence, that scatter'st from thy wings
A poison, tainting wide the air, and realms

Infecting; thy malignant influence

Blasts mortal joys, and sickens nature; towns 260
 Depopulated are, and cities graves
 Become, become a heap of putrid dead,
 Augmenting the diseas'd, infectious air:
 He who arms thee a scourge for wickedness—
 Bids thee forerun his angry countenance, 265
 Was as a criminal arraign'd, condemn'd
 To die, as to society a nuisance:
 But he their greater nuisance rooted up,
 A nuisance far beyond the pestilence,
 And wrought the cure by that reproachful death; 270
 That he might say to our last enemy,
 I'll be thy plague, thy kingdom I'll destroy!
 Thou heat, thy scorching influence parches
 The Lybian wilds, and tans its natives brown,
 With deeper hue proportion'd to its heat; 275
 Not as some say the mark receiv'd from God
 On Cain's posterity. Thou cold, thy breath
 Congeals vast oceans round the poles, and glues
 The sailor to the cordage; dreadful too
 The trav'ler's case when snow locks up his paths; 280
 He moves despairingly; and at the last,
 A victim falls, to darkness, cold, and fear!
 Who joins your power, ye cold and heat? Who softens
 Your two extremes, that would be tyrants else?
 Without the mediator atmosphere 285
 Your rules insufferable?—certain dea'h
 Wherever your extremities should fall?
 Who mitigated your extremes, and mixt
 You in a temp'rate atmosphere, but God?
 Thou ocean, world of waters, without which 290
 The earth would not exist, more than ourselves
 Without our ocean blood, our heart the fount
 Supplying all our veins; the earth is not
 Unlike, whose art'ries through her body pass,
 As through a tree, in which the fluid runs;— 295
 And in those channels all the min'ral tribes
 Of various stones congeal, and keep the earth
 Alive, and swell her growth, to ballance all
 That on her surface perish, pluck'd from spots,

UPON CREATION.

110

Or dying nat'ral deaths ; whose bodies waste 300
 Flies to the atmosphere, and grosser fluid,
 Whose fountains still maintain new substances:
 He who collected you from rude materials,
 Made deep recesses to receive your flood,
 No more to rudely mix, a boggy syrtis, 305
 An uproar wild of fighting elements,
 But guides your boist'rous rage as suits your works,
 And once impower'd you to leap your bounds,
 And overwhelm degenerated man,
 Was overwhelm'd by wrath for righteousness, 310
 As he delug'd the people for their sins.
 Ye mountains, higher than inferior clouds,
 You're swell'd from mineral combustable,—
 The work of ages, growing on the earth,
 As warts on human bodies: he who gave 315
 Your roots an active life, gave up a life
 Of highest wisdom, to regain for us,
 A root of everlasting life. Ye woods,
 That crown, and beautify our landscape earth,
 You are yourselves with leafy honours crown'd ; 320
 And shrubs, that humbler seem with lowliness,
 Yet not without your beauties in the face
 Of nature, to adorn, and be adorn'd,
 By blossoms gay, and fann'd by summer's gales ;
 And you in distant climes, extending wide 325
 In air your spicy odours ; not exempt
 'Mong these, ye cultivated gardens' breath,
 Embalming with your scents the atmosphere
 Wide round ; all varnishing your temp'ral paths :
 Not so adorn'd was our Redeemer's head ; 330
 Instead of flowers crown'd was he with thorns,
 Scorn'd, scourg'd, spit on and buffeted, for all
 The wonders and the good he wrought : but faith,
 And righteousness, amidst those pangs he kept,
 And bought for us an everlasting crown! 335
 Thou mantling vine, he who thy slender stalks,
 With rich, transparent, clust'ring grapes have hung,
 And under thy unornamented leaves,
 Amidst the pores of thy else worthless bough;

Prepar'd that sheering juice, that cup of joy, 340
 For which whole nations' thanks are due, prepar'd,
 Or suffer'd it to be prepar'd, a cup
 Of bitterness to drink himself instead.
 Ye meadows, flowing with spontaneous herbage,
 And ye till'd fields, blest with a plenteous crop, 345
 He who your faces ohear to give us hope,
 Corroding hunger suffer'd, earthly hopes
 Cut from, that he might plant a hope in us,
 A hope that brings an everlasting good,
 Beyond that hope corrupting food inspires. 350
 Ye mines, you grow beneath a stony surface,
 With veins of silver bright, and yellow ores,
 In great luxuriance, treasures wafted far,
 The monarch's pride; and beds of gems, toy-shops
 Of nature, forming glitt'ring substances 355
 In dark recesses; forming di'monds rich
 With brilliancy; the ruby, with a flame
 Of crimson glowing; emeralds, dipt deep
 In verdure-green; sapphires, deck'd with the sky
 Ethereal blue, inlaid with sparkling gold; 360
 And topazez, emblaz'd with golden hue;
 And amethysts, impurpl'd like the morn;
 He who dies your congeal'd enamel'd dust,—
 Consolidates your lucid drops, sojourn'd
 On earth in humble state, though all this wealth, 365
 And kingdoms offer'd him, (when destitute
 Of all that nature wants,) which he despis'd,
 To bring us to a city richer far,
 Than all earth's treasure to her centre dug.
 Ye gushing fountains, trickling softly through 370
 The thirsty grass; and you transparent streams,
 That glide in crystal waves, and joining banks
 Improve, with fertile luxury; and you
 Deep stately rivers, winding in your courses,
 Supplying thirsty nature as you roll; 375
 He who prepares you as an use to us,
 Was of that use denied, when on the cross,
 He cried—"I thirst." Ye tenants of the boughs,
 In glossy plumage dress'd, you wake the morn,

Solace the groves with artless lays,—though art
 Indeed your buildings represent; your nests;
 So artfully adapted for your young,
 No human architect can you excel;
 The beasts have holes, and you have nests; but he
 Who gave you knowledge, so to shield yourselves,
 Had not where he might lay his head, till death
 Had punish'd him with many pangs; then rose
 Triumphant from the grave, shew us the road,
 That we with him a resting-place might find.
 Ye bees, that sweep the flowers with busy wing,
 And sip your prey from every wholesome leaf,
 You're strangers to that ruin here call'd sloth:
 But Oh! poor worm, with thee it is revers'd;
 Industry proves thy premature vile end!
 Thou liv'st awhile, and liv'st in comfort too,
 'Tis true; but short the time; and nothing can
 The barb'rous action cover but the fall of man!
 'Tis well God made them senseless of their fate,
 And sent to us a Saviour; nothing else
 Can wipe away our selfish, savage crimes!
 Ye worms, that spin your silken lines; whose art
 No human manufacturer excels,
 Great is your worth; your work in palaces,
 Are found; you're not destroy'd as bees; your death,
 Or rather change, seems more in nature lodg'd,
 That marks your body next a painted fly,
 A showy insect springing from your tomb;
 Your spinning art exchang'd for painted wings,
 Your inward worth turn'd into outward show:
 No atom can all qualities enjoy.
 This, no resemblance bears to human life;
 To Christ's corruption in the grave exchang'd,
 Who from the bonds of death, sprang forth a God;
 Ye cattle, resting in your pastur'd homes,
 And beasts, ranging the forest wide; and fish,
 Roving through trackless paths of sea, sheep, clad
 In garments, which when left by you are worn
 By kings, kine, fed on verdure; which transform'd
 By nature in their bodies, next comes forth

From udders drain'd, a nourishment for queens, 420
 And lions strolling forests wide for prey,
 Leviathan ranging the ocean deep,
 With all that wing the firmament, or tread
 The soil, or swim the wave, he who spreads those
 Abodes for you, and all your wants supplies, 425
 Was destitute, afflicted sore, became
 A pensioner on what he made: a change
 He suffer'd from his ancient Deity!
 Praise him ye insects, crawling on the ground;
 Praise him, ye birds, in songs of happiness, 430
 Your happiness is praise; praise him, ye world
 Of brutes, and howl to him your hoarse applause,
 Who gave you holes, and birds a sense to build
 Their nests; praise him ye bleating herds, till hills
 Rebound your notes, and fill the vales with music; 435
 He who the lions tam'd for the just Daniel,
 Can tame sin's wolf to quit his search of you;
 Ye stately ceders, wave your branching heads,
 In sign of worship bow to him, who bow'd
 For all mankind; ye pleasing prospects,—scenes 440
 Of beauty, nature's paradise below,
 Conjoin your charms, to sound your maker's praise;
 Descend, ye showers, and let your drops announce
 In copious streams his falling grace to man;
 Let sighing gales, and mourning rivulets, 445
 Join harmony to our Creator's praise,
 Whose spirit more revives than cooling brooks,
 Or gentle breathing gales; ye light'nings, blaze
 His honour forth, ye thunders, sound his name,
 Reverberating clouds return your roar, 450
 And bellowing oceans in the anthem join;
 Ye creatures, mut. st of God's works, if thoughts,
 Or instinct gives you joy, your joy is praise;
 Great source of day, address thy parent sun,
 In ev'ry lucid beam send forth thy praise; 455
 Ye skies, shine clear, ye verdant earth look gay,
 Your chearful countenances are your praise;
 All creatures clap your hands, and wear a smile,
 The Lord of glory comes, with pardon, peace,

UPON CREATION.

123

And joy; chiefly let man exalt his voice,
 Let man distinguish'd with hosannas hail
 His God; for man he came, stretch'd on the rack,
 Consign'd to dust, and grace procur'd to all
 Believers, with the law observ'd; ye kings,
 Bend from your thrones of ivory and gold,
 In robes of sackcloth prostrate fall; for you

460

465

He left a crown, superior far to yours,
 Chang'd into mortal man, derided, rob'd
 With envy's rags, and crown'd with envy's thorns:
 Ye sons of sin, throw off your grievous loads,
 And change your groans for his reviving grace;
 Let no complaining voice, no jarring string
 Be heard, except his sufferings we feel,
 Who bore for us his woes without a groan,

470

That we might share in his inheritance:
 Ye men of hoary heads, bending beneath
 Your years, Christ will support your tott'ring steps;
 Go teach your infant offspring, this support
 Is theirs,—no other God created them!

475

This, they'll remember; planted in the mind
 So early soon takes root, and with their growth
 'Twill grow; and then, instead of language foul,
 Tending to vice, the hopeful truths might flow
 From their instructed minds; deep grafted there,
 The fruit of chearful constancy appears,
 The virtuous parents' hopes are crown'd, and God
 Receives his ends from their creation due.

480

485

Ye spirits of just men made perfect, who,
 Releas'd from sin's sure paying miseries,
 Who in the tents of strife no longer dwell,
 Receiv'd into the class of heavenly born,
 Where choaking weeds are instantly pull'd out,
 Where God is president and fills the chair,
 You feel most happily sin's burden lost,
 And loving ecstasies instead: then bless
 Your state with your augmented virtue, bless
 His wisdom infinite, his victory
 Over the grave for you; and his pav'd way
 For us, smooth through the wilderness of sin.

490

495

Ye men of tempers meek, of holy life, 500
 Of conversation innocent, glory
 In him who wash'd you from your sins; make boast
 Of his obedience, speak of him with joy,
 In ev'ry friendly interview rejoice
 In his preeminence, and imitate 505
 His life in your endeavours frail, as far
 As frail endeavours go. Believers weak,
 Who under sense of guilt, conflicting with
 Temptation's warring train, desponding move,
 And mourning sin's attacks, be girded firm, 510
 Do works that're just, increase belief, keep firm
 Integrity, yea strengthen it, and all
 Sin's movements in their infancy destroy :
 Jesus is merciful, and will assist,
 His office is declar'd in written truths, 515
 By proofs undoubted; doubt dwells only there
 Where hell triumphs: then ye assaulted souls
 Fear not; throw off despondencies, you have
 An advocate will still present your prayers,—
 Your anchor cast in him will never move. 520
 Ye ministers, commission'd by above,
 Your voices like a trumpet's sound lift up,
 And joyfully proclaim hossannah, blest
 Is the Redeemer sent from God, blest be
 That branch of thee! Get ye, ambassadors 525
 Of peace on mountain tops, and there spread far,
 And wide, the honours of the Lamb, who's slain
 For us, yet lives, and lives for evermore!
 Let ev'ry dweller's roof resound his name,
 Declare as far as force of utt'rance goes, 530
 Our great deliv'rance from the grave; declare
 The pity in Immanuel's breast for man,
 What he endur'd, and wonders he has wrought!
 Invite the indigent to bounteous feasts
 Of grace, surpassing far a royal feast, 535
 Shoul'd gold, and richest jewels be the banquet!
 While you in public stations sound his praise,
 May I steal through the vale of humble life,
 And catch the pleasing accent. Join, ye men,

UPON CREATION.

125

With angels join, add your collective strains
Into one universal chorus, yet,

540

All will be short, inferior, ballancing
Too lightly our redemption from the grave;
All will be lost in mental eloquence,

Bear no proportion with the happy mind ;

545

In that the soul is greater recompens'd,
And God likewise from heart felt love sincere,
Which is obtain'd by righteousness and prayer.

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

CONTENTS.

An Evening's Walk; the enjoyment of such pleasures, owing to our late victory over the rebels. The setting Sun, Twilight; its Usefulness; serious Consideration. The dewy Coolness; its influence on the verdure: returns of Solitude, equally useful to man. Angels our spectators. God ever present; comfortable improvement of this truth. The Day ended; the Swiftmess of time, and its Value when gone; the work to be done while it lasteth; to squander it away the most destructive Extravagance.



THE sultry day declin'd, and business done,
The evening cool inviteth me to walk:
I'll choose this spot; here branching elms have roof'd
Its shaded grove, and nature's carpet, grass,
Bedecks my steps. On either side the boughs 5
Conjunctively form arches rude, and give
A prospect to the bending skies. The birds,
Their songs are tuning ere they take their rest,
While from a neighb'ring seat, melodious sounds,
From a French horn, through the soft air descends, 10
That stimulate the feather'd choir, and make
A harmony which even soothes despair!
I, now well pleas'd, will give my active thoughts
Full scope; none here to interrupt; no grain
Of worldly lust shall interfere, while God 15

Is with me, whom with fervency I'll seek,
 Through nature's paths, for nature's paths are his,
 And rove them up and down, in wonder, place,
 Or action, as my thoughts are born: and now,
 They are, on that rebellious action first 20
 Seem mov'd,—Culloden victory that pass'd
 So lately,—that intestine broil, devis'd
 At Rome, spurr'd on by France, and by that tribe,
 That restless set, the bane of concord, dregs
 Of kingdoms, jacobines by name, receiv'd, 25
 And into practice put, a horrid blow!
 Just providence, that weighs our mortal deeds,
 Upsat the beam, too heinous to succeed!
 To which I owe this uncontroll'd retreat!
 Rebellion might extend its murd'ring days, 30
 And I might meet a murd'rer here; or drove
 From home to shelter in some cave, my all
 Seiz'd on, by undeserving tyranny!
 What should I feel; My wife and children feel?
 No habitation left but hiding holes, 35
 No friends but conquerers, the conquer'd friends
 Cannot befriend themselves? Oh then, farewell
 Ye fragrant shades, ye peaceful habitations!
 Drove from my favourite retreats, by some
 Insulting victor, farewell then, and out 40
 Of misery to seek my good, must be
 My only end! Drove from my paradise
 Below, I might with Eve lament, and say,
 Who now shall rear my nurs'ry up? Who now
 Direct the clasping ivy where to climb? 45
 Had the malignant ruffians thriv'd, instead
 Of being thus regal'd with harmony,
 The war's alarms might rouse my sleeping fears,
 Drive me to seek a safe retreat; but seek
 In vain! All would be dreadful ruin! Towns, 50
 Nor villages would from their hands escape.—
 From plunder, rapes, and massacres! Nor these
 Alone; worse deaths would on the virtuous fall;
 The fiery inquisition would revive,
 That vile pretence for righteousness; to rid 55

'Themselves of formal enemies they fear'd.
 And cities we should see encompass'd round,
 Our fruitful fields to desolation turn'd,
 And plains sown thick with bodies, fell in war:
 Where could the just, defending few then move? 60
 Instead of grace, with all its cheering train,—
 Of justice with impartial scales, our goods
 Securing, persecution would brandish
 Its sword, and slav'ry clank its chains:
 Nor are these ills imagination's births,— 65
 The creatures of a groundless jealousy,
 Arising from corruption's scourge alone;
 There are those who experienc'd them, in all
 Their rigour; Protestants in south of France
 Have felt those mast'ring scourges; Protestants 70
 In England too have tasted them: and had
 That superstitious law call'd popery,
 Into our realms made way, or to our throne
 That heir of James, what might we then expect?
 A mitigation of their murd'ring zeal? 75
 Rather relentless fury from their pride,—
 Their aggrandizing fame to conquer realms,
 On which they built their church in foreign lands,
 Would on us fall for breaking from their chain.
 What scripture gave such impious power to man, 80
 For modes of faith on man to tyrannize?
 Not his Redeemer, who proclaim'd a law,
 That man should be forgiven seventy times;—
 For ever bore with;—good instructions, love,
 And patience, given to him, not a sword. 85
 Thou liberty a seed that grows in all;
 Nor God restrains its fruit while will is free.
 The laws of kings our property protect,
 Branch'd from that root of liberty to man:
 Behold the setting sun; for neither poor, 90
 Or rich, or meek, or proud, or just, or wise,
 Or foolish, singly he'll return; but all
 May share his great, created ends; all those
 Who live a good conducted life, enjoy
 Peculiarly his beams: his opening morn, 95

Meridian glory, or his evening flight,
 Has charms where righteousness prevails :
 But restless tyrants, big with stratagems
 To master men, and continents enslave,
 Thought after thought, fear after fear invade 100
 Their minds, that all within is uproar, strife,
 Destroying ev'ry faculty which breed
 Tranquility ; no peace, but from their deeds
 Victorious feel, that those miscarried, cloud
 The beauty of their days with inward horror. 105
 And now the universal lamp withdraws
 His beams ; he's beautified the western clouds,
 As if to bid us cheerfully good night ;
 Half sunk appearingly beneath the sea,
 Whose setting orb to sight in size extends ; 110
 And though still seen, (as faces in a glass
 Not real,) yet he's beneath the sea depress'd ;
 Refraction's law produces both effects.
 And now a few superior lands alone,
 And lofty towers, enjoy the day's remains :— 115
 How languishing it trembles on the spires !
 How faintly living on the mountain's brow !
 Resigning half of this terraqueous globe
 To night, and death's true emblem, sleep !
 The shade ascending quits the atmosphere, 120
 And then the deepest darkness shades the earth,
 Except the force of thinner air above,
 Enlighten'd still, should help our grosser fluid.
 A mournful change should Sol no more return !
 Thou sun, fled for awhile, to cheer in turn 125
 The nightly nations in thy round, and give
 Them break of day,—a wise munificence !
 Though not in thee, from instinct as thy own,
 But fixt in thee, by thy almighty maker !
 Now sleep's repose approaching not to man, 130
 Or animals alone, but earth herself
 Enjoys a rest ; refresh'd by cooling air,—
 By change renew'd, made abler to receive
 The sun's fierce beams, by which she is impress'd,
 And her producing labours to perform. 135

ON THE NIGHT.

131

The birds already roost ; no tuneful note
 Is heard, except the plaintive stockdove's song,—
 A mournful cooing through the grove. Can I
 Be vain and trifling now? This solitude,
 This gloom of night, this contemplation deep, 140
 Deep reverence requires! My thoughts sedate,
 And solemn as the face of things, I'll join
 With silent praise, in its solemnity.
 Thou thoughtless man, where'er thou art, rev'ling
 In luxury's debauchful scenes, hinging 145
 Thy joys on deep despair—reflection's child,—
 A horror which next morning's sun will breed!
 Renounce such wicked love, impregnating
 Of miseries, that on thy conscience feed!
 Come thou with me, and share this solemn walk ; 150
 Slip from thy false amusements,—joys that give
 Thee stings hereafter ; leave thy earthly work,
 A work though needful for this life, and join
 With me, in contemplation here. Thou sun,
 Now much depress'd, from whence can it proceed, 155
 That greater darkness does not us surround?
 Whence these remainders of diminish'd light,
 That sooth and soften night's extreme,—darkness
 Intense? Hast thou bequeath'd a dividend
 Of beams, bestow'd on us by agency, 160
 Till thou return'st? Thou hast ; the atmosphere,
 And thinner air above, receive thy light,
 And like the moon reflect it on the earth :
 But not to you our praising thanks are due,
 You're agents all to the almighty cause ! 165
 Thou solitude, companion of the wise,
 By thee the student heavenly gifts receive,
 Inspired gifts of grace, or earthly arts ;
 The proud inventor man, thy aid implores,
 And courts thee in his closet ; thou courts me 170
 Now here ; thy graces to my bosom stole,
 Subdued my heart without repulse : and what
 Am I subjected to? To love the world,
 Or my Creator most? To build my fame
 On slip'ry ice, or Sion's rock? Here then, 175

Let me improve these contemplating hours ; As chearing to my thoughts on things above, As this cool evening to the burnt up flowers : This cool, gives verdure new vivacity, Addition to their mingling fragrancies ;	180
Gives air new force, to brace our slacken'd joints, And heave our lungs ; and brisker motion gives The fluid life. Thou evening, cool and mild, Serenely breathing, nature's grand alembic Distilling cordials,—the refreshing dews ;	185
Which heat would rob us of their usefulness, Rob them,—oblige them to evaporate, In imperceptable ethereal flights ; High winds would also dissipate their power, Before a coalition they could form :	190
But by the still, cool night, unite in drops, Creating finely temper'd, humid charms ; Which clear the vegetable world, as sleep Exhilarates the animal: much like it, Are the advantages of solitude ;	195
It cheers the mind in her dark prison here, And shows her heavenly liberty : the world A troubl'd ocean is, and who can build Upon its restless waves? A school of wrongs, Correcting ever, and yet ne'er correct :	200
The child as yet unborn, shall taste its poison, And taste its cure as well: who feels himself Not warping to its baneful load of sin? Or do we slide that way insensibly? Is sacred truth from reason's throne obscur'd?	205
The lively oracles expung'd and raz'd ? Or some enticing vanity got lead, Usurp'd superior wisdom's seat? Or some Uuwary glance on other's goods provok'd Unlawful wants? Or has hypocrisy	210
Dropt luscious poison in our ears? Or some Disgust from injuries unhing'd our peace, And threw us off our guard? If so, then vain We see it all, and vain we see ourselves ; Must see it vain through such inconstancies:	215

We know that night is opposite to day,
 We know that wrong is opposite to right,
 We know the right and wrong in pride's dispute,
 That would set forth we're not in wisdom short :
 Then why not know that righteousness exists ? 220
 Here safety dwells ; temptation's busy scenes
 Shut out, and silence holds the door ; the strife
 Of tongues, and conversation vain, molest
 Not me ; here with myself I may commune,
 And learn that first of sciences,—to know 225
 Ourselves ! Rebelling powers next to subdue,
 That grace may hold its native energy.
 This is the place, and time, to rectify,
 Expel, protect, the incidents of good,
 And ill, that fasten to the soul ; the place, 230
 And with advantage too, where active thoughts
 May boundless rove ; above, below, this side,
 Or that ; and in the eye of fancy see
 No end : then contemplate on heaven above,
 On hell beneath, the fatal gulf between 235
 Where Ab'ram could not pass, where purity
 Can hardly mix, and harder with that world
 Below. Throng, ye ambitious, then, to courts
 Of kings, my charmer—solitude, I'll court ;
 She is my present queen of righteous thoughts, 240
 No envious power is able to dethrone her.
 Am I from ev'ry being now shut up ?
 From mortal man I am ; but not from God,
 Nor guardian angels, who assist my soul :
 "Millions of spirtual creatures walk the earth 245
 "Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :"
 Mysterious to corporeal faculties,
 How they exist unseen ! A mystery
 Indeed, how comprehension can exist
 In empty space, that empty seems to us ! 250
 But God is spirit, omnipresent ; search
 Thou not beyond thy intellectual sphere,
 Oh man ! Wouldst thou a meer machine, correct
 Thy making and thy maker ? Bubbles born
 Upon the sea, can they correct the cause, 255

And bid their author stop its tides? Because
 We know not all, would we condemn that all?
 Imperious! Prouder than our mother Eve!
 The pride of righteousness is humble love,
 Depending, thankful: wisdom infinite 260
 Has bounded man a transient creature; form'd
 To upward look, adore; to higher sphere,
 Through his obedience, faith, and love, to climb:
 Then can finite with infinite contend?
 Effects dispute as critics with the cause? 265
 To know, in moral life, is even not
 To know: then wouldst thou carp with Deity?
 We ought to know, should spirits us surround,
 Or not, our shallow reason can't deny;—
 Nor yet confirm, if grace's power cannot. 270
 Here rest; and if in this recess they are
 My guide, assisting, and defending me,
 A pleasing thought, by that reflection born!
 I'm struck with reverence in this recluse,
 As in the sacred walls,—the house of God! 275
 Then may vain worldly pride be banish'd hence,
 Affections dissolute destroy'd in birth,
 Destroy'd in their conception; further still
 Conceive them not, assist the heavenly guards
 If they keep watch; 'tis possible I am 280
 With clouds of witnesses encompass'd round,—
 God's agents of good works, or God himself:
 Evil is banish'd hence; I feel no vice
 Invading me, nor thought that way inclining;
 The busy world this moment I neglect: 285
 In God I live, I move, he is my all:
 The world is his great temple; matter not
 If I adore him here, or on my knees
 The sacred altar face: in ev'ry place
 Where pur'ty real, or aim'd at, lifts 290
 Its head, his perfect being meets it there:
 In any place, or time, a heart sincere,
 Unmingl'd with that lust for temp'ral things,
 Is happiness, and angels feel no more!
 King David must have felt this bliss, when he 295

His righteousness express'd, as left to us
 Upon record, as thus; "Where shall I go?
 "Or whither from thy spirit flee? If I
 "Climb up to highest heights, thou'rt there enthron'd;
 Or down to deepest depths, thou'rt also there:" 300
 Delightful truth, to all that grace inspires!
 Thou happy man, when true felicity
 Supports thy mind; when habited to know,
 God's omnipresence is at hand, and feel
 Through faith its operating influence: 305
 Companion'd such, thy moments fearless move,
 Even in solitude thou'rt not alone;
 Though steep aside from worldly scenes, thou'lt find
 A more exalted train addressing thee,
 As now I find addressing me, or rather 310
 My solitude addressing them, or both
 Assisting in the heavenly work; which God
 In secret sees, and sees my upright thoughts.
 Go, man, in solitude and spread thy wants,
 Unmixt with base thou'lt find thy maker there; 315
 Resign the short-liv'd pleasures of this world,—
 Its best society of moral acts
 Resign, and taste the pleasures here from friends
 Divine, and weigh them with thy mortal deeds,
 And ballanc'd there, thy deeds will nothing weigh. 320
 And now the sun is fled, or earth has turn'd
 Us from his sight to meet his eastern beams:
 Happy the man, who has with time kept pace,—
 Applied his life to right as moments fly;
 Even in moral rectitude 'tis good 325
 For happiness, and lays the bottom stone
 For virtue's dwelling. Time, slips silently
 Away, a woeful loss to runagate,
 That started not at shame, nor decency.
 Thou slip'ry time, thou nightly thief, thou steal'st 330
 Men's brains, yet they miss not the loss, till age,
 Or death, stares them in face. The great time-piece,—
 The universal frame, that measures days,
 Still presses on, and whirls our moments round,
 And yet complaints are heard, that time is tedious. 335

Oh dreadful to the old and careless, time
 So idly spent! How many do we see
 Devising vanities,—a moment's toy
 To fill its ling'ring steps? Devise they may,
 Again devise, their baubles nothing bring 340
 But restless nights, and bitter morning thoughts!
 Ah, thoughtless mortals, though in horrid thoughts!
 Find me that man who feels not pleasure's sting?
 Those pleasures which will for awhile delude,
 Whose charms, like downy beds, lull you to sleep? 345
 This day is gone; what is its length? And so
 Ten thousand will roll round, and nothing seem;
 Minutes to minutes link'd, or days to days,
 Will make a hundred years a wondrous chain;
 And seems a wondrous stretch for vanity 350
 To range on: like the school-boy's giddy flight,
 That counts his joys when holidays appear:
 But oh! his month is fled, his task unlearn'd,
 His pleasures done! and like the sinner's end,
 He creeping moves with horrors to the school! 355
 How dreadful is the waste of time mispent!
 The sinner's all is gone, he's dropt without
 A hope,—that hopeful spark that would to bliss
 Ascend! How charming did this morn appear?
 And how revers'd is now that sunshine scene? 360
 That spacious landscape over half the earth,
 That charm'd all nature, sent for use, who would
 Its usefulness and end let slip, and not
 Make good its moments, even for this life?
 As when a seaman steers through dang'rous seas, 365
 The new born day, with the huge mountain's top,
 Revive, and oft confirm his compass'd hope;
 With cheerfulness he on it looks; 'he looks,
 And ev'ry useful movement from it takes,
 Till lost through distance, or the shades of night. 370
 All time moves swiftly to the worldly man,
 Far swifter than he can his riches hoard:
 But when through righteousness man's faith moves on,
 To him time's slipp'ry movements linger back.]
 Finite existence, through a million years, 375

Is all illusion, when mispent and gone.
 This serious truth, by some may yet be scorn'd:
 The healthy, and the gay, are scarcely taught,
 Till sad experience forces its command;
 An iron rod is its harsh discipline, 380
 When they the grave and wise for tutors shunn'd!
 Go ask the venerable man well spent
 In years, of his existence, and his hopes;
 Mark well his answers, and his hoary head;
 "My age is eighty years, which like a dream 385
 "Is gone: thou seest my furrow'd cheeks, my head
 "Both white and trembling, joints unning'd, my voice
 "To treble shrillness chang'd, the fluid juice,
 "By the vicissitudes of damps and heats
 "To thick corruption turn'd: methinks it was 390
 "But yesterday I freak'd in youthful sports:
 "But now I'm chang'd to nature's cast off work!"
 Then happy for him if he this could add;
 "But death to me is not unwelcome now,
 "I have my hopes, to ballance mortal griefs." 395
 Believe that truth from age's practis'd skill;
 Let ev'ry evening's shade, like a clock's warning,
 Bid thee prepare; and though a pittance small,
 Give it its worth, as if thy glass was run,—
 Its due proportion of thy eighty years. 400
 Let me add one reflection useful here,
 While through the loom the shuttle swiftly flies;
 Hast thou not heard, or read, of those on earth,
 Who bore their maker's image? His likeness
 Divine transfus'd into their hearts, and shone 405
 In all their conduct,—in humility,
 And all the tender offices of love?
 This work is thine, and with this signature
 It should be stamp'd, that thou mayst follow them,
 As they did Christ: on this accomplishment 410
 Thy all depends: sell not eternal joys,
 For baubles of a moment's worth; delay
 No longer, time is ever on the wing,
 And thy best half perhaps is gone, yea all;
 What's left, a moment o't may not be thine. 415

Reduc'd now to a point, behold on what
 A precipice thou stand'st! Behold the gulf
 Of endless misery close at thy feet!
 Oh dreadful gulf, to swallow up our being
 Eternally! Yet live to know we're there! 420
 Suppose a covenant thou'st make with death,
 To keep thee from the grave a thousand years,
 What sights, what sounds in nature's music would
 Thee charm, more than thy eighty years have done?
 What new delights would endless ages see? 425
 Day after day we view the rising sun,
 And nothing new beneath him! Rest thou then
 On providence, and God's commandments follow.
 Eternity! Thou dreadful, hopeless ruin!
 Shouldst thou the least from happiness be plac'd, 430
 The thoughts of ever makes it dreadful grief,—
 Eternal thoughts, attended with despair,—
 A wretched union, thou canst not dissolve!
 Then like a wary pilot safely steer;
 Make ev'ry minute good, apply them right,— 435
 To temp'rance, virtue, justice, can't be wrong,
 True wisdom tells! If thou throw'st time away,
 Thou sweep'st profusely di'monds from thy door;—
 And yet as earthly gains thou mayst; but life
 Eternal, which on ev'ry moment hangs, 440
 Be greedy of; be greedy of that time,
 Which buys thee more than gems, or richest mines.

CHAPTER II.

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 Beasts of the desert, and Savages in human shape, make
 use of this opportunity. Darkness renders the least spark
 visible. Sleep; its cheering nature, the gift of heaven;
 and preparations for its approach: the Kindness of Pro-

vidence in guarding our Slumbers. Dreams; their unaccountable oddness: many people's waking thoughts no less chimerical. A very singular and very happy circumstance attending sleep in dreams.



How silent is the busy world? The air
Is even taking rest; my breathing seems
A noise; my watch distinctly loud is heard;
My steps in echo sound throughout the grove;
The din of the tumultuous city ceas'd; 5
No jovial voice from neighb'ring meadows heard;
No chir'ping melody from shady groves;
No blow to fright the trembling atmosphere;
And man's vain projects,—castles in the air,
Are with his faculties lock'd up in sleep, 10
All govern'd by a few romantic dreams;
In being still, though in the soundest sleep,
Confirms to me,—the soul can never die!
Now let me question faith of its strong holds;
Supposing closest thunders now should burst, 15
Quick, unexpected in this calm repose,
With sulph'rous darts, encompassing my steps,
That those they strike receive an instant death,
Should I in calm composure stand? No fear
Conceive, from giving up this mortal life? 20
This cool retreat, my present hobby here?
I think I could; and yet this solitude,
So fitting to my thoughts, I must confess
Has charms! And heavenly too, may I confess?
If any thing not heavenly attracts 25
Me here, then earthly pleasures are dress'd up
In worships,—vanity in righteous robes!
This solemn period, night's triumphant reign,
Refreshing nature—health's restoring queen,
Proclaims a truce with half the busy world; 30
Activity, that traitor to her throne,
She cannot always govern; profligates,
And thieves, and all who knowingly transgress,
Corrupting still corruption's scourge, moving

Still further from our Eden state, with beasts That nightly roam for prey, obey her not. Wouldst thou, Oh man! debase thy dignity,— Reduce into a brute thy nobleness Erect? Thou thief, where'er thou art, wouldst thou Thy mighty reason put to such an use?	35 40
Thy reas'ning sense, thy cav'ling wit, a world Of knowledge in thy head summ'd up, so great When in assemblies, naught but president, Or wise dictator suits thy reas'ning pride? Religion, laws, and kings, thou canst correct, Then drop it all upon the plain's highway? Such is the use of sense detach'd from grace. The thoughtless, who in criminality's Enchanting wiles, still rushing headlong on In endless, hopeless sorrow must lie down;	45 50
He that is filthy, filthy must remain, And he that's holy, holy will be still. And is it so, my soul? Is this the time, This being here, to make an after life Our gains? It is: good, surely has reward! And good, and ill, are truly known to all! And is man lull'd in vain security? Depending' still upon the present hour,— Corruption's baubles won clandestinely?	55 60
That even chance, or nature, never meant,— Meant not their gifts unlawfully enjoy'd, Shouldst thou deny a Deity? Then work The work of righteousness while day remains; Improve the present hour; seed time, and harvest, Shall pass away not, till all is fulfill'd	65
He promiss'd man: do thou that part to thee Belonging, a part essential of that work: Thy seed time always thee attends; improve. It now; that in eternity thou mayst Thy fruitful harvest reap. Ye ministers Especially, who spread the gospel's peace, Be ever on your gaurd; you daily drop Into that state of mortal chande,—teachers, And preselytes, a blended throng in death.	70

This is the favourable juncture, you,
 Your aid may ply,—contribute to man's good
 Eternal ; good, this side the grave, is all
 That you can do, and what you should ; delays
 Are dang'rous to mankind, and criminal
 In you. How regular is day and night ? 80
 A change delightful ! Quick in their returns !
 The hot, and glitt'ring force of one, calls forth
 The other's shades more welcome ; nor the morn
 Is seldom purpl'd in the east more gay,
 Than when a gloomy night preceded it. 85
 A constant shade spreads nearly half our world,—
 This shaded, solemn period, I enjoy :
 A tranquil calm attends this shady scene,—
 The wary winds have ceas'd to blow ; have ceas'd
 That rage, by active vapours made, which heat 90
 Creates, lodg'd in the dusky clouds, and whirl
 Them round far into north ; and there, with cold
 Oppos'd, and mixt, return with greater rage,
 (As when we're chill'd, we exercise redouble,)
 And aggitates the thinner atmosphere ; 95
 Nor with it ends the strife,—the grosser sea
 It moves to share the broil : as when a state,
 Disorder'd in its rule, the wild uproar
 Of war intestine, seldom fails, to mix
 Its neighb'ring nations in the strife ; and like 100
 A storm, sweeps o'er the continent. This mild,
 And neighb'ring air, fomenting less, more purg'd,
 Shakes not a single leaf ; the aspin rests ;
 The standing pool unwrinkl'd, undisturb'd :
 Wide is the change when northern clouds appear ; 105
 Big with combustable they headlong drive,
 Fomenting air ; then set the watry world
 To war, whose strife destroys whole fleets :
 As when among mankind disputes arise ;
 The sinful race, mov'd on by nature, fly 110
 To discord's rage ; fomenting more the broil
 Is their design, than healing up the wound.
 The storm sweeps on, and through the forest roves
 Bending the strongest oaks ; and fright the beasts

With howls, alarming as their own ; nor man 115
 Escapes the horror, when its rage unroofs
 His house. But all these changes are design'd :
 And would man know for why ? To know the good
 From ill, the right from wrong, the ease from pain ;
 To know these things his conscience may define, 120
 But taste them too he must: experience bought
 With smart, strikes deep, the evil to avoid,
 If only evil here: but Oh ! a round
 Of everlasting smarts thou hast to shun ;
 Of which a sample sinners often taste ! 125
 Those varied scenes, not only knowledge serve,
 But serve delights ; the same, repeated oft,
 Soon irksome gets ; all things renew'd have charms ;
 And nature's self upon that basis stands ;
 For by renewing, she herself renews. 130
 Kind providence, to mortals, ever wise,—
 Or rather God, in nature wisdom fixt,
 Discriminated good and ill, (though ill
 In nature's acting changes none,) that we
 Might know them well, and them discreetly use : 135
 The piercing winds, and rugged winter's face,
 Teach us how we the summer should enjoy ;
 Though winter has no ills ; December's cold
 Collects the gross materials, which, the warmth
 Of early summer sublimates ; the frost 140
 Mellows the soil, prepares it for increase ;
 Not only in itself, to ballance what,
 Corruption on the surface still destroys,
 But what from seed you in its moisture cast.
 The air, through agitated sway is purg'd, 145
 Renews itself, or would contract a taint ;
 Like the still pool, no waters running through,
 No spring at bottom, nor a waste at top,
 Becomes a putrid mass of poison soon :
 In such a state would be inactive air ; 150
 Whose draught upon the lungs would quickly kill.
 Who can such wisdom see, and not adore
 The cause, from whom such wisdom springs,—effects
 Of wisdom, bringing health, and joy to all.

ON THE NIGHT.

The darkness now is at its height; night's shades	143
Obliging easy on the senses stole:	155
The setting sun without the atmosphere,	
From light to darkness would us quickly place;	
From sunshine quickly hurry us to night,—	
As dark at setting sun as midnight shades!	160
How inconvenient such a change would be!	
What would the navigator feel on seas	
Unknown? Or trav'lers on the dreary plain?	
From light to darkness in a minute hurl'd,	
Short'ning the day, and lengthening the night,	165
Would cut off part of nature's busy scenes:	
The sun would shine in waste, but part enjoy'd;	
And worse effects without the atmosphere	
Would rise; his pointed rays, whate'er they touch'd,	
Would burn; and night with freezing, would all things	
Destroy: the two extremes insufferable	171
Would be, and earth herself, in such a state,	
Could not exist. 'Tis wisely otherways:	
The light, and heat, the atmosphere receives;	
And like a secondary planet cast	175
Them on the earth; and as the sun descends,	
The shade ascends, (but not the heat ascends	
So rapidly,) and our reflected light,	
In gentle steps withdraws: thus graciously	
Has providence, the change of seasons, day,	180
And night, for our advantage, wisely fram'd.	
Now roam the beasts for prey; those monsters fierce	
Forsake their dens, and stroll with hideous growls	
Wide round. Woe to the traveller, whose steps	
Benighted, and unwary, drew him near them!	185
How must he frighted stand, at the dread yell!	
Of mingl'd, rav'nous throats, roaring for prey?	
Defend him heaven's providence; free will,—	
Man's quality, in this has small effect:	
For should he run, and rightly run to miss	190
Them all, 'tis chance directs his steps; and chance,	
In God's creation ever was, and will	
Be providence!	

"No accident, nor fate recalls,
 "The life that God has lent; 195
 "For not a single sparrow falls,
 "Without his kind assent."

The prowling wolf, a murd'rous ruffian like,
 The shepherd's foot-steps traces, and besets
 His bleating charge; the fox, a felon too, 200
 Steals to the poultry's roost, and murders them
 In sleep. Happy for concord's sake, were those
 The only nightly thieves; the savages
 In human shape,—the sons of violence,
 With boasting reason, and free will, join those 205
 Irrational crew; and where free will is tied
 By no constraint, but has its time to think.
 And thou adulterer, waiting for night,
 As dark as thy dark deeds; and baser far,
 Than the bold highwayman, betray'st thy friend, 210
 Unguarded 'gainst thy treachery. Now too,
 Vile faction forms its cabals close; and would
 A nation set in strife. Rebellion too,
 Its plots devise; whose author's mast'ring pride,
 Would kingdoms into ruin blow for gain! 215
 Now crimes which hide their odious heads by day,
 Appear: the harlot from her lurking hole
 Creeps out, when gloomy, artificial lights,
 Like hypocrites, extol her painted charms:
 All these, and more, regale in treach'rous sports, 220
 Whose stings, they'll feel, before the morning's sun,
 Perhaps! How vain, how subtle are their drifts!
 With man how subtle, and with God how vain!
 With God, who views thy secrets, and thy heart!
 And wouldst thou hide thy discord's deeds from man, 225
 And them expose to thy Creator's view?
 As if the night for thy rebellious use
 Was form'd; or stars to light thy feet to mischief?
 Or thinkest thou, thou art secure, conceal'd
 In pompous pride,—high thinking of thyself? 230
 Know this, if nature lets thee live to know,
 That she, from thee, will, ev'ry feather pluck!
 Then, seek thee nature, or seek thee a God?

Seek discord, or seek harmony? The paths
 Of error have deceiv'd thee, led thee on 235
 Too far, perhaps from right! Then follow right,
 For right thou know'st; seek light, not darkness, lest
 Thou stumblest: God is near thy midnight paths,
 Thy luxury, and bed of loose desires;
 He spies out all thy ways, thy injuries 240
 To man, and greater to thyself: the shades
 Of night conceal thee not. That passenger,
 Now crossing yonder road, his horse's shoe
 Against a flint struck fire; my eye, the view,
 Though at a distance caught; but was it day, 245
 In Sol's fierce blaze, it would escape my sight:
 As when through some disease our vanity
 Is crush'd, or some misfortune done that work,
 Then stand our former flights condemn'd; conscience
 Awakes, which pride had lull'd to sleep, and brings 250
 Them all to view, like fiery sparks in night:
 Sunshine's prosperity our vices oft
 Conceals; but when some intervening cloud
 Darkens the scene, they from obscurity
 Emerge, and are like glow-worms seen in night. 255
 'Tis then the world's delusive cheat appears;
 The soul awoke, as from a troubl'd dream,
 Abhors a second sleep: the morning star
 Beams forth such teeming glories, and the mind
 New born, forsakes that strumpet, painted hag 260
 Of hell, and weds a lover never cloy.
 If tribulation tends to dissipate
 The inward darkness, pouring grace upon
 The mind, misfortunes, disappointments, all
 The dreaded train of mortal ills, are then 265
 Receiv'd more welcome; dreaded by the sons
 Of pleasure here, yet on the heavenly mind
 Much lighter sit; a shallow residence
 They gain, where faith has fixt its tent before.
 Thou gay, thou proudly blooming earth, who sees 270
 Thy beauteous colours now? Who sees thy worth?
 What is the verdure's gaiety, sense of sight,
 Or sight itself without the sun? All would

Be blank, as void as when in ancient night,
 Although in architect so wisely form'd !
 The world in darkness lost without the sun,
 So man would be, without the son of God !
 Was it for my Redeemer's merits not,
 I should with anguish deeply sigh: the law
 Alone too hard a task: for in their turn, 280
 Till Christ appear'd, the prophets have announc'd
 His grace, neglecting not what might be done
 Of works. Should I, even through creation's smiles,
 And earthly fortune's liveliest changes roam,
 Was't not for grace I should in darkness sink; 285
 My conversation in the world, though dress'd
 In eloquence, like orator's renown'd,
 Would like a dying malefactor's speech,
 For nothing stand: but thou, atoning Lamb,
 Reflecting daily on thy worth,—a trust,— 290
 A surety comfortable that my soul
 Is reconcil'd, thou art the golden ray
 That lights the universe; thou art the lamp
 Of beauty, giving all its richest worth,
 Of gladness, glad'ning all true seekers hearts. 295
 Now sits contented at his humble board,
 The honest labourer: man goeth forth
 To work, and chearfully returns; enjoys
 These moments in domestic talk, more than
 A life-time by the rev'ler spent: he sits, 300
 And cheers himself with homely, healthful food:
 Next sleep,—night's consort to her throne, recruits
 His wearied limbs, and body's waste restores;
 His sense, his strength, are trusted to her reign,
 And oft return'd with interest. Thou sleep, 305
 Reviving cordial! Thou, the intellects
 Renew'st: the man oppress'd with cares, with toil,
 Bewilder'd in his views to gain his ends,
 By sleep's repose, sees clearer through his schemes,
 To rectify, and choose the best: the poet, 310
 Philosopher, astronomer, mechanic,
 With all the restless train of human minds,
 (Whom we must thank for their discoveries,)

Without kind sleep would lose their roads and aims.
 The wild researcher of perpetual motions,— 315
 Effects without a cause, which all creation
 Not one examples gives; without sleep's aid,
 His head becomes as addle as his works!
 Some time ago, I, with surprise saw one,
 Whose air was wild, his countenance turn'd pale, 320
 His thoughts unsteady which his speech sat forth:
 This change from nature's most acutest sense,
 Arose for want of sleep, and thoughts too much,
 From study to it join'd. Nor wonder why
 The brightest nat'l sense, when wandering 325
 Beyond its mental powers, or meeting ill—
 The common checks of life, is soonest spoilt;
 The stupid, dull, unthinking mind, less feels
 Misfortunes, less employs his empty thoughts:
 And thoughts inactive less make use of him, 330
 Till he becomes a log of indolence,
 Useless in arts, or meaner services.
 All things have centres, man's the principal:
 But deviously, and eccentrically,
 He round it takes his journey through this life! 335
 How many of my fellow creatures are
 This instant languishing in some disease?
 And may with that illustrious sufferer
 Complain, nights wearisome appointed are
 To them! Instead of soft repose indulging, 340
 The tedious moments count, and number time
 Deliver'd from the clock: in mortal woes,
 A truce with agonies they'd gladly make,
 And lose the world in soundest sleep! Besides
 Those pain'd in body, numbers too are pain'd 345
 In mind: now on their downy beds are those,
 In thoughts distress'd from causes various; some
 Through their own errors—works of sinning pride,
 And some through other checks; those too,
 Would gladly drown their moments, in the gulf 350
 Of sleep! Others upon their humble couch
 Lay stretch'd, afflicted long, till all is spent,
 And hear their offspring cry for bread. Go, sleep,

Subdue their woes ; their woes, perhaps encreas'd
 By hard ingratitude ; no friends, by art, 355
 Or love, they've made, to spread abroad their case,
 And gain them charitable gifts. Nor this
 Is scarcely better'd by that outside show,—
 That hypocrite disguis'd in virtue's garb,—
 Disguis'd receiver under giving shows,— 360
 Gifts of no moment, yet sound him a name,—
 A mighty name, to work his earthly ends,—
 More wish'd, than good to those who had his mites ;
 His treasure, not in heaven yet lay'd up,
 But in his earthly idol, worship'd purse: 365
 The left hand should not know the right hand's gifts.
 Thou happy mind, which wealth cannot procure,
 Which multitudes sigh for in vain ; how oft
 Hast thou enjoy'd sleep's tranquil charm ? The hour
 Expected, she, thy nightly visitant 370
 Ne'er fail'd thee in ; thy chamber enter'd, clos'd
 Thy eyelids, shed her slumbers o'er thy soul !
 Since sleep, the Deity has wisely form'd,
 Wisely besides, form'd night for that repose,—
 Form'd darkness as arrest to nature, truce 375
 To all her works ; and like a curtain, veils
 The peaceful slumberer, from ev'ry object,
 That might too strongly agitate the sense.
 Silence, offspring of darkness also reigns,
 And aids its parent, queen of night ; much like 380
 A mother's care, that silences the noise,
 When in the cradle her lov'd is lay'd.
 Lodg'd in the arms of sleep, the world forgotten,
 And self protection from us fled, it seems
 We are to dangers' ills expos'd : how then 385
 Are we protected ? Providence, above
 Free will, seems here to reign, and tells us bolt
 The door ; tells us to veil our sightly balls,
 And more than tells, she even does the work ;
 And fills our hearing holes, with what obstructs 390
 Not sounds, but atoms which might them invade.
 Numbers of perils, in that senseless state,
 We're open to ; and what wise providence,

Sees fitting to be guarded, wisely guards.
 Perils from flames, from thieves, from satan's wilcs, 395
 As when he whisper'd in the ear of Eve,
 Surround our beds. What dreadful mischiefs might
 Our adversary work, was there no hand
 Invisible to check his rage, and us
 Protect? What scenes of horrors might he breed 400
 In dreams? Perhaps move us to walk in sleep,
 And bring us to some dreadful precipice,
 Then plunge our souls into his nether world.
 But Israel's keeper, keeps the good, and shields
 The bad,—or those who heedless move, beyond 405
 Their own deservings; when so long in sin
 They wallow'd, still repulsing ev'ry call.
 King Solomon, 'tis said, had guards around
 His head; but who planted them there? Did he,
 Or his dictator,—providence? If kings, 410
 To greater dangers are expos'd; and thieves,
 And murderers are instruments of hell;
 Then guards are branch'd from God's protecting law,—
 That hidden providence which guards our paths:
 Jehovah's providence lulls us to rest; 415
 And is a sentinel a round our heads,
 While we enjoy our necessary sleep.
 Now reason, here, its office wise resigns,
 And fancy wild assumes the vacant seat,
 Vice president, and tries to imitate: 420
 But strange its laws, extravagant and rude;
 And all its boasting work, is but a dream!
 It crowds the head with fabl'd images,
 And tantalises you with mockery.
 This deputy, vice governor, inflam'd, 425
 Much like some partial passion eating fool,
 With highest love or deepest hate, to praise
 Or dispraise, as his gall or joys are touch'd,
 Will also in his partial dreams waft you
 In palaces, on thrones of highest bliss, 430
 Or at a gallows, dreadfully to die;
 Sometimes in fairy gardens, gath'ring wreaths
 Of visionary joys, though stretch'd, perhaps,

On whisks of straw, and cobwebs hung for curtains ;
 In doleful dungeons some this fancy leads, 435
 When in reality in rooms of state ;
 Sometimes the craggy clift ascending, forc'd
 By fear, some dreaded thing to shun ; and strive
 To climb, or run, and small progression make ;
 Sometimes in high conceit, can fly and mount 440
 An eaglet's course, by vig'rous stretches made,
 Then downward look with pride upon mankind ;
 That joy soon chang'd, ten thousand fathoms deep
 They're falling ; then the plunge, bids reason seize
 The helm, to save the wreck ; awake 'tis sav'd, 445
 All well : such are the phantoms of the brain,
 While sleep maintains its office o'er the limbs.
 Is this the only season nonsense walks ?
 Are there not those who dream when they're awake ?
 Or seem to dream through senses led astray ? 450
 Their consequential greatness, honour, all,
 On baubles fix, as empty as the child's ?
 Some dream of fame from projects wild,—renown
 From ignorance,—the jumping over straws :
 Ev'n those, as proud as nature's wisest breed 455
 Gape for applause. Are such, though reason's works,
 A whit more stable, than the empty dream,—
 Than mimic fancy's that supplied her place,—
 That dreamt a snoring clown into a king ?
 What are their works, but madmen's chain'd ? 460
 The Bedlamite's, who is entron'd in thought,
 And wielding there imaginary sceptres ?
 He who seeks dignity from feather'd plumes,—
 (Those vanities of gilded ornaments,)
 Or fortune's golden baits, or baits of wit 465
 The toys of giddy laugh, founded on pride
 To raise a giddy name, that peace the world
 Can't give neglecting, dreams, though he's awake,—
 He is delirious, though in nature's health !
 Would you behold the picture, drawn to life, 470
 Of waking dreamers, and their work's success,
 Observe the meaning of the prophet's words,
 Through transposition in the following lines :

"The hungry man, who dreams he eats awakes,
 "And finds himself deceiv'd; the thirsty man, 475
 "Dreams also that he drinks, with eager draughts
 "That seems to please; but finds it too a cheat:"
 Such is the race, and empty prize of all
 Who run at marks salvation never fixt:
 They live in vanity, and die in woe! 480
 Another observation let me make,
 Upon the incidents attending sleep:
 The wisest, and the strongest, stretch'd on beds
 Of ease, deep sleep will captivate their senses,
 And their activity in fetters bind: 485
 Their boasted strength becomes a helpless log!
 More wondrous still is this; their eyes unveil'd,
 As we sometimes behold, yet they admit
 No ray of light, that might the faculties
 Inform. The ears, though open too in sleep, 490
 And sounds still pressing through their waxen caverns,
 Yet none is heard, or meaning understood not,
 Till too much noise alarms the faculties,
 And rouses reason to her government.
 The most consummate sense, the piercing'st wit, 495
 The fool's absurdities, the craft of rogues,
 And fawning art of hypocrites, are all
 In sleep's oblivion level'd; all are there
 Absurd ideas mocking all their arts;
 A jumble of conceptions crude,—the tail 500
 And dregs of mortal vanity, of grace,
 And worldly wisdom: so the night moves on,
 With solemn treads, insensibly to us.
 No sooner does the chearful morning dawn,
 But this enchantment strange in nature's works, 505
 With all who simply in her dictates dwell,
 Removes with darkness, and obeys the sun,
 As rolling seas obey the rolling moon:
 The emblematically dead awake,
 And find themselves possess'd, of what in grace, 510
 Or vanity, their sleeping senses lost;
 All are restor'd, a single thought not miss'd
 Or scarcely miss'd; each grain of sense retir'd,

Flies quickly to its post, all in one law
 Uniting, making man a wondrous being !. 515
 The spirits stray'd, and thoughts that seem extinct,
 How quickly they resume their native seats ?
 From inactivity resembling death,
 How quick are they restor'd ? This is the work
 Of God, and wonder of his creature ! This, 520
 Our gratitude and praises should excite,
 To him whose greatness must be infinite,

CHAPTER III.

CONTENTS.

Ghosts ; our unreasonable timorousness on this occasion : the true object of fear : the Reality and Design of Apparitions, deduc'd from a passage in Job. The Owl ; its gloomy disposition ; a reference drawn from that bird to many of us. Owl-screaming, suppos'd to be a token of death ; greater presages of that change The Nitingale ; her charming song, and whom it entertains ; how to have a sweeter melody in our own breasts. The different circumstances of mankind, the gay, and the afflicted. Address to the devotees of mirth and sensuality.



This is the hour, some say, which spirits walk :
 But whether'n substance, or in shadow, hard
 To know ; hard to conceive how aerial sounds,
 As substances, appear to sight ; and hard,
 To some, they either may exist. Our lives, 5
 Through death's corrupting sting are fearful made ;
 And phantoms in our heads exist ; perhaps
 Bred in our heads far more than half that're seen :
 Now forms, in sullen state, some say, stalk through
 The gloom ; and voices, more than human sounds, 10
 From echoing deep vales are heard, and groans
 From hollow tombs ; and melancholy spectres
 Visit the ruins of old nunneries,
 And solitary dwellings of the dead :
 They pass, some say, in unsubstantial beings 15

Along the church, nor doleful tow'r is free ;
 Then take their stand o'er some lamented grave.
 How often has the school-boy when benighted,
 Shunn'd this imagin'd spot of walking ghosts,
 And took a needless round? Or should his nerves, 20
 Another night, through some economy,
 In health, be better brac'd, to push him through,
 What horrors even then assail his mind?
 What fears, from goblin tales, alarm his soul,
 And overtake his boasted resolution? 25
 His hair like bristle pitch, his heart its beats
 Redoubles, sideway peeps if dares to peep,
 Then whistles, sings, and lastly runs; enough
 In fancy's fearful faith, to rise the dead
 To sight whether or not. Fear to his feet 30
 Adds wings, drives on, and gladly shun's the church-
 Hobgoblin crew: a strange timidity? [yard's
 Not only in the stripling, but in those
 Of riper years, while void of all concern,
 Of that sure state, themselves with them to dwell,— 35
 But rest; that may, or is the chiefest cause
 Excites the fear: the sight of skulls alarms;
 But whom? The sinner mostly, not the just.
 Should some pale messenger, from the grave's regions,
 Accost us in our bed at midnight hour, 40
 As Brutus was accosted, telling him
 Prepare, to meet him in a vision's state,
 The boldest heart in nature would be shock'd;
 Even in grace might feel himself alarm'd.
 But when a voice, when that awak'ning sound,— 45
 The prophet's language oft repeated, cried,
 "Oh Israel! Prepare to meet thy God!
 How little was it minded? Voica of man
 They fear'd not, though God's witness'd agent. Oft
 Do we mistake the good, and wisdom fix 50
 On fables: Brutus that way warn'd, might call
 Brutus alone, or those in ghosts believing:
 And now the tale of Brutus handed down,
 Dwells only with the ghost-believers, (those who build
 Their faith on dreams and chat their nonsense round 55

A winter's fire,) that with the prophet's voice,
 That heavenly warning most receiv'd and given,
 Has no compare. Brace up thy weakness, man,
 Repel imagination's fears; trust thou
 In thy Redeemer, fear thy God; fear him 60
 Who pass'd his people through the sea, and made
 His servant Moses tremble at the bush;
 Confirming he was God by many signs,
 And gave him power, king Pharaoh's pride to conquer;
 A surer rock to build our hopes upon, 65
 Than on the bugbears of the dreaming few:
 Fear him who can subdue your enemies,
 Dread his displeasure, seek his fav'ring grace,
 And ev'ry fear besides, will lose its dreaded sting.
 We're told, that visions may appear, on some 70
 High message bent, to serve mankind;
 But idle tales, on superstition built,
 In stable reason's ear no credit gain.
 Some men exist, who make romantic tales
 Their greatest wisdom, tales fram'd on the dead, 75
 Some on the living: ignorance and wonders
 Go hand in hand! The learn'd philosopher,
 In penetrating nature's works, believe
 No further than examples teach; effects,
 Which have their causes visible or may 80
 Be trac'd. 'Twas in the dead of night, when nature
 Lay shrouded in her dark pavilion, all
 Was still, that musing thoughts employ'd Eliphaz
 From taking sleep: while in this state, a being,
 From the invisible, eternal world, 85
 Before him pass'd: astonishment struck him
 With trembling, while the vision's gestures seem'd
 To make a pause, as if to bid Eliphaz,
 Prepare attentively, his high behest
 To hear; then spoke, whose words these lines explain; 90
 "Can man be just before the mighty God?
 "Can he corrupted in God's sight be pure?
 "Can incorruption with corruption join?"
 Corruption is our being not our aim
 And end: if beings angelic not presume, 95

Before God's uncreated purity,
 To justify themselves, can man attempt,
 Inferior man, a clod of clay, at first
 Beneath the angels made, then fell from that,
 To mix with hell's degraded race pronounc'd 100
 Corrupted, dying daily from his birth?
 Hark, to that doleful voice, that screech owl, hark;
 With starts, and hideous screams, disturbs the night:
 Sometimes in frantic moods she swells her voice;
 Sometimes in softer accents, utt'ring woes 105
 Disconsolate; the vocal grove she shuns;
 The blooming gardens, flow'ry meads, and light's
 Gay face, seem not her cheering elements;
 Grim shades, deserted ruins, walls o'ergrown
 With ivy, are her fav'rite haunts: within 110
 Some dang'rous precipice, perhaps she dwells,
 Where none dare venture to frequent her home:
 The sprightly morn, that rouses most to joy,
 Has small effect upon this bird, and all
 Her haunts: much like the melancholy man, 115
 The studious, and the griev'd, who shun the world,—
 The face of cheerfulness, and seek retreats,
 As gloomy as their minds. The wicked hearts
 Just so, no consolation find with good;
 But shun societies of heaven-born bliss, 120
 Whose happy peace exaggerates their woe,
 And envy too, when sin is deep entrench'd.
 How can the tongue, prophane and vile, long us'd
 To arms, in Satan's banner train'd, hear good?
 A worthless opposite to him it seems, 125
 Which brings no present gains like hell's rewards.
 How can the lips with slander canker'd, hear
 Praises bestow'd on heavenly works, or works
 Of earth, when earthly fame gives them no share?
 Where would the beauty, or the proud grandee— 130
 The phantoms of an hour, that live on spoils,—
 On imperfection build, find happiness,
 Find flatterers—corruption's offsprings, sin's
 Born imps, among the bless'd of heaven or earth,
 Whose happiness is in themselves, whose peace 135

The hypocrite cannot destroy nor give ?
 The envious mind, with envy deeper rooted
 Would shun those virtues, as this bird shuns day,
 That seeks a region suiting to her thoughts.
 Bless'd good, thou scourge to evil ! Further still. 140
 A scourge, when evil can't enjoy the good !
 The ravens, should they over houses croak,
 Some say, are signs foreboding death ; believ'd
 More firmly than the voice of God believ'd,
 Of wicked Ahab's fall : perverseness strange ! 145
 If God can make a prophet of a bird,
 Who doubts that heavenly worth in righteous man !
 Thou blind believer, faith in nonsense plac'd !
 Man ever in extremes ! In wild pursuits !
 Extremes of his inventing too : for nought 150
 But his, the child of his own brain will please,
 Must be his guide, instructor ; proudly would
 For all mankind, and for himself prescribe ;
 Would be himself a God ! High thron'd would sit.
 And give out laws, his finger would not touch ! 155
 Presages real, or more substantial signs,
 Of our approaching end, unnotic'd seem :
 What are these glooms incumbent, which o'erwhelm
 The world ? A pall, or faint similitude
 Of nature's funeral ! An image faint, 160
 Of all things changing into ancient night !
 The bed of slumber, and the silent world,
 Declare of nature ending, and our end
 In nature's life ! What meant that minute bell,
 That toll'd, erewhile, its solemn, slow-pac'd notes ? 165
 It brought a message to surviving man,
 And thus the tidings run ; prepare thyself,
 Behold thy neighbour's fall, death is at hand ;
 The lev'ler of your race is on his way,
 And hasty strides is making to your homes ; 170
 His paths are strew'd with heaps of slain ; ere now,
 His javlin level'd one of you with dust :
 And as the flying ball, that chance seems to direct,
 The javlin flies around, and picks you out.
 The charnel-house, and dead's repository. 175

Are written records daily in our sight,—
 Memorials true, of what is gone, and is
 To come; a multitude of signs forebode,
 Beyond the screech-owl, or the raven's prate:
 Behold in cities populous, death's sway,— 180
 Its victory over mortal life; or pass
 It do we unconcern'd, and Satan's world
 Lulls us to sleep? What else our thoughts can bury;
 Behold the funerals you daily pass,
 The mourners' crape and sable dress, the walls 185
 With hatchments linn'd; in conversation hear,
 Who's given over by the physic art;
 Then read the news, and there you may be told,
 Of thousands slain in war. The roads of death,
 To his grim cave are various; various are, 190
 The ages too, that travel them; the old,
 The young, the cripple, and the strong; a throng
 Promiscuous on death's roads are found, all leaving
 The glorious light of day, for the dark tomb!
 A dreadful thought to nature's lively race,— 195
 The ath'ist and the worldly upstart here,
 To quit the best of nature's vigorous days.
 The miser, and the prodigal, the wit
 And wit's defyer, the student and the prater,
 The hypbocrite and blunt affronter, and he 200
 Whose better sense will draw the line between;
 Must all give up their idols here, and death
 More wise than either, draws a lev'ler line!
 Death's monitors crowd ev'ry place; the sound
 Of fame, is near related to the sound, 205
 That tolls you to the dust: proud fame oft feeds
 On other's spoils, the grave, no more! Oftimes
 Diverting scenes when pleasures agitate,
 Point at death's nearest roads, although from some,
 The finger lies conceal'd! Our houses' tops, 210
 With statues of the martyrs crown'd; the bust
 Within, of some good man who liv'd; the picture,
 Well imitating some assassin's hand;
 Are they not all the imagery of death?
 They solemnly recognise others' fate; 215

And speakingly, remind us of our own :
 What are they less than trophies of the tomb !
 I see, I hear, I feel their solemn truths ;
 Death has announc'd them in my feeble frame :
 The structure's waste foretels its nat'ral ruin : 220
 What are the pains distorting ev'ry limb ?
 What, every disease that has my health
 Assaulted ? What the languors, weariness,
 That each revolving day brings forth, but death,
 In nature, undermining secretly, 225
 Like some sly pioneer, to blow a fort ?
 Shall we, amidst so many notices,
 Go thoughtless on, and unconcern'd ? Can none
 Of these prognostics, which, as oracles,
 Are sure, awaken our attention close ; 230
 They ought, and circumspection closely too.
 'Tis written, Noah being warn'd by God,
 He, God's commands religiously obey'd ;—
 Prepar'd an ark to swim upon the world,
 And enter'd into't, with a steadfast hope, 235
 Of his protection ; whether in the deep
 O'erwhelm'd, or in the flesh preserv'd, alike
 To his sure faith, in his Creator plac'd !
 By such a cloud of witnesses surrounded,
 What else make up our thoughts, but good, and ill, 240
 And how the ill to shun, to live in peace,
 And happy die, to meet a peaceful God !
 Sometimes I in my evening's walk have heard,
 "The wakeful bird
 "Sing darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid, 245
 "Tune her nocturnal note."
 How different is that melodious bird,
 From this rude screecher in her voice ? She ran
 Through notes of harmony, and shew herself
 Significant, among the feather'd throng ; 250
 Sometimes she swell'd a noble note, the tone
 So bold, and with such energy struck out,
 A serenade, tun'd to the lover's ear,
 Has not more charms ; so languishing the strains,
 The warbler melts into a tenderness ; 255

Her mournful notes, steal softly through the shades,
 And faintly touch your ear; they die along,
 And soften through the long reach'd vale; silence,
 And mournful night, applaud her trilling tale!
 A pleasing change is this from busy life, 260
 To all who see, and read God's wondrous works;
 To all who scan creation, and for wisdom search,
 And worship more, the more it is reveal'd!
 This coy, and modest minstrel, entertains
 The lovers of retirement, not those beings, 265
 Who see no further than their threshold's edge,
 Mere slaves to nature's filthy lust, to gorge,
 Carouse, and act a manly ape, and shine
 Among the ranting clubs, as social brutes,
 Neither in nature wise, nor yet in grace! 270
 Those have no pleasure in this solitude,
 Which leads to serious wisdom; and oftimes
 That wisdom leads to serious grace,—that joy
 Establish'd in the interest of Christ.
 Are we charm'd with the nightingale's smooth note, 275
 'And wish to hear it oft'ner? Let us seek
 A heart renew'd, and will resign'd, a love
 To do what's right, shoot folly as it flies,
 And virtuous actions seek to save alive:
 Then will our passions be so smoothly tun'd, 280
 That we shall never want a melody,
 More charming than Philomel's soothing song.
 As diff'rent as the voices of those birds,
 Are human follies; at this moment are,
 Some squandering wealth, and what's more precious, time,
 On which their everlasting all depends; 286
 Squand'ring in wanton prodigality
 That worth inestimable; not content
 With recreation's necessary time,
 But lavish nights away in gaming vice, 290
 That ruins here, and damns hereafter too;
 Their minds suspended in anxieties,
 Between the fierce extremes of hope and fear,
 While the next throw of the destructive dice,
 Determines them uplifted prodigals, 295

Or downcast greatness, tumbld into wisdom,
 Dear bought, excepting that true wisdom grace!
 Disorder now in various shapes awake:
 Some from the lap of plenty snatch'd, and some
 From blooming health, now to their beds confin'd; 300
 Conflicting with diseases, possibly,
 Their past misconduct bred, when luxury,
 And midnight gambols, fir'd the blood, and sown
 The seeds of what they suffer: dreadful change
 From nature's gayest shows, they feel; constrain'd, 305
 Perhaps, to plunge into the endless world,
 In unprepar'd condition, or in pain
 A little longer left, to meditate
 The dreadful follies of a misspent life,
 And make more bitter, death's approaching sting. 310
 Oh death's approach! Made visible by pains,
 And senses sensible to know those pains;
 To know all human arts have no effect;
 To see the brink of that eternal gulf,
 And know from conscience dreadful is the fall! 315
 Perhaps a tender mother now distress'd,
 Hangs o'er her dying son in floods of tears;
 Depriv'd of all her children long ago,
 Excepting this her joy, and chief support:
 In vain she dries to ease his griefs; in vain 320
 Attempts her tender offices of love:
 He faints; he sinks, he bows his head in death!
 O fatal pang! It robs at once the soul
 Unwilling, and a mother of her child!
 Her comfort, ease, her earthly all is gone! 325
 Oh thou bless'd hope! Thou child of virtue! Death,
 That envious, hellish fiend, cannot thee touch.
 While some, from death; long for reprieves, some meet
 Death calmly; some invite his stroke: a cloud
 Of woes upon them cent'ring, gladly would 330
 Even with the grave compound; all after ills
 The present conquers,—none can with them vie.
 And some, quite weary of the world, through ills
 Of their own seeking, and misfortune's scourge,
 Learn'd wisdom; learn'd to value righteousness, 335

And know this life is but a cheat, a farce
 Of fables languishing from checks of pride,
 If from diseases free, or less diseas'd.
 The seeds of death are sown with life; they grow
 Like weeds in garden soil with various shapes; 340
 Some spring forth in external feelings, some
 Internal; some in passions, some in thought's
 From fancy's fears; with others change the scene
 To high conceit, corruption still the root;
 And all our food is with that poison-mixt, 345
 And all excess of nourishment much more.
 And now the pains distort their limbs, the sweat
 Bedews their flesh, and eyeballs wildly roll;
 And what is worse, despair, that hopeless fiend,
 Perhaps triumphant reigns.—Despair! Thou child 350
 Of hell! Thou leader of the troubl'd mind!
 Of all the evils bred from sin, thou art
 The worst; of all diseases from the fall,
 Thou art the greatest; mortal punishment
 Alone, is not thy wicked errand; thou, 355
 First filst the mind with high, and false conceits;
 With envy's darts, at war with all mankind;
 With deadly hate to all who shine or thrive;
 And contradiction is another foe:
 All love for God, or man is fled: the fiend, 360
 That like a vapour crept into the snake,
 Creeps into man, still deeper in him creeps,
 Dethrones his good, then reason, and completes,
 His ruin lastly, through some wilful act,—
 Through suicide oft times! What stings such feels 365
 From various jealousies! His mind is hell!
 The smarts, the lashes, and resenting scorn,
 Which haunt his thoughts, though he's with jewels crown'd,
 Would move the pity of a righteous slave!
 Could but the votaries of mirth, whose lives 370
 Are merriments and whimses, once bestow,
 A searching thought into the cause of woes,
 And meditate its momentary worth;
 It might teach them, to less esteem those sweets,
 In trench'd amidst so many ragged thorns! 375

It might teach them the value of their time,
 And not in giddy ramble spend such worth;
 But to aspire with a determin'd aim,
 After more happy movements in our reach.
 Can there be circumstances, which a man,
 Would deprecate more earnestly, than these
 Afflicting scenes? And yet astonishing,
 So many seek their causes,—launching out
 Into extravagance,—into the depths
 Of riot, sacrificing real delights, to lusts,
 The pleasures of an hour; destroying health,
 And children's welfare over bowls of poison.
 Ye slaves to sensuality! How far
 Am I from envying your luxury,
 Your sickening delights: it rather moves
 My pity! Little are you sensible,
 That while indulgence showers roses down,
 And luxury diffuses odours round,
 They scatter poisons, shed unheeded ills,
 And more, perhaps, than raging fevers kill:
 Since death is in the glutton's dish and taste,
 And worse than poniards in the jilt's embrace;
 And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
 Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll;
 Oh may it be man's ever wisest guard,
 To shun this pestilence,—those sweets reward!

CHAPTER IV.

CONTENTS.

The Glow-worm. Jack with the lantern. Comets,
 imagined to be forerunners of judgments; Licentiousness
 abounding in a nation, a much more formidable omen.
 The Distemper among the cattle. Northern lights; the
 panic they occasion. The general Conflagration. The
 Moon rising; brightens as she advances: such should be
 our moral conduct. Moon opens a majestic scene; how
 worthy our admirations. Moon useful to our globe.
 Moon shines with derivative light: Christians receive a
 more valuable light from their Saviour: Moon always

varying: the things of this world liable to vicissitudes.
Our own righteousness unequal and imperfect; our Redeemer's complete,—always the same.

And now the glowworms light their little lamps;
They, through the sun's retreat, obtain a leave
To play a feeble beam, a glimmer faint,
No more than render them perceivable;
Too weak to dissipate the shades of night, 5
Or make amends for any loss of day;
Their fire will not reward the traveller,
Should he be dropping wet, or shivering cold;
Or show his way lost in the darkest night:
From that, in nature's chain, lays wide their worth. 10
Go, disappointed thou, in that, as well
As other earthly toys; mere shadows all;
That sov'reign light, that's from the cross diffus'd
Receive; that's thy benighted mind's relief,
Thy light, and not the glowworm's light, to light 15
Thy paths. Go, dwell upon thy boasted sense,
Find some new way, discard the sacred word,
Resign thyself to thy erroneous reason,
And have recourse to thy invented dreams,—
Thy righteousness the works of thy conceit, 20
Thou'lt sow the wind, and reap a storm; thou wilt
Benighted be, more dark than glowworms light!
The pleasures of the world, which we so doat
Upon, and reason, we so idolize,
Are as delusive as the sulph'rous vapour, 25
That's kind'ld by a motion to a flame,
Deceiving trav'lers with mistaken lights,—
Lights took for lanthorns held by human hands!
Not long ago, a star came home to view,
Whose fiery train trail'd a tremendous length: 30
This comet steer'd its rout, near many worlds,
No doubt, and their inhabitants alarm'd,
And meditated on him as our own:
Some view'd this stranger with portentous fears,
As threat'ning wrath against a guilty world,— 35

Perhaps the fate of nations—war's dire rage!
 Appearances of those far travellers,
 Have influence no more upon this earth,
 Than other bodies roving closer home ;
 They have their roads, and uses too, in this 40
 Machine of wondrous works, more perfect far,
 Than the conjunctive parts in men's machines;
 And order, rather than disorder bring:
 If some slight ills they scatter here or there,
 A stronger good, perhaps, they spread elsewhere; 45
 An atom, nor a globe, can be possess'd
 With ev'ry worth. Then God adore, who rolls
 Those orbs impartially for good to all;
 From sun to sun, for aught we know, and link
 The systems in one chain: not as some say, 50
 That fate or chance directs their course, and that
 There'll be a time, they'll burn this earth: ere that
 Takes place, he'll fly his scorching beams, as now
 She flies by heat's repulsion, round the sun,
 And on her axle. Happy would man be, 55
 Were there no worse foreboding signs than comets:
 That monster vice, which ev'ry day brings forth,
 Prognosticates a ruin deadlier:
 When sabbaths are notoriously prophan'd;
 God's holy name abus'd, and call'd upon 60
 For vilest ends; religion from the thoughts
 Expung'd, condemn'd as idle mockery,
 Beneath the prodigal's uplifted heart,—
 Beneath gay nature's haughty boast; are worse
 Foreboding signs; and greater mischiefs breed, 65
 Than comets in the universal frame,
 That are as useful in their spheres, as suns.
 Oh thou! who taint'st the air with blasphemy!
 Thou breath'st, and utterest sin doubly refin'd!
 Thou sit'st in scorers' chair; with high flown pride, 70
 And wouldst arraign almost thy very God!
 Thou fool of sport to nature's learned few,
 But pitied by the wiser learn'd in grace!
 And you, who wear profession's garb, who clothe
 Yourselves with forms, deceiving shows for praise, 75

And gains by following the wealthiest side,
 Are signs of worse disorder than the comet's whirl!
 Phenonima not fanciful, but real
 Foreboders of eternal misery!
 Will not a righteous God, whose laws are traffic'd, 80
 And broken down, cut off such wicked race,
 Distinctly from the righteous few? Can they,
 For ever revel on their treach'rous spoils, and bliss
 Enjoy, superior to the righteous soul?
 If even fate, or chance, dominion hold, that law 85
 Would its necessity discountenance.
 Could but our kingdom's people this consider,
 Not place delights too much on worldly shows;
 Then methods indirect would be less follow'd
 To gain them. God is good, rebellion's sword 90
 He's sheath'd, and we've forsook not evil ways;
 We're not renew'd, devoted not to right;
 Therefore another judgment on us falls:
 Our cattle seiz'd with murrain, numbers die!
 No luxuries have vitiated their blood! 95
 The first brew'd stream their drink, the lowly herb
 Their food; no care disturbs their sleep, nor pride
 Inflames their breasts; whence then is this distress
 Upon us, prudence can't prevent? It is,
 The hand divine, still scourging us for sin! 100
 Taught by these glaring signs of disobedience,
 May we endeavour to remove what's wrong,
 Before his wrath severe upon us comes:
 O! turn, may we, from our ungodliness,
 Before it proves an endless misery! 105
 And now the northern lights appear,—behold
 The flaming sky! Another sign believ'd,
 Of some impending plague: they quickly join
 Their blazing powers; the radiant streams,
 Like legions rushing into battle, form 110
 An order, beautiful and wise; the air
 Seems all conflicting fire. Within short time
 They from each other start, as if to wheel,
 Or make retreat, or new advantage gain;
 Then seem quiescent, then manœuvres new 115

Display ; then with an aspect ludicrous,
 Yet awful, represent vagaries strange ;
 Next like artillery at leeward distance,
 They send to us the flash, but not the noise ;
 Next then they meet, like ribs of concave domes, 129
 In architecture's order to a crown ;
 And crown our paths, for many miles extent ;
 Much like some rainbow, though far off they seem,
 Yet we are in their basis at the time.
 The villagers gaze at the spectacle, 125
 With wonder, and with horror: various are
 The wild opinions, on this heavenly sight ;
 A panic seizes some, and some more wise
 Pretending, read in them a thousand fates ;
 Then some see hideous shapes, see armies mix 130
 In fierce encounter, fields swimming in blood ;
 Others foresee states overthrown, and kings
 Subdued by kings, or from their evil hearts,
 More justly prophesied, would wish it so ;
 And some will have the day of doom is nigh, 135
 And end of all things come ;—see see, say they,
 The stars are looking wan :—are not these signs,
 Of Christ appearing in the clouds? Prepare
 Us, Jesus, cry some more, the angel's trump,
 And resurrection's awful day is near! 140
 If this small sign in nature's works alarms,
 What must that day, in which this very earth,
 The elements, and all terrestrial things,
 Will pass away with dreadful burning? He,
 Who pour'd his flood upon the earth, will then 145
 The last of prophecies fulfil ; unlock
 His magazine of justice, stor'd by fate
 Divine, to single out the virtuous few
 From the ungodly ; nothing shall withstand
 Its rage ; proud cities with their lofty spires, 150
 The sumptuous palaces, the council halls
 Where wondrous laws and wisdom were devis'd,
 Impregnable defences, all the works
 Of art long fam'd, in adamant or ice,
 In deeds recorded, or in verbal sounds— 155

The pride of oratory, shall pass away
 From here, leave not a single faculty
 To think on what existed : which, throughout
 Infinity, that spoil of all existence,
 Necessity forbids. The righteous few, 148
 Supported by their strength, what they in time
 Had sought, will undismay'd the burning earth
 Behold ; their faith have struck so deep a root,
 The sacrifice of worlds will not destroy !
 And now the moon, much shorn of her full face 153
 Appears ; another mystery to many,
 To know from what her changes are deriv'd ;
 Sole majesty of night she comes to light
 The trav'ler's paths ; nor misses once her office,
 While any good she can administer : 170
 A faithful servant, though now gloomy veil'd,
 Or at her first appearing rather so :
 But more familiar getting, throwing off
 Her cloudy countenance, she, us inspires
 With cheerfulness, as her own face is cheerful : 175
 Improving as she rises in the world,
 In affability and charity,
 Bestowing upon us what superior powers
 Bestow'd on her, is to the climbing great
 A meek example ! Thou, bright queen of night ! 180
 Thou lamp improving ! May it be my pride
 To imitate thee ; May it be my pride
 To try, fix all my thoughts upon't ! In that
 Our will is free ; more voluntary free,
 Then momentary passions to subdue : 185
 May ev'ry sordid want decay, as clouds
 Before thy face, till sin's deceiving train
 Dominion hold no more : then I may shine,
 In my Redeemer's kingdom, when thy orb,
 May lose that present splendour thou enjoy'st. 190
 The day's bright objects,—entertaining sights,
 Are all eclips'd in darkness, till the moon
 Tells us, creation is not lost ; tells us
 She sees the sun, and from him light receives
 To rule the night : the stars above his aid, 195

Shine in themselves; assisting us with light,
 Each other aiding where creation glows.
 And now the moon is risen, and her beams
 Collected, I see nature's works unveil'd,—
 The hedge-rows, and the flocks recumbent; see 200
 The bounteous earth's fertility, not in
 The overblaze—the fountain force of day,
 But shaded, and array'd in softer charms.
 How beautifully wise she takes her stand,
 Leaving this earth between her and the sun; 205
 There takes his light, and then reflects it on
 The night-side of our globe, No cloud now reigns
 To check the sight, and stars are seen unnumber'd.
 Thou moon, thou orb superior to our view
 (Thy neighbouring abode creates thee such,) 210
 Thou wheel'st round this earth thy monthly course,
 More steady than perpetual motions' work,
 When madmen, or vain wonder-workers frame them,
 Pouring thy lustre on the mountains' tops,
 On steeples, and the ocean, which becomes 215
 Like liquid glass; the forest wide receives
 Thy pallid beams, and opens to the sight
 A prospect sight can't half command; a scene
 In nature's picture; a real moonshine landscape;
 To imitate, the painter's art may try. 220
 Performances of human skill, how soon
 Are they admir'd! A landscape by a hand
 That's fam'd; a statue beautifully shap'd,
 And breathing life almost, or would breathe life,
 If pride of man knew how that work to do; 225
 These imitations we behold, yea praise,
 Extol the artist even to a God; high fam'd
 He is, his name through ages roll, while God,
 Or our Redeemer's works, are scarcely nam'd;
 Nam'd scarcely but in haughty pride, to aid 230
 By blasphemy his worldly ends, or some
 Presumptuous deed in nature's boast. Shall we
 Be wholly charm'd with our peculiar skill,
 And not give God a praise? Thou thoughtless man,
 With upcast eyes on Ranelagh's grand dome, 235

Come join with me, and view this concave arch,—
 A dome stupendous, thy Creator's works;
 In this behold a wondrous architect,—
 In this his frame of wondrous worlds; then trace
 From this first cause of all, the causes down 240
 To thy proud brain; go further on, move down
 To beavers, spiders, bees, or ants, by those
 Thou'lt find in projects thou'rt outdone: boast not
 Of thy peculiar wisdom, rather thank
 Thy God who gave it thee: know, lowliness 245
 Is wisdom! And thy greatest wisdom here!
 Who can this shining firmament behold,
 In whose alcove ten thousand worlds exist,
 With irreligious looks? none can but minds
 Low taught, and geniuses to downward look, 250
 Find pins, scrape dung, and for a farthing quar'l
 With nearest friends: yet such have got their laws
 Prescrib'd: kind providence, for ever wise,
 Sets up the public teacher, teaching those,
 Whose instinct in themselves is weak to teach,— 255
 Whose reason in themselves becomes no guide.
 Thou moon, thou world, thou bright inhabitant
 Of the ethereal space, and on this earth
 Attend'st; and like a servant from his master
 Receiv'st thy wages due; for aught we know, 260
 A tribute greater than thy influence
 Upon our tides,—a service earth receives
 From thee; reciprocal the gifts: if thou
 Goest round this earthly ball from done to done,
 Thou goest not round for naught. Thou welcome moon,
 Thou plat'st with silver, black and sullen night, 265
 Enabling us to tread the evening's cool,
 The dewy meads, and breathe delicious smells
 From garden flowers, and nature's wholesome weeds;
 Of wholesome use when sultry heats in day 270
 Fatigue and weaken the robustest frame.
 The shepherd too, that tends his fleecy charge,
 Or late consigns them to their hurd'd cots,
 Should thank thy heavenly lamp;—or God more justly,
 Who plac'd thee there so bright. The mariners, 275

In midnight storms, would wish to see thy face;
 Whose light would from destruction many save;
 Their skill, through thy bright face; a dang'rous rock
 Might shun; or on it dash'd; might see to climb
 The rugged clift, and shun the tossing bellows; 286
 Or shun the shore should reck'nings' road be lost,
 That noble art of navigation miss'd:
 For these and other useful purposes,
 The wise Creator hung thy lamp near by!
 Who would not such a servant wages give? 287
 Full paid, no doubt, by earth's resplendent beams?
 The faithfulest of those who on us wait;
 Are sometimes tardy in their offices;
 But thou, attendant moon; celestial guide,
 Art constant in thy place, though erring seem'st; 288
 So deviously performing monthly rounds,
 As if to lead thy followers a dance,
 Who dare to watch thy movements round this ball:
 Yet all thy subtle roads are long found out,
 And in them when thou shouldst be ever found: 289
 Sometimes in latitude far south thou'rt found,
 Sometimes in north; sometimes an evening guide,
 Sometimes a morning; this, more wonderful,
 Thou rul'st the whole night through with thy full lamp,
 And giv'st to us a secondary day. 290
 How evident is wisdom here display'd,
 Or God's benevolence more wisely call'd,
 For man's accommodation? Man! That sees
 Nor values half the good before him sat
 The Psalmist justly celebrated God, 295
 When he his wondrous works contemplated;
 He saw their order, felt divinely,—felt
 That order in his bosom, and thus said;
 "He form'd the moon and stars to rule the night;
 "The goodness of his mercy never ends!" 296
 The moon shines not from any quality
 Within herself; the sun's fierce blaze creates
 Her silver face; a proof of which, the earth,
 When in conjunction with her cuts it off
 The sun, of light, and heat, and vigour, is: 297

The fountain, prime of sublunary things:
 The morning star's opaquous horn he guilds,
 And planets' roads with light he strews : but man
 Receives another light,—a light within
 From God: he is the fountain of the whole : 320
 We see the path in Christ's unspotted life,—
 In his victorious conquest o'er the grave.
 If we offend, and seven times a day
 Should fall, Christ will support our tott'ring steps ;
 He is our strength and peace ; if we're deprav'd, 325
 And our best deeds unworthy, God, through him
 Forgives us ; in ourselves we're nothing, Christ
 Makes up our all : with delegated rays
 And borrow'd light we shine. Our God is wise,
 And saw our wants, and has a fountain plac'd, 330
 For our support, within our reach. May we
 Be ever sensible, to use, receive,
 Imbibe his gifts aright ; indulging never
 An unbelief, that might us backward slide :
 Rebelling oft against his just decrees, 335
 Might strike a gulf impassable between us,
 To feel, no more, his influencing spirit !
 The moon, incessantly is changing place,
 And changing figure ; sometime we behold
 Her full,—behold the part the sun beholds ; 340
 Then in her orbit round she moves, till half
 Of her full face is only seen ; so on,
 She dwindles into nothing, to our sight.
 Then moving still in her created road,
 Throwing the earth from her conjunctive line, 345
 She soon lights up her other edge, and grows
 Her left hand side, as she decreas'd her right.
 When done, she rises with the sun, a blank
 Unlighted globe ; for useless then her light
 Would be, had she got all her brightest charms. 350
 Then growing slowly, lights the western sky,
 And gives to us an evening's repast ;
 And as she grows in light, she grows in use,
 Till her full orb, the midnight darkness rules.
 Another worth peculiar is in she ; 355

When Sol is on the tropic north, she's south ;
 That in his absence she might give her aid.
 Oh thou, Creator wise ! Who reads thy works
 Must thee adore ! Such changes made for use !
 For use in nature's worldly life, no more ! 360
 The moon is waxing, waning, in one stay
 Continues not ; and so are all the worths
 Of sublunary things : yet we must thank
 Our God for this existence, and the sphere
 He's plac'd us in, whatever is the sphere ! 365
 Think not true comfort here, in any state
 Thou'lt find,—that comfort thy proud heart desires,—
 Thy greedy aim to all terrestrial things :
 Thou think'st their worths will bring thee new delights :
 Rest thou on providence, she knows the best 370
 What thou canst bear : thy greedy aim supplied,
 Might be thy bane instead of joy ; thy bane
 In worldly happiness,—that joy thou seek'st !
 Prosperity some tempers badly bear ;
 It mounts the spirits from their usual seat, 375
 And drives the faculties oft into madness.
 Seek'st thou a baubl'd name ! In seeking it,
 Thou'lt meet with many rugged paths ! If found,
 'Tis found in pieces, broken by envious hands !
 And should those changes bring thee not to grace, 380
 An everlasting ruin might ensue !
 How soon and often echoes of renown
 In silence sleep ? Or quickly change their sounds
 Into the clamours of vile obloquy ?
 The tongues that cry hosannah, quickly cry, 385
 Away with him, we have no king but Cesar !
 Have not earth's greatest worths their treachery
 Confess'd ? Her mounts of gold, like melting snow,
 Have slyly took their worldly flight ; Or worse ;
 Like some imprison'd bird, escap'd at once ? 390
 And often leave us, in our aged years ;
 Have we not known the bridegroom's closet made,
 An antechamber leading to the tomb ?
 And heard that voice pronouncing them one flesh,
 This seperation quickly to pronounce, 395

— "Commit her body to the ground?"
 Of friends, or health, the nearest ties of love,
 How soon were robb'd? How soon a darling child
 May in our arms expire? Have we not seen
 A flock of gay plum'd birds, perching on trees? 400
 Have not the lovely visitants charm'd both
 Our ears and eyes? But we could not ensure
 Them there, one moment; free from our command,
 They mount the skies, and in an instant gone!
 Would we our joys fix on their painted wings, 405
 To lose them by their flight? Fix them, vain man,
 On painted baubles here, they're fixt on winds,
 And thou'lt no better do! Be not o'er charin'd
 With earthly toys; its gains despise, above
 What's requisite to make an honest man. 410
 Job heap'd up gold as dust; it came to him
 Unsought; yet triumph'd not in arrogance:
 The learn'd, and aged to him listen'd; rogues
 Too, while prosperity maintain'd his household:
 To cheer his aged moments he was bless'd 415
 With children dutiful; nothing withheld
 To tempt his virtue's overthrow: when lo!
 These golden baits were suddenly exchange'd,
 For all their opposite extremities:
 Disasters one by one, the common train 420
 Of nature's ills, fell at this good man's doors,
 And robb'd his all but grace! His stedfast grace
 And faith, the thief could not get at! You see,
 The man of wealth, is in an hour reduc'd:
 He who was cloth'd in nature's gayest pomp, 425
 Is now reduc'd to join the dunghill's filth!
 He who was great, and seemingly esteem'd,
 Is now no longer follow'd and caress'd;
 But mock'd, derided, charg'd with wicked crimes!
 Nor need we for example trace records, 430
 The wheel of fortune daily whirls about;
 To day the wise triumph, to morrow fools,
 When earthly power, and riches are transplanted,
 Amidst such fluctuating scenes, and wild
 Uncertainties, how wretched is the man, 435

Who has no other anchorage of rest!
 May thy more stedfast love, O God, be mine!
 And future glory my reversion'd right,
 By grace's deed, then shall my happiness
 Outshine the moon's full face, that can't command 440
 One moment to that stay. Methinks the moon,
 In her inconstancy, displays an emblem,
 Not only in our worldly changing scenes,
 But likewise in our heavenly changing thoughts:
 In some short intervals, we righteousness
 Pursue; then sin reviving leads us captive;
 Again releas'd by heaven's join'd aid we stand;
 But soon some ruffling accident we find,
 Its ills creep in, and sully our composure;
 Then under virtue's reign once more replac'd, 450
 Drove there by scourges, tast's of sin's rewards,
 We may more eas'ly then, our happy state
 Detain, How easily is purity
 Snatch'd from a mortal breast, if purity
 It ever can obtain? Mortality, 455
 And imperfection hand in hand move on;
 And heaven's grace can only bias them!
 Are there not errors in our brightest works;
 Something impure in all we are,—to be
 Repented of in all we do? With what 460
 Adoring thankfulness, should man submit
 To his incarnate God? Whose gifts divine
 Of righteousness, no mortal works can gain!
 Thou moon, resplendent globe, again I'll speak
 Of thee; this earth much larger than thyself, 465
 The moment thou show'st us thy greatest light,
 Unkindly hides the sun from thy bright face,
 And swallows thee in her extensive shadow.
 In deep eclipse, what multitudes behold
 Thy mournful change? The learn'd astronomer 470
 Looks on, to prove his calculations just;
 The cunning fool in ignorance looks on,
 And dares not ask the cause; too proud to learn,—
 Allow superior wisdom, and his own
 Deficiencies: so shuts up wisdom's door. 475

Against himself. Others with wonder gaze;
 Religiously inclin'd, will cry to God,
 This is thy mighty work the wicked soul
 To fright, and bring him to repentance. He,
 Who scarcely saw one charm in her full face, 480
 Now gazes on, contemplates her disgrace;
 While she was well, and her bright gifts sent down,
 She was unnotic'd by the worldly clown;
 Though she would help him bring his sheaves to mow,
 Yet scarcely on her would one look bestow; 485
 But on the dross that she would help him get,
 His looks, his thoughts, his worship, all were set:
 Had he but once contemplated her face,
 Deign'd upward look, his thoughts might further trace,
 Through nature's works, and find a path untrod,— 490
 Path new to him, that leads to nature's God!

CHAPTER V.

CONTENTS.

The faults of eminent persons seldom escape observation. Moon reflected by the Ocean; Virtues of persons, in distinguished stations, influential on others. Moon actuates the sea. The everlasting joys of heaven attract and refine the affections. Prayer, a reasonable service; Praise, a delightful duty; with devout Reflections proper for the night.



THOU moon, now like some minister disgrac'd,
 Art watch'd with closeat scrutiny; thy fate,
 Like his, in every company is scann'd.
 Is it not thus, with those of eminence,
 In their respective spheres, that kings who rule, 5
 Or all in power, one accident or slip,
 Brings on their backs a thousand tongues? On those
 Especially who have the gospel's charge,—
 Their ways are watch'd, and more than men expected!
 Mild charity is fled, conceit usurps 10
 Her throne; seen where? On thrones proud hablers build,
 To gain them names, gain int'rest to gain gold,

Gain ev'ry worldly ease they cry against,
 As motes, inhabiting their neighbours' eyes;
 And grace is call'd upon to mother all. 15
 Those sheep cloth'd evils, call aloud to priests,
 And ev'ry public teacher teaching good,
 Their paths to ponder, govern well their ways!
 Those who move in inferior life, oft more
 Offend, and yet less notice took of them: 20
 But should wise caution render some as Gods,
 Proud malice still finds prey, devours, and feeds
 Upon preeminence. Show me the man,
 That is not wise, in some conceit of his,
 And you'll show me a novelty ;—I mean 25
 In nature wise: though nature, made by God,
 Yet suffer'd by the fall of man, and sin
 And nature, hand in hand, would ev'ry work
 Dethrone, that fam'd not their ambitious cause.
 A planet may below the horizon 30
 Depress, or star for months lie hid, yet miss'd
 By few ; but thou, poor moon, eclips'd, disgrac'd,
 Like public characters, must bear with tongues.
 When thou, to yonder clift, in solitude
 Lit me, how different was then thy sphere? 35
 There I beheld the clear expanse, and stars
 Unnumber'd faintly glowing; thou then reign'd
 Sole queen. I on the ample sky, did gaze
 Awhile ; then downward look'd, and view'd the sea,
 And heard the waves, which roll'd upon that waste, 40
 Which sea and land seem to be fighting for.
 The silver moon, free from this planet's shadow,
 And aided by a well-purg'd atmosphere,
 With greater lustre shone. The milky way,
 O'erpower'd by the lunar blaze, shone faintly,— 45
 The lunar blaze then reign'd sole majesty.
 Much like her should all men in power shine forth ;
 Shine with examples bright, like brightest orbs ;
 Inferiors then might catch the rays diffusive,
 When grace and moral virtue are the patterns: 50
 Good actions will not worthless lie from all ;
 The families, and friends, of worthy men,

Will catch this good, and further spread it; spread
 The gospel's light, and moral virtue through
 The land, as thou bright moon receiv'st thy light 55
 From the sun's blaze, and hands it down to us.
 Thou queen of night, thou sov'reign of the deep,
 Thou bid'st the fluid realms to wheel about,—
 Advance, retreat; there's nothing standing still;
 Though rocks and mountains seemingly are fixt, 60
 Yet in a whirl: through motion all the fluids are
 Preserv'd, and kept alive, from poisoning
 The world! And is the moon so powerful
 Upon the vast abyss? She is, as far
 As her attracting power commands: this earth 65
 And she each other serve, as friendly neighbours;
 Or rather more as servant and the master;—
 The lesser throughout nature serves the greater.
 Thou moon, above thy argent fields, unseen
 By mortal eye, unheard by mortal ear, 70
 And unexplor'd by nature's mortal thoughts,
 Lies that bright world,—the righteous souls' abode.
 In that desirable retreat, the most
 Exalted honours are conferr'd; the thrones,
 And diadems, of earthly kings, compar'd 75
 With them, are just as wide, as sin conceives
 Of grace: this concave arch, with all its gems,
 Is but the ceiling of the heavenly floor.
 What then are the apartments,—what the palace?
 How bright with glories, and how rich with bliss? 80
 Ye bless'd abodes of endless happiness,
 That far outshine the wealth of nature here,—
 That dross of minerals adorning kings,
 And sumptuous palaces of richest empires,
 Your winning invitations to my heart 85
 Transmit; attract, refine all my affections,
 Withdraw them from the sordid claim of sin;
 Attract them hence,—from nature's changing sphere,
 To feed the realms of purity above,
 As thirsty ground attracts the wat'ry clouds. 90
 And now, my thoughts and steps been exercis'd,
 I'm almost seiz'd with sleep and weariness:

Let me obey thee, nature, in this call.—
 But stay; shall I fall into sweetest sleep,—
 Enjoy God's gifts as thoughtless as the brute? 95
 Is reason given unto man alone,
 And God receive no tribute from it? God
 Who is our life's support, our length of days,
 Our everlasting life? Whoever this
 Considers, and denies a worship, cause, 100
 Or causes then, are level'd with effects.
 The prodigal may laugh at bended knees,
 And shoot a thousand darts of railery:
 But this remember, (and when pinch'd with ills
 He will,) to whom shall he for succour fly? 105
 Is worship childish mockery, a whim,
 A dream? Dreamt of by eight in ten of all
 Mankind, and the proud eight the really wise?
 Yes, saucy wise, while nature lends them wings
 To crow: no other wisdom is their boast! 110
 The humble heart to God, is humble here
 To man: if pride, or our imperious souls,
 Humility can sooth and charm, then how
 Ought we to sooth our Maker,—mind his laws!
 His laws for our advantage fram'd! To live 115
 At large, will add not to our happiness
 Ev'n here; we're form'd for order, and our yoke
 Sits easy in his law! What can be more
 Becoming reason, than to further look,
 And upward turn the thoughts? Look through the path
 Of nature, count ourselves as lords, the lords 121
 Of all created things below? We see
 Degrees of beings here, ourselves the head:
 Then why should we hold it a mystery,
 That beings somewhere we excel: behold 125
 Bright Jupiter, with all her moons, that round
 Her roll; she may, for aught we know, hold beings
 Superior; and that sphere—bright heaven, unseen
 From earth, holds the angelic race. If we
 Obedience from inferiors here expect, 130
 Superiors will expect the same from us:
 That is a ladder we may climb upon:

From love to love, is step to step, to God !
 Can there be sought, through this corrupted life,
 What brings more joys than love to God and man? 135
 Which will remove ingratitude,—that ill
 Inhabitant, that monster from the heart,
 That gnaws the intrails with a never ceasing,
 That kennels there and breed, whose offsprings are
 Ill will, and deadly hate, surrounding you, 140
 And scourging you instead of thanks for birth!
 Can there be harmony to cheer the soul;
 Or unison shall better with't agree,
 Than that pure essence which the soul belongs to,
 When clamour'd by the jangling strains of sin? 145
 What shall check me from worshipping my God?
 A joy so pleasant in my breast conceiv'd?
 The moon in her resplendent sphere, and all
 The starry train, that ride the wheel of night,
 Shall witness if I'm silent night or morn; 150
 If I refrain to kindle in my heart,
 And breathe the incense sweet of righteous praise;
 Praise to that glorious God, who form'd the earth,
 And built you in your spheres; who from his hand,
 Pour'd forth the wat'ry world, and shed the air, 155
 Surrounding us abroad. Thou also made
 The night, Maker omnipotent! And made
 The day, which I, (the least of all thy mercies,)
 Have pass'd in safety and tranquillity;
 When I was lost in dreams extravagant, 160
 Immers'd in sleep's insensibility,
 Thy hand recover'd me to all my stores;
 When darkness cover'd half this wondrous earth,
 The sun forgot not his appointed hour;
 At thy command he rises, lights my feet, 165
 And beautifies all nature to the sight.
 To thee, O God! my strength I owe; by thee
 The wheels of life turn round; thou gav'st me life,
 When my gross body'n nature's matter dwelt!
 Form'd by thy hands, then by thy wisdom taught, 170
 The crimson fountain roves from place to place,
 With strength, to cheer the cold and weakest parts;

Receiv'd from heat and nutriment its force,
 To the extent of coldest limbs it hies,
 To cherish nature there; as from the sun, 175
 The fluid atmosphere receives its heat,
 And travels with it into northern climes.
 Oh thou, safe gardian of my peace! When ills
 Surround, when accidents beset my paths,
 Through thy protection I securely walk: 180
 Amidst apparent perils health is mine!
 I mov'd securely, pass'd unhurt, through ills
 Invisible, and visible; the eye
 That watch'd over me, saw in its wide survey,
 Great numbers round me fall, in mortal ruin, 185
 And numbers wounded on my right and left!
 If sickness has, at any time, made sad
 My house, or racking torments harass'd me,
 It prov'd a wholesome discipline,—a call,
 To wean me from the world's deceiving sweets, 190
 And look to my eternal residence!
 Yet still my table, God's munificence
 Unbounded spreads, and temperance makes sweet
 The bowl, and appetite seas'neth the dish;
 Content, and gratitude, the blessings crown! 195
 His kindness too, preserves my dearest friends;
 Who sooth, and soften, all my cares; whose sight
 Cheer me in a dejected hour? whose words
 Improvement mingle with delight! When sin,
 Amidst the flow'ry pleasures lay disguis'd, 200
 Enlighten'd by thy wisdom, I discern'd
 The latent mischief, and by grace I shunn'd
 The luscious bane: if through the strong impulse
 Of sensuality, or passion's force,
 I have been hurried into evil snares, 205
 Thy faithful admonitions have recall'd
 Me wandering, while Christ has heal'd the wound!
 Perhaps some have in their iniquities
 Been taken off; transmitted from their joys,
 To death's eternal, hopeless bred despair! 210
 Whereas, by suff'ring mercies, I have been
 Distinguish'd long; instead of lifting up

My eyes in torments, to the bless'd abodes,
 I may, ere long, the pleasing view enjoy ;
 Through stedfast faith and works, enjoy indeed, 215
 That blissful paradise, which to the good belongs.
 In the mean time, thou hast, and still vouchsafes
 To me, the revelation of thy will,
 The influencies of thy holy spirit ;
 Which are a series of effectual aids, 220
 My knowledge to advance, and godliness
 To grow ; becoming more conformable,
 And meet, thy holy presence to enjoy.
 How great is thy beneficence, O God !
 It has a multitude of secret sweets, 225
 To me unseal'd ; a thousand pleasures open'd !
 Shall I forget the fountain of such good ?
 Forget the God of my salvation then ?
 My pulse from beating rather shall forget,
 Than words of thankfulness forget to flow ! 230
 Nor shall the bare acknowledgment of lips
 Adore ; the fountain strings of life, shall join
 With them in harmony. O let thy bill
 Of righteousness, be drawn upon my heart !
 And all my faculties, will readily 235
 Accept it ! Let that truth, through here, and through
 Eternity, still pay that debt ; a debt
 Still owing, and still never ow'd ! can I,
 Thou guardian of my interest, reject
 Such signal, such experienc'd benefits ? 240
 Distrust them as the hopeless infidel ?
 Thou'st been my helper through the busy scenes
 Of day ; beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 During the darkness, dangers, and the damps
 Of night, I will repose myself. Whatever 245
 Of sin I have contracted, Oh my God !
 Wash it away with Christ's redeeming blood,
 And let no stain attend me to my couch !
 Then shall I lay me down, and rest in peace,
 Submitting cheerfully to thy decrees, 250
 To wake in this, or in another life ;
 Whether to wake a happy saint in light,
 Or in this world, with sin and death to fight !

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

STARRY HEAVENS.

CHAPTER I.

CONTENTS.

Walk on the summit of a hill. The advancing night withdraws the rural prospect. Beauty of the sight. Constellations. The heavenly bodies a book. Astrology discountenanced; the folly of its pretensions. Discoveries of our modern Astronomers. Religion and necessary business. Religion and innocent pleasure, as consistent as the annual and diurnal motion of the earth. The sun, its enormous Size. Stars, Centres of Systems; their vast Distances. Other Skies furnished with other Stars. The greatness of the Creator. The existence of eternal matter doubted. The littleness of terrestrial things. Man invited to soar from here. The riches of Redeeming Grace. David repents upon the grace of Christ, and prophesies his resurrection. The starry Heavens; their wondrous Harmony. The swiftness of our earth, and atmosphere, lead us to glorify God. All things one chain of law, man's sphere a link, and courted to murmur not.

This evening, I exchange, the nice retreats
Of art, for nature's noble theatre :
Instead of measuring my steps, beneath
The covert of an arbour, I now range,
The summit of this gently rising hill. 5
The sun is fled ; the shades I sought to day,
Are spread and join'd into one gen'ral shade.
Conveniences, and inconveniences,
We see are mixt: if the annoying heat
Is ceas'd, the landscape, and its pleasing scenes 10
Are ceas'd: the tower, and stately edifice,

Are now as humble as the lowly cottage:
 The mountain and the deep press'd vale are level'd:
 The plains, with flocks made white, the heaths,
 With furze made yellow, in one shade are blended : 15
 The meads and forest now one plain become:
 The silver stream has lost its silver tail:
 All cloth'd in mourning for the loss of day!
 The sky in part does recompense that loss;
 In light but trifling, but in beauty more. 20
 Here I enjoy free view, and free my thoughts,
 To meditate upon the heavenly scene;
 No cloud of art, nor of a worldly mind
 To interpose; the landscape that adorn'd,
 This evening's western sky, has disappear'd; 25
 The moon's conjunctive basis with the sun,
 Affords no light; and stars vast distances
 Render them weak; but shine through numbers, grand
 And beautiful! And beautiful is sight:
 The porous eye-ball, fill'd with sparkling fire, 30
 The moon's dark body scarcely sees, though near;
 But fiery stars, in distance far remote, meet rays
 With sight: a thousand fiery orbs it sees.
 The concave arch, bedeck'd with spangles gay,
 While active earth pursues its annual flight, 35
 Night after night almost varies the scene,
 Month after month fresh constellations bring;
 For earth, in her small circle, far within
 This concave arch, moves round, and all are seen.
 We've taken 'mong the tombs a turn, and view'd 40
 Mortality's remains, to learn the worth,
 Or vanity of mortal things, and break
 The false enchantment from the soul; we have
 Survey'd the garden ornaments, not that
 The heart might there be planted, and take root 45
 Among the flow'ry race; but that the short-
 Liv'd beauties might our teachers be, to seek
 That paradise, where beauties never fade,
 And trees immortal, ever are in bloom!
 Again, we wisdom sought, not in the croud 50
 Of school-learn't disputants, but in the walks,

Of lonely, ancient night ! Let us, once more,
 Indulge the vein contemplative, and raise
 Our speculations to the work above,—
 To those bright beauties which the sky contains, 55
 And this clear hour unveils. If we've discern'd
 His pencil's sketches glowing in the spring ;
 If we, in nature's stores exhibited,
 Have seen of his beneficence, a ray
 Of brightness, beaming in the blaze of day ; 60
 How far an infinitely richer field,
 His wisdom to contemplate, is the sky !
 The sky, that's eloquent of Deity,—
 Each star a word, to sound his mighty name,
 Magnificent of its great Maker's praise ! 65
 An universal language they set forth,
 That may to barb'rous tongues be understood !
 Let me then, in this solemn season, form'd
 For thought, and a calm intercourse with heaven,
 To their dumb lectures listen, read, and catch 70
 Their nods ; I may new inward gifts receive,
 While I frequent these solitary shades.
 The Israelites, by frenzy instigated
 More than devotion, worship'd sun and stars ;
 And the pretenders to astrology, 75
 Delude mankind for gain, with mysteries,—
 Unfathom'd arts—the baits for ignorance :
 If any planet, here, or there, should reign,
 Reign with the earth and sun conjunctively,
 Which is the closest of that orb's approach ; 80
 Before the inside star make much escape,
 As both are going on the self same way,
 Thousands of human beings must be born !
 And born to what ? There lies a mystery !
 To good or bad no human art can tell ! 85
 A planet has its influence, no doubt,
 On bodies nearest ; yet none knows, the good
 Or harm of that attracting sphere. To me,
 It is a question of indifference,
 Whether the constellations shone with smiles, 90
 Or frowns, at my nativity, if Christ

Shines down: protected there, I laugh at all
 Their impotent designs,—weak prov'd to me:
 What from dead lumps can we attain to know,—
 From senseless masses unintelligent? 95
 Can they advertise me of things to come,
 Which are unconscious of their own existence?
 Rather let me to their Creator trust,
 Who with one comprehensive glance, views all
 His works, adjusts their causes, gives them power 100
 Upon each other, not the soul of man;—
 Shuts out their ordering fate, his will sole reigns;
 Though sin he suffers for his wiser ends.
 The stars teach this, to their Creator look:
 In that, I am, a pupil to their sway. 105
 The vulgar mind, can comprehend no more
 Of God's machine,—this universal frame
 Of wondrous worlds, (inhabited no doubt,)
 Than spangles dropt on the ethereal blue;
 No higher notion they conceive of stars, 110
 Than ornaments to decorate the night:
 But studious minds, bent on discoveries,
 Whose active thoughts would all things know, trace sha-
 Till substancies they find, and more and more [dows
 Attain of mortal arts, deliver down 115
 To man a wiser tale,—discoveries
 Stupendous! Let me just set forth the most
 Material, contemplation's wants to aid;
 And let the unlearn'd mind remember, that
 The scene, design'd for good, I would display, 120
 Is the wise workmanship, and plan divine,
 Of that incomprehensible first cause,
 The mighty God! Whose name should be ador'd,
 And works admir'd; who can a thousand worlds
 Push into being, as easily as we 125
 Perform our simplest crafts. Should this move us
 To wonder, and the wonder great, it need
 Not our belief transcend. This planet earth,
 Where heaven's decree has gave us birth, is round;
 Her growing shadow in the moon's eclipse, 130
 Sufficiently proves that. Some may suppose

She has foundations deep, and rests upon
 Some solid base: but in the vacuum
 She occupies a space, (as we behold
 The moon,) of seven thousand miles 123
 Diameter ; and could we on the moon
 Be plac'd, this earth a larger moon would seem,
 With all the changing shapes the moon shows here.
 And though to us the earth seems motionless,
 She is in movement far more regular, 140
 Than any time-piece form'd by mortal man :
 Unerringly sails through the blue expanse,
 And makes her port without an error ; mark,
 Nor compass has she through the void ! Boast thou
 Such art, thou mortal navigator ? Round 145
 The sun she takes this voyage, which completes
 The year ; and axes oblique with that flight
 The seasons ; on which axis, day and night
 She smoothly spins ; that in that yearly whirl,
 She turns about eighteen score times and more ; 150
 Which makes as many risings of the sun,
 Appearingly to us. The side towards
 The sun is day, its opposite is night ;
 Without this wise expedient, earth would burn
 One side, the other side would freeze : all things 155
 That on her dwell must perish ; she likewise ;
 One side would be continual day, the other
 Continual night. How wise in order plac'd,
 That those two motions with her oblique reel
 Agree, and each maintain its sep'rate cause, 160
 Without confounding, blending, or misled !
 In moral movements too, that law exist,
 Or should exist if not deprav'd by sin !
 God's providence in various branches act :
 Religion may her gates unfold for grace, 165
 And shut them not 'gainst moral innocence :
 Religion is not meant to feed despair,
 But cheer the mind against it. Some exist,
 Who think that all society must be
 Renounc'd, if they devote themselves to Christ, 170
 And all the satisfactions of this world

Forsook: such step, might nature idle strike.

'Twas never meant industry to cut off,

But make us more industrious from the views

Of honesty, purg'd free of avarice,

175

No more desiring than our nat'ral wants.

'Twas ne'er design'd to extirpate our passions,

("All things exist through element'ry strife,

"And passions are the elements of life,")

But their disorder wild, to rectify

180

And rule. Nor to extinguish the delights

Of sense, discreetly us'd; but them prevent

From soaring into worldly vanity!

A person may among his friends be cheerful,

And yet be joyful in his God;—may taste

185

The sweets of his estate, as well as hopes

Of his eternal life. The trader too,

May his commerce pursue, and not neglect

Salvation: warriors may wear swords, when call'd

Upon, to do their king, and country's will,

190

And each like Pilate say, I'll wash my hands,

The sin lies not to me. The parent may,

By honest trade, accumulate much wealth,

His offspring to support; and yet depart,

With conscience clear on his death-bed: so far

195

Christianity is from obstructing us,—

Withholding any pleasure innocent,

That it improves it rather, and they both

Agree, much like the motions of the earth.

This earth, to us who on her dwell, appears

200

Much like a horizontal plain, adorn'd

With trees, and decorations beautiful;

But to an eye, at some vast distance plac'd,

Her glob'lar shape appears; and all that charm

Her offspring's eyes, as beauties, disappear.

205

To those at greater distances, she grows

Still fainter; and so on, till distances

Extinguish her, or hides her from our sight.

Bright Venus, evening star and morning call'd,

Within our orbit, wheels her course, more near

210

Her centre,—sun: sometimes at right of him

She's seen, sometimes at left, which forms her morn
 Or evening star; and south at twelve at night,
 You never will her find; those outside us,
 Can only that grand situation fill! 215
 Venus, in size, from computations found,
 Is like our earth;—but no bright moon attends
 Upon her, bright with greater light she shines,
 As plung'd more deeply in the blaze of day;
 Her light more lucid at her midnight hour; 220
 Have day and night, and changing zodiac signs,
 While she upon her axle rolls, and flies
 Through ether round the sun; which those enjoy,
 Who on her dwell: the system'd retinue,
 Are the abodes of intellectual life 225
 Suppos'd; and all dependant are, for light
 And heat, on Sol, that in the centre reigns,
 And he on God. This central king, though seems
 To travel daily, and perform around
 In one short day and night, (which round our earth 230
 A twelvemonth takes,) is fixt at home, moves not
 Except his axle roll; and all the worlds
 To him some tribute pay, some influence
 From some attraction paid: if they enjoy
 A good from him, to him there's some return'd. 235
 Each round him wheels its stately course, while lord
 He sits of all: and though he smaller seems,
 Than dials he illuminates, a line
 From side to side, extended through his centre,
 Contains eight hundred thousand English miles! 240
 Startl'd are we at these reports? And say,
 How mighty is that God who form'd such blaze?
 And such a mass of fire to keep alive?
 Let us our learn'd discov'ers hear, and they
 Will our amazement further move! This sun, 245
 With all his retinue that round him rove,
 Are almost nothing with the whole compar'd;
 That ev'ry star, though seemingly so small,
 And millions lost through distances, is a sun,
 In size and glory equal to our own; 250
 And is a centre to a tribe of worlds!

An endless train of centres and their worlds,
 Must through the ether here and there exist;
 Or what can occupy immensity
 If 'tis not so? There must exist a space, 255
 Or substance real, or this creation seen,
 Or boggy chaos in disorder wild:
 Necessity plants one of these in being.
 If substance real could fill infinity,
 Which is the blocking up of space: or this 260
 Conceive, that any globe should swell in size
 To do that; that too necessity forbids,
 Because that substance great becomes a nothing;
 At once becomes a nothing, as there is
 No room, for atom, spirit, shadow, thought, 265
 Or cause or causes with effects to dwell.
 The wondrous infinite affords such room,
 That even the nearest system to our own,
 Its distance is so great, a cannon ball
 Would seven thousand years be flying, 270
 Before 'twould reach its central sun! How vast
 How wonderful do these remarks appear,
 To those who never had consider'd them!
 How wonderful are all created things!
 And how surpassing all must be the maker! 275
 Could we transcend the moon, and pass through all
 The planetary choir; could we our way
 Wing to the highest star appearing, there,
 We should behold expanded skies, and stars
 To guild our night, as we behold them here; 280
 And comets from their voyages returning:
 There, the astronomer, with optic helps,
 Might feast his sight, with orbits new and orbs;
 Adjust their distances, their moons, their belts,
 Their rings, their magnitudes, their length of days 285
 And years, and whatsoever appertains
 To them: nor does creation there begin
 Or end; nor nearer to them points arrive,
 If all is fill'd with God's creating hand!
 The sun, with all the starry host we see, 290
 Are atoms, nothing with immensity

Compar'd! How wondrous then is all! And how
 Surpassing wonder is the cause of all!
 That from the rude, disorder'd elements,—
 The warring train of causes and effects, 295
 Did separate their various qualities,
 United them in various spheres, compress'd
 The loose, eternal matter into globes,
 And left between a finer space, a space
 Of particles to feed the growing orbs, 300
 Which their hot bodies rav'nously attract,
 While some decay and keep the fountain good:
 For planets may have growth and waste, as well
 As atoms which they breed. But ponder this,
 Give it a residence among thy thoughts, 305
 That the Creator is all powerful,
 Should that hypothesis be wrong, to build,
 Create from nothing and command his wants!
 If matter is eternal, it must be
 With God coequal, as they neither had 310
 Beginning; for, if matter cannot be
 Annihilated, and is self existing,
 Must claim with Deity some presidency,
 As two eternal causes that can't be
 Subdued. We should believe that matter is 315
 Finite, as in God's power to destroy:
 Because through fire, divisibility,
 Or any other means, that work rests not
 With us, it must impossible be deem'd!
 Oh erring pride! Shall we decry 320
 All arts beyond our sphere? Put down the cause,
 That knit our frames together? That alone,—
 That very cause, draws worship from our souls!
 How my conceit is sunk of my own being,
 My wisdom, and the breath of mortal fame, 325
 From projects light as ants' to grosser eyes,
 When I behold the wonders of the sky?
 Consider well their movements with our earth's,
 All from disorder free! No erring stroke
 Through ages has been found! And this for whom? 330
 For man; and all that on her dwell enjoy

<p> Their part. Have I the least elatement felt, When I consider'd this, more than my state Requires? That under God's munificence, And sole decree, I am protected here? Was I possess'd of greater gifts receiv'd, Or greater gifts to give; amidst them all, I would fall down, lost in myself abass'd, And found in his perfections: we who are Compos'd of artful ignorance, the sense Of nature, knowing all, yet nothing know; Nothing as with these glorious works compar'd; Complete in nothing but depravity! While I this vast expanse behold, I learn My littleness; and see the littleness Of all terrestrial things: what is this earth, With all her ostentatious scenes, compar'd With yonder sky? What but a speck, unseen By eyes on those we see; or in the map Ethereal scarcely visible. It is Observ'd, that if the sun, with all his train Of worlds, that round him rove in circuits wide, And occupying more of space, in miles, Than millions thirty score diameter, Were took away, they'd scarcely leave a blank In nature's frame: an eye that could command The whole, would miss the loss, no more, than one Bare grain of sand, would from this earth be miss'd. If then, not only this our globe, but this Whole system's space be so diminitive, What is a foot of land disputed here, That landmarks possibly cannot decide, And make among our atoms such a bustle? What is its worth? Where end its hop'd for good? In this; a pompos nothing to disturb The mind;—a mighty blank deceiving it! When the keen sighted eagle soars above The feather'd race, and wings her upward flight, With stedfast looks upon the glorious sun, Counting his beaming splendours all her own, Does she regard the flying mote the while? </p>	<p>335</p> <p>340</p> <p>345</p> <p>350</p> <p>355</p> <p>360</p> <p>365</p> <p>370</p>
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Shall man's eternal mind, endued with such
 Capacities,—made capable to think,
 To expatiate on mortal and immortal joys,
 Made free to rove, and taste the worth of good 375
 Or ill, made wise to know his being here,
 And end, and end of transient things, at last
 Sigh for a toy, the bauble of an hour,
 And grasp at shadows on a needle's point?
 Consider well, my soul, thou know'st the right ; 380
 Thou know'st perfection's road, which can't be wrong!
 I feel my sentiments expand ; I feel
 My thoughts on worldly pride dying away ;
 I feel myself superior to its charms !
 Too long, my thoughts, by vanity been pinion'd, 385
 Immur'd in this corrupted clod : but now
 They break the shackle, free the slave, and open
 The door of liberty,—that worth which all
 Would catch,—that blessed gift to man ! My thoughts
 By such wide prospect fir'd, weigh anchor now, 390
 From this small nook, and its contracted shores
 No longer coast ; immensity's wide range
 I'll sail, and endless bliss my port ! Behold,
 My soul, this vast expanse ; and more of God
 Thou'lt see, and more adore ! With David say, 395
 "When I thy heavens behold, thy mighty works
 "Consider, Lord, what is this mite call'd man,
 "That thou of him art mindful ? Or the son
 "Of man, that thou should'st visit with such love ?"
 How wondrous moving such benignity, 400
 To send from his eternal stores, his Son,
 Or part of his eternal influence,
 To pass through mortal mould, and suffer stripes
 And death's severest pangs, to conquer what
 Would conquer us, by strengthening our weakness ; 405
 He plac'd our feet on even ground, and bad
 Us fearless stand, against a treach'rous foe.
 Had the archangel, or, one of the host
 Inferior, been to us commission'd, fraught
 With a renewal of the law, that guide 410
 Of righteousness to mortal life, and heav'nly,

To all who could that harder task perform,
 We ought, and should, with joy and thankfulness,
 Receive the happy messenger: but when
 A greater still, high thron'd in power, pays us 415
 A visit, from his glory sent, and stript
 Of all, and suffers dreadful change to dwell
 In transient clay; then mark'd as bulwark, storm'd.
 By sin and death, expos'd in front, to bear
 The shafts of Satan's war, to ease our yoke 420
 So heavily upon us by the law,
 What grateful thanks should in our hearts take root?
 There bud and thrive, the first fruits of his grace?
 And make us say rejoicing in ourselves,
 We love our God, because he first lov'd us! 425
 Warm'd by his influencing spirit, the host
 Infernal, where it cannot come, which is
 Their doom, would soften and relent. 'Tis well
 The sacred oracles have given proofs
 Of this redeeming blessing long before: 430
 Inspired prophets,—proxies of the Christ
 Did his high office, and true teachers since;
 Or at his barely coming our belief
 Might shake. Could he, who launches all these worlds,
 Through the illimitable void, and leads 435
 Them on from age to age unerringly,
 (Led they must be by some almighty cause,)
 And drove the rebel host through ancient night,
 Far off in outer darkness, stript of joys,
 That cheer'd their native seat, to dwell with thoughts 440
 Of deep reflection on their dreadful state,
 And purg'd the seat of bliss, of all that threaten'd
 Destruction to that bliss, submit at last
 To that corrupted power! Most wisely did,
 To curb, and bind, a restless enemy 445
 To purity, and equitable rights,
 And the deceiver to deceive. Ye orbs,
 That rove through ether's space, I wonder'd once
 At your dimensions vast, and distances;
 But now my wonder ceases; or to be 450
 Well understood, 'tis lost in greater wonder,

That such a num'rous train of worlds should be
 Created, for such mites as man upon
 Them dwelling; mites, with thê stupendous whole
 Compar'd! Such care too for their happy state, 435
 As we experience here from our Redeemer!
 May ev'ry child of Adam say he've sinn'd?
 And what atonement for it can he make?
 Give up for his transgression his first born?
 His body's fruit for his soul's sin? A thought 460
 Most strange! Far stranger than the sacrifice
 Of rams or bulls! A strange existed law,
 To sacrifice the maker's works to please
 The maker!—Though himself in nature's clay
 Was sacrific'd! And as so many types, 465
 Or prophecies, can only for that law
 Account. If the spilt blood of rams and bulls,
 A part of th' guilty sav'd, the blood of Christ,
 The guilty whole redeem'd: the whole that heard,
 Or read his doctrine, and in it believ'd! 470
 So flagrant is our Guilt, we're gone astray
 So wide, no less than Lord of all must be
 The shepherd, and restore the flock! He who
 Created all those suns, those glorious lights,
 Dispers'd them here and there, and lighted up 475
 Old night, and sent the black Tartarean soil,—
 The dregs of matter, which unfavours life,
 And purity, to furthest hell, and purg'd
 His favourite orbs, can purge our lives, and cleanse
 Us from unrighteousness: Christ's incense has, 480
 And nothing else, purg'd our iniquities!
 This beautiful, magnificent expanse,
 Again I'll view; and in it read, and learn
 My own abasement, and Redeemer's love:
 The more I look, the more of glory see; 485
 The more I ponder, more of grace I feel,
 That my Redeemer lives above their heights,
 Above their glory shines; he made them what
 They are; he gave them only active life,
 That cannot magnify his name; know not 490
 Their own existence, how should they know him?

He made them mere abodes for those who can!
 If e'er my heart was humbl'd at my guilt,
 'Tis now elating at the hopeful thought,
 That criminals, even at the brink of hell 495
 May soon recover, and from there be rais'd
 To Paradise's brink. Oh thou bless'd hope!
 My self's abasement will, I trust, continue;
 But fears, that ever haunt despairing minds,
 Through hope's convicting influence are fled. 500
 Be my iniquities like debts of many pearls,
 Here is full payment for them all; the price
 Is ever found in Christ's redeeming love!
 That sinner David first, but pattern'd saint
 At last, this truth experienc'd, when he said 505
 "Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall
 "Be clean; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be
 "Whiter than snow: I have, I must confess,
 "Been guilty of vile acts, against man's peace,
 "And disobedience to my Maker's law: 510
 "Though I've been bless'd peculiarly,—mark'd out
 "Distinguish'd favourite of providence,
 "Yet I have villainously smote my friend;
 "And God incens'd, severely me accus'd:
 "Though horrid my past actions been, yet God, 515
 "To wash away my stains, pronounc'd a grace,
 "As yet by prophets handed down, whose truth
 "Will be fulfill'd upon a future day,—
 "A truth foretold by them of our Redeemer;
 "Whose resurrection from the grave, as well 520
 "As 'tis to them, is to my soul reveal'd:
 "And though I've been, as loathsome as the dunghill,
 "With treachery, adult'ry, ev'ry filth
 "Unclean, yet in his fountain wash'd, I shall
 "Be as the lily fair, and white as snow. 525
 The scripture says, the power of powers, is God!
 And in a volume of all languag'd lines,
 Behold it written in the wondrous sky,—
 The firmament of his almighty hand!
 The wild, illiterate Indian can it read; 530
 The infidel can read a maker there!

Who upward looks possess'd with reason's eye,
 Will meditate not on their birth? And who
 Will say they conciously exist? Who say
 They can assume what shape or act they please? 535
 And if they could, in what would end their self
 Existing power? In elementary strife;—
 In war, an endless war among the spheres!
 But now under subjection, they whirl through
 The void, infringing not on others' tracts; 540
 All keep their orbits useful to the whole.
 The seven stars, though seem together plac'd;
 Could we on either quickly be convey'd,
 That close connection we should hope to find,
 Among those friendly orbs, would vanquish there, 545
 And for the six must look into the skies;
 Form'd not in figure to amuse the sight,
 But rather chance expos'd them so to view;
 But chance, or fate, God's will, or works to alter,
 Dwells not in them, nor in the realms of hell! 550
 Appearances we find deceiving; not
 In distances alone, but home bred acts,—
 In projects face to face: the hypocrite,
 Close to your teeth, will show his own in smiles,
 And bite you with his love: the coquet's smiles 555
 Win the soft easy loving fools; each one,
 Through her deluding airs seems bless'd: but soon
 They find each other at her house, and all
 Are stung with jealousy; their soothing hopes
 Exchang'd for aggravating fears! Who would 560
 On mortal bliss fix all their hopes? The best
 Bring mean rewards! In various actions pride
 Deludes: for want of titles dress impose
 Their shows; for want of money mortgages
 Step in, and make them big in vast estates! 565
 Or rather vast perplexities! My riches,
 The greatest I adore, is in the heavens
 Invisible and visible: those orbs
 Of light to view, and grace to feel, support
 Each other, and, my greatest blessing here 570
 Compound. Behold the vast ethereal field;

Whose space unbounded holds unnumber'd worlds ;
 Unnumber'd worlds in tracts unnumber'd roll,
 Within each other roll in circuits clear ;
 Nor do they nearer to their centres climb, 575
 Lest too much heat should not with them agree ;
 Nor yet fly off to meet the freezing cold :
 Attraction and repulsion give their bounds :
 As when a man, through some necessity,
 Long bore the freezing air, attraction's force 580
 Subdues free will, and brings him to the heat :
 As soon as he a full proportion gets,
 Withdraws, and then withdraws, and takes his stand,
 Where his own body's heat, and that of fire,
 In temperance agree : the planets owe, 585
 No doubt, their stations from that very law,—
 A law by their Creator fixt ; and all,
 Through one commander, in that law abide ;
 No self will'd parties there. To build such worlds,
 And launch them through the spaces of the sky, 590
 How great must be the universal God !
 More swift than arrows from a giant's hand,
 This earth with all her atmosphere moves on ;
 The lark that sings on high, as seemingly
 Some minutes near one place, right over, 595
 Perhaps, his cares parental, watching them
 With careful eyes, while hopeful joys he tunes,
 Is moving faster than the flying ball ;
 Bears equal swiftness with his nest below ;
 Or earth would all her aerial offspring quit,— 600
 Would leave them when descending in the void ;
 For fifty seconds shoot her bulky size,
 Bringing one edge into the other's place.
 The stone thrown up, is moving East more swift
 Than it ascends ; or many hundred miles 605
 At West t'would fall, instead of on our heads,
 Yea ev'ry particle of atmosphere moves on,
 As rapid as the grosser flood below :
 The air belongs to earth,—they make one globe.
 But this seems strange unto the ignorant ;— 610
 As strange as heavenly grace to unborn souls !

What we count difficult with God is easy,
 Who only spoke, and earth with all the train
 Of stars, conglob'd from loose eternal matter,
 And into order sprung, and took their flights 615
 Far off, and on their axles roll'd, while one
 As chief to ev'ry retinue, he plac'd
 As central king, endued with light,
 And vigour, on his subjects to bestow ;
 While from their orbits they their tributes send, 620
 Some worth exacted by him, or exhal'd,
 His fund of vigour to maintain. This frame
 Of wondrous harmony is nature call'd,
 Its author God. Oh what a sure defence,
 My soul, hast thou ! So many senseless lumps 625
 So wisely rull'd, what will he do for man,—
 For whom these lumps were made ? Should trials thee
 With vehemence assault ; or vanities,
 Through thy declining life, no longer charm ;
 Conclude thee this, and this thou wilt conclude, 630
 Thy soul has run through nature's changes here,
 And seems desirous to give up this life,—
 To call on God—thy fountain and thy cause ;
 This, with a strong propensity thou'lt do ;
 Propensity thy province then, unless 635
 Thy long continued sin, has callous'd thee
 Too deep. A wretched pattern to the young,
 If such there be ! Of all the sinners here,
 The aged blasphemer the worst ! Seek God ;
 Implore his strength, though thou art at the brink 640
 Of hell, and he'll deliver thee. But tempt
 Thou not repeatedly that pow'r, by ills
 Repeated, doubting thou becom'st more shy
 To ask, and God more slow to give ; so strike
 A gulf impassible, 'twixt thee and grace. 645
 Though evils may, and have produc'd a good,
 'Tis found in the first change from wickedness,
 With single individuals. Thou, relaps'd,
 Ungodly man, thou hast renounc'd thy chief
 Protection ; helm of life thou hast let go, 650
 And now art toss'd upon a troubl'd sea ;

'Pon troubl'd waves that give a moment's hope,
 While others coming plunge thee into ruin!
 There on thy strength depend, too late to call.
 For succour! Who is able to contend 655
 With God? Who bear the fierceness of his power?
 Sustain the fury of his lifted arm?
 His slightest thunder shakes thy very soul!
 Thy stock, thy stem, thy own support deceives thee!
 He who the comets darts through ether far; 660
 Without, within the planets' roads, and meet
 Them never in their roads, to hurt
 By force attractive, or repulsive, can
 Protect man also, or destroy; can lay
 The universe in ruin quick as he 665
 Created it: then what is mortal life?
 Why doat upon't so much, as if 'twas ours,—
 An independant property? Yet hate
 It not, nor yet forget eternity!
 Life is bestow'd upon us for a good, 670
 If we that good pursue: to live in sin,
 We live unhappy; and to die in sin,
 To Christ we cannot go. 'Tis gratitude
 Creates the union,—love for him who died
 That we might live. What thanks sufficient have 675
 My soul to render, to that God, by whom
 I live, and may eternally, if I
 Pursue, what reason, or my conscience says
 Is right? And right they know; and know the love
 Of God, is as extensive as his power; 680
 His mercy with his majesty extends.
 If mortal kings a consequence set up,
 And are by subjects homag'd and obey'd,
 What should the king immortal? Who is king
 Of kings, and lord of lords? Consider this, 685
 And while thou'rt loyal to thy monarch, thou,
 The heavenly monarch cannot well forget.
 Oh thou, my king immortal! Power is thine,
 Obedience mine; obedience to thy law
 For concord here, and grateful thanks to thee 690
 My benefactor; I sit at my board,

And eat thy bread in copious bounties sent;
 Instead of misery surrounding me,
 Thy favours me surround, and I'm preserv'd
 In health of body, happiness of mind. 693
 Let me abominate myself, but God
 Adore! Could but the stubborn heart bow down,
 Renounce his independence here, believe
 In his Redeemer, and acknowledge God;
 'Then on a rock he'll build a safe retreat, 700
 That troubl'd oceans shall not shake its base!
 And let the stubborn child that duty could
 Not bind, that threatnings could not awe, whose sight
 Finds not his path, nor senses find his wrongs,
 Attend the ministers of grace,—their schools, 705
 By heaven ordain'd for all,—the rich, the learn'd,
 The wise, the unwise more,—more for the child
 Of ignorance to ballance reason's loss,
 And the proud atheist overcharg'd with it,
 And open all their stubborn doors for grace! 710
 Oftimes have I the prophet's words consider'd,—
 The following related by Isaiah :—
 Who measur'd with his hollow hand the seas ;
 Who in one chain perscrib'd the heavenly bounds ;
 Who weigh'd the mountains in a scale ; the hills, 715
 And ev'ry particle he justly ballanc'd.
 The substances and fluids jointly reign ;
 A ballance from God's laws they quickly find,
 And temp'rance is that law ; as when a room
 Long dry attracts from rain ; though rain shut out 720
 Indeed, yet drinks its thirsty belly full.
 How vast this earth appears, to us who dwell
 Upon't! How vaster still the firmament!
 How wonderful are all! How wonderful
 To minds contemplative! The multitude 725
 Of globes behol'd ; their magnitudes consider ;
 Regard them as the kings of worlds, of worlds
 That round them move ; and then consider still,
 What worlds unnumber'd must through ether rove!
 Yet none mistake their way, nor wilfly move; 730
 Though pass through tractless, and unbounded fields,

None from their orbits fly ; none press upon
Each other ; all eternal harmony,
Agreeing perfectly in their rotations.

When I contemplate this,—this law so wise

735

On them adjusted, and by them obey'd,
(Obey'd must be, they're only passive made,)
I man's rebellious deeds contemplate too,
Obeing not is God, nor just to man!

Thou man, the greatest tyrant seems throughout

740

His works ; if sin had not polluted thee,
Thy movements here unerring would be found, —
Be found as perfect as thy mother earth's ;

Through inoffensive purity as perfect,
Which sin's corrupted state cannot enjoy.

745

Yet murmur not at Deity's decrees ;
What God has wisely suffer'd must be right ;
Must be his law, his will, ordaining,

Though secretly by evil brought about,

Or he is not a God omnipotent ;

750

Ordain'd the right, that thou, thy God, and self,
Might'st rightly know ; know now thy murmuriings
Are treasons high, thy disobedience sin.

Who dares God's wisdom into question call,

And read the wonders of the sky ? See orbs

755

And orbits intervolve'd, nor in one plane

Dare move, conjunctions wisely to escape,

In part escape, and give the learn'd more toil

To calculate the few ? See smaller orbs

As moons, on their superiors wait, move round

760

Them as their centres, and small systems form ;

Whose epicycles, with their masters roads,

A chain of circles make, in moving round

The sun ? And think'st thyself peculiarly

Unblest, unguarded, and unwatch'd ? Shall I

765

Repine, God's justice question, that I'm not

A king ? Wise providence that rules those orbs,

Can tell me best my sphere,—my useful worth ;

If richer, wiser, stronger made, my joys

And usefulness might invalided be :

780

All things are weigh'd according to their worth.

No atom can all qualities enjoy.
 Oh thou, my God ! In whose creating hands
 My breath remains, let sentiments as now
 Possessing me, be always on my mind; 775
 They will compose it, when afflictions walk :
 Then shall I like the grateful patriarch,
 Erect an altar of adoring thanks,
 And with the apostle's motto it inscribe ;
 To God, the only wise ! 780
 Then shouldst thou give me leave, for fortune's toys
 To carve, I would relinquish, humbly would
 The grant ; give up free will, that child of hurt
 In many acts, to thy superior power ;
 Persuaded fully, that thy counsels are
 Superior, to the blind impulse of will,— 785
 Of man's own will deprav'd, half ruin'd through
 The tyrants sin and death, by passions mov'd !
 Our reason is by passions led astray ;
 What's will'd last night, is overturn'd to day.

CHAPTER II.

CONTENTS.

The starry Heavens ; their Motions. Calamities discussed. Virtue and Vice, often wrongly rewarded here. The general good observed. All things declare a God. Seed cast in stony ground. God's love for man in the Redeemer. The clearness of the atmosphere. God, an independant cause. Corruption,—prolific in production. The general good. The province of free will described. The church of Moses wrested from its purity, and Christ coming at the time. Beauties of the sky, again contemplated : their harmonious order a pattern for man. The prodigal's return. Manassah's change, and Saul's behaviour. The cause of the Pharisies' rage against Christ ; The wonders seen at his death, and change made on many hearts. The regularity of the heavenly bodies declare a God ; The frailty of human inventions compared with it.

On an inspection careless, we perceive
 No order uniform throughout the sky's

cc

Inhabitants; but here and there dispers'd
 As if by chance; and like a chaos seen,
 But more illustrious; of shining globes 5
 An uproar beautiful, a heap promiscuous;
 Some fixt, though none appearingly, for all,
 In the short time of day and night, around
 This earth seem to revolve, excepting those
 Towards the poles, they small excursions make, 10
 Or none with those directly on the pole,
 As being out of the nocturnal wheel;
 Which is a proof sufficient, that this earth,
 This atom, mite, does on her axle roll:
 Should God, the wise Creator, cause the sun 15
 And moon, to run such journeys round the earth,
 In that short space of night and day, surely
 Immensity he'd not subservient make,
 To this small spot, this atom though a world!
 Rest then assur'd, they no such journeys ran, 20
 Earth sitting still the while, which only has
 To turn once round, and save that wondrous work,
 In them perform'd so seemingly to us.
 The stars are fixt, the planets move, move round
 The sun, and not round us; the moon is all 25
 That round our earth revolves, which journey she
 Performs from done to done or full to full,
 That makes above twelve hundred thousand miles;
 This revolution all her changes give,
 And the eclipses too; for in her round 30
 She changes places with the earth; sometimes
 Between us and the sun she falls, and hides
 His face from us in total dead eclipse;
 Then moving in her orbit round, shifts earth
 Between; then earth's round orb robs her of light,— 35
 She stamps her shape in shadow on her face;
 Oftimes 'tis so, not always when she's full,
 For her declining motion round this earth,
 Winds herself out, from all conjunctive lines
 So far, that earth can give her no eclipse. 40
 And though the planets' circuits devious seem,
 They move in roads prescrib'd; though seemingly

A constant erring, yet they never err.

“Mazes intricate,

“Eccentric, intervolve’d ; yet regular

45

“Then most, when most irregular they seem.”

What may appear to be calamities

Are often blessings in disguise, and end

In richest good : as Joseph was betray’d

By ills, by ills appearingly, sold as a slave,

50

Yet sold for his advantage in the end,

His father’s, and his treach’rous brethren’s too ;

And their posterity to high advance,

In whom all nations should be blest, be blest

Because salvation came to them. Let those,

55

Afflicted, wait contentedly ; subdue

Their mortal miseries by grace divine ;—

Remember Job, his patience, and his end !

The tear might then through gratitude gush out,

And sighs change into holy praise : then just

60

Like planets’ devious roads, that seem to err

For some unerring ends, our troubles may

Be births of future joys. Impeach the law

Divine with no audacious railery,

But where we cannot comprehend to wait

65

The evolution of his will, and plan

Mysterious ; then, we may perceive, that all

The labyrinths of providence, are God’s

Unerring roads, for planets, and for man ;

For man more justly, form’d with knowledge this

70

To know,—to comprehend their beauties, worth,

And end ; or where must God seek praise for all ?

Not from dead lumps of planetary matter !

Here with this knowledge rest, and thou wilt know,

Why virtue oft times wants, and vice enjoys

75

The present hour ; why honesty design’d,

Is often to a prison dragg’d, and guilt

Awhile conceal’d, embraces monarchs’ smiles !

Till down its wicked author drops, disgrac’d,

Severely us’d, then quickly knows his God,

80

And humbl’d this to say, where shall I fly

For succour, but to thee, Oh Lord ! Though clouds,

And deepest darkness, seem to wrap us round
 Impenetrable, grace will find its way,
 And God's decrees unalterable come. 85
 Look not at present things for all thy good,
 Or ill ; though ills should thee surround,
 'Tis but the blank side of the tapestry.
 Could we survey creation's whole at once,
 Behold its chain'd connections, see the ties, 90
 The use, dependencies, and why this has
 A devious road, and that eccentric, why
 They move not in one plane, and why the moon
 From the ecliptic roves, and what the use
 Of Saturn's lucid ring, and all her moons, 95
 And why the bulky size of Jupiter,
 And why its body belted, why the sun
 Upon his centre rolls, and why the comets
 So wisely climb their perihelions round,
 And cross the planets' roads, when planets are 100
 Not near them to turn out ; we should exclaim
 That all are good,—most wonderful connected !
 No part unfinish'd left, and nothing made
 In vain ! All would conjunctively display,
 A ruler wise, a mighty cause, a God ! 105
 Upon that order stands the rectitude
 Of moral life, though more complete refin'd :
 So many conscious beings form'd to know
 God's wise decrees,—to taste,—enjoy that law,—
 Those beauteous gifts of heavenly joys sent down, 110
 Which, matter senseless cannot comprehend,
 Nor feel.

"The moral world,
 "Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 "In highest order ; fitted and impell'd 115
 "By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 "In gen'ral good."
 Nor ends with man ; with beings sensitive,
 The regions of inferior nature teem ;
 Ev'n in the briny deep God's wisdom moves, 120
 And there enjoy'd, in single strength, or army,
 Just as their sphere requires ; all things are weigh'd

And suited to the gen'ral good: as much
 The finny kingdoms order show, as states
 Against each other arm'd. The fluid air 125
 With insects swarms, and tastes of wisdom's ways;
 Enjoy their safety, and the present hour;
 Made wise to shun what would annoy their tribes,
 While basking in the sunshine regions: joy
 Their sporting movements form. Sometimes aloof 130
 They take their flight;—but flying low, or when
 We see them, speaketh rain: impell'd perhaps
 By feelings so to fly;—for safety, heat,
 Or food, or some commodious cause: nor doubt
 They've sense, to choose their safety, ease, and food 135
 Assign'd to their short beings, as well as man,
 With all his boasting eighty years: perhaps
 Their summer is as great an age; our hours
 Their years, and moments hours. And wherefore this
 Diversity profuse, of living things, 140
 That breathe the liquid air and sea? To show
 God's bounteous hand; to show that millions live
 Through his protecting and creating law,
 And through it feed, that man may not despair,
 Who is created to a greater end! 145
 Ask why so many worlds he made, and them
 Replenish'd with a multiplicity
 Of beings, raising in gradation's chain,
 From worms to men erect; the answer this,
 To manifest his glory, and his joys 150
 To spread; each creature shares it in its sphere:
 Before the mountains were brought forth, he was
 Supremely blest; he sat the fountain cause
 Of joy, and all existing things; joy gives
 The life,—it knits the frame together: love 155
 Reigns also where true joys are found. His worlds,
 Are gardens hatching various fruits; his joys,
 Like never ceasing rivers through them flow.
 How great a cause for our most fervent love
 Have we! If works of nature so delight,— 160
 Or God's wise order in the moral world,
 How much must grace and our redemption charm!

Redemption! Whose bright image, seen through faith,
 That heavenly mirror, far out-shines the light
 Of system'd suns! It is the brightest face 165
 Of heavenly attributes! Redemption, all
 Its doors throws wide, and love unbounded, finds
 Its way to us. How oft we've felt that grace,
 That sympathy divine! But like seed cast
 In stony ground, too often takes no root. 170
 Go purge thy soil, cast off a stone a day,
 In that thy will is free, that ev'ry knock
 From grace, thou'lt more take in, till thou becom'st
 A storehouse of his love: the son will dwell
 In thee, branch'd from the Deity, sole heir 175
 Of true delights: how great a blessing given!
 The mighty Godhead cried, it shall be thus,
 My pity for rebellious man shall plead;
 Descend to earth, my son, thou part of me;
 Wrap thyself up in mortal mould, be man, 180
 And foil man's adversary; he will catch
 At thee a second Adam, and to prove
 Thy strength deliver thee to hostile scorn,
 When tempting vanities have no effect;
 Not yet content till at thy life he levels, 185
 Whose agonies like mortals thou must bear,
 And to the grave be doom'd: but power within,—
 Thy essence in thee,—mine, shall rise thee up,
 And shame this alienated being; shame him
 Of his mistake, and weak design, against 190
 Omnipotence to raise in arms; to wreak
 His vengeance on my fav'rite work, my child
 Of innocence that could not do him harm:
 This is my law, his impudence to chain,
 And man to know his duty, foe, and me; 195
 My law for man, before the world was made!
 So spake the first, almighty cause, and breath'd
 From his decrees, eternal good to us!
 This good is all mankind's,—'tis mine! To give
 It thought, shall be my constant aim; the most 200
 Delightful meditation of my mind;
 Surpassing far all mortal fame, that sound

So charming in proud worldlings' ears.
 A prophet, meditating on this love
 Divine, enjoins the firmament, to aid 205
 His lab'ring breast in praise ; and thus began :
 Ye vaulted heavens, melodiously sound forth
 Your thanks, for your wise order rul'd and plann'd ;
 Exult, and leap for gladness, thou bright earth ;
 Ye mountains, break your silence, make the vales 210
 To answer to your joyful notes,—the Lord,
 Through his Redeemer comforts us, and takes
 From you that curse, which our transgression caus'd.
 The angel, who the blessed tidings brought,
 Of the Redeemer born, and where was lay'd, 215
 Came not alone ; a choir of heavenly host,
 Sung in the fields of Bethlehem, and made
 The skies, with hallelujahs at his birth
 Resound ; the morning star, more vivid shone
 Than usual ; and true worshippers, who hop'd 220
 The blessed hour, and felt the sacred truths,
 Shouted with joy : and shall not all the force
 Divine experience ? Shall not man, who is
 The centre of these glad'ning rays be touch'd,
 And feel the unison so nicely tun'd, 225
 So temper'd, and so fitted to his soul ?
 Say ye, whose happiness depends upon't !
 Behold the spangl'd sky ; its stately course
 Observe ; all wheeling west, and setting in
 Their turns, as if the heavens around this earth 230
 Revolv'd ; fierce fiery Mars, since I've been here
 Stood south, now dropp'd from the meridian far ;
 But rather say my head is dropt at east.
 The atmosphere purg'd and serene, like glass
 Transparent, gives a passage to the sight. 235
 The stately ceiling, stretch'd beyond confines,
 Unfathom'd by the eye, or sense of thought,
 Is not disfigur'd with a single flaw.
 Thou spangl'd sky, thou boundary of sight,
 Sight inward further goes, in fancy sees 240
 No bounds, thy azure canopy, with stars
 Embroider'd, forms, as seemingly to us,

A cov'ring for unnumber'd worlds. How clear
 Is all? How pure is the ethereal space?
 And yet impure compar'd with pur'ty real, 245
 With the almighty cause, that can repel
 All causes, which might act upon himself!
 In short, no acting cause on him exist,
 Or can : but nature acts on nature, cause
 On cause, in nature's kingdom through the fall; 250
 From which, corruption springs,—the waste of bodies
 Inanimate or animate, and gives
 Redundant seed, more than perfection wants :
 For from corruption nature has more seed,
 To build, and rear, upon corruption's waste; 255
 Or what's created, might exist so long,
 That fewer might be made ; which might bar up,
 In fate's eternal womb, numbers of beings,
 That now, and will, enjoy their day: for God,
 Completely wise, seeks not a partial good, 260
 But gen'ral one ; an universal law
 In nature is his law ; contriv'd beyond
 Improvement. Man, is doubly arm'd; the law
 Of instinct first with nat'ral things becomes
 His share ; the law of reason with God's grace 265
 The next ; his reason fitted to receive
 That law. No accident, nor oversight
 Frustrates God's wise decrees ; events are his ;
 If here an ill, or there a good should drop,
 (As good or ill appearingly to us,) 270
 The end of each appearance is to come.
 "And binding nature fast in fate,
 "Left free the human will."
 Made free the human will by reason taught,
 By knowledge gain'd to know the good from ill, 275
 The right from wrong ; in that we have broke off
 From nature's bonds : to know God's easy law,
 And do it not is sin. Our Lord is just,
 Perfection makes him just ; and if in-filth
 We wallow, knowing what we do, we move 280
 Still further from his purity. We have
 Aspir'd beyond our selves ; or aim'd at it,

For wrong has been the movement,—level'd us
 With fleeting shadows, and disorder wild,
 Corruption's uproar eating up our vitals; 285
 No cure, but dear bought knowledge to exert;
 And must exert much more, since loaded more
 Through sin's inthralment: we, 'tis true, were free
 Created; but our freedom might had less
 To do, if satan's first attempt was foil'd. 290
 But God permitted it; such was his will,
 Or he is not a God omnipotent!
 We know the law, and what we have to guard
 Against;—to daily strive to shun the ill
 And seek the good: in that, most chiefly, will 295
 Is free. As beings in nature's wants, we are
 In nature's bonds; for who can stop the calls
 Of thirst and hunger? That's what Pope calls bound
 In fate. We have our road through reason's sight:
 Then ought we not pursue that road 300
 Renounce of evil what's well in our power,—
 We know the evil, and we know the power;
 Ask our own hearts, and no excuse can plead,
 Though sin's temptations strongly us invade.
 But our Redeemer gives us strength;—that strength 305
 Is humbleness, acknowledging we want
 That strength, and on the Christ to call. Renounce
 Pretensions arrogant,—self strength; assume
 No haughty pride, the boast of works alone,—
 Pride of ourselves; though works of honesty 310
 Must join with grace. 'In dust and ashes I
 Abase myself, cries Job. I am a man
 Of unclean lips, a humble prophet cries:
 What meek examples are those to the proud!
 And with what meekness our Redeemer came, 315
 When sin triumph'd in saintly shows, and scourg'd:
 The righteous few! When like a tyrant vile,
 Or bloody inquisition, tortur'd all,
 Who did oppose their doctrine, fram'd in hell!
 In that vile peribd came the son of God, 320
 And bore their tort'ring racks, when tort'ring racks,
 For Pharisaical fame were at their height,

And trapt, and sham'd their villainy ; told them
 They compass'd sea and land, one proselyte
 To make ; who was, when made, a child of hell 333
 Worse than themselves ; Worse than themselves, because
 He mov'd from good to bad ;—from the pure law
 To earth's corrupted gains ; as knowing well,
 Which side the strongest party lay, that bore,
 Through int'rest, real religion down. How should 330
 The thoughts of our Redeemer us enliven,—
 Give us the virgin's joys, when she exclaim'd,
 "My soul doth magnify the Lord, for his
 "Transcendant mercy ; and my spirit, not in
 "Extended harvest's fruits, nor richest wealth 333
 "Seeks peace ; but in a nobler blessing,—God
 "My saviour, surety, heavenly friend ; whose strength
 "Implor'd is safety, my eternal rest :
 "And my recovery his suffering's
 "Reward he makes ; no other recompense 340
 "He seeks." Now to my nightly purpose turn,
 And not neglect the beauties of the sky ;
 Their magnitudes contemplate, distances,
 And vast ethereal flights, in motion set
 By our Creator's hand ; each has his road 345
 Distinct ; no war between those system'd tribes ;
 No tyrant there its neighbour to disturb ;
 Distinctly each one keeps his rights ; which shows
 Undoubted proofs, no chance rules them,—no fate
 But God's creating will. Million's of miles 350
 They through the ether run ; and those same tracts
 They sail'd a thousand years ago, sail still.—
 Surprising navigators ! Who taught you
 Your navigating art ? What compass'd rule,
 What mark have you, in the ethereal void ? 355
 What keeps our earth in one unerring road,
 That ev'ry month, and ev'ry hour, she's where
 She's been before ? Find me the man, that can
 Sail over the western ocean divers times,
 And keep one tract unerring ;—constantly 360
 Right o'er certain soundings ? If he could.
 Command his bark, to steer her where he pleas'd,

What mark, through sea or air, could set him right?
 What landmark, star, or compass, do that work?
 In wisdom there the planets us outdo;— 365
 Or God's more wiser law on them impress'd.
 What contemplation the expanse affords,
 That yields unbounded room! To what
 Prodigious length, and breadth, and height,
 Did the almighty builder stretch his line? 370
 Where in the void does his creation end?
 My thoughts are lost in the created space,—
 Or rather say space uncreated, through
 Necessity must be: if darkness dwelt
 Upon the deep, that still maintains a space. 375
 How wonderful! Beyond the reach of man!
 More wonderful by man to be admir'd!
 The scale of wisdom wisely God has fixt,
 Or man, by knowing more might soar too high,
 Destroy his gen'ral use; and might become, 380
 A hurtful link in God's created chain.

"To attain

"The height and depth of thy internal ways,
 "All human thoughts come short, supreme of things."
 But be it known to sinners, and admir'd, 385
 That mortals his internal ways may taste!
 Oh thou, eternal source of love! To all
 Thy blessings come, who seek, and rev'rence thee!
 And all are by repeated visits warn'd!
 Where does thy spangl'd sky begin or end? 390
 Can angels tell? If limited they may:
 Then what's beyond? Old fabl'd chaos, lost
 In length and breadth, in depth and height; and wraps
 Creation, should it spread unnumber'd miles,
 Within its centre's centre, womb, point, lost 395
 In the abyss of things. How wonderful!
 As space is infinite, so are our thoughts;
 And thoughts are offsprings of eternal souls!
 How charming is it to reflect, God's love
 To man, and mercy, is as infinite: 400
 If the unruly prodigal, against
 His father sinn'd, and then return'd repenting,

And by his father readily receiv'd,
 What will an independent father do,
 Who is the fountain cause of harmony, 405
 For all who in that order move? Who made
 For us the perfect motion'd, fertile earth,
 With longitude upon her axle roll'd,
 And latitude from the meridian sun,
 And the equator fixt? Return to God, 410
 Ye sinning souls, before you perish: when
 Necessity drove home the prodigal,—
 That erring youth through his rebellious deeds,
 His injur'd sire stood not aloof, nor shut
 His doors; but while he was a great way off, 415
 Ran hastily to meet him; quickly had
 Compassion, and receiv'd him in his arms,
 Forgetting his ungrateful duty pass'd;
 Parental fondness pass'd oblivion's act,
 And in a moment cancell'd all his faults: 420
 So strong the workings of this parent's love,
 That he embrac'd him in his outward filth,
 Hoping his inward was become more clean,
 Ye sinners, if 'tis through necessity
 Like him, more than free will, return to God; 425
 Necessity will humble us, and blot
 Out wicked pride. Where sin abounded, grace
 Abounded more,—dethron'd its wicked reign;
 For mark the conduct of that vile Manassch;
 That monster of barbarity,—adept 430
 In villainy, becomes a friend of love;
 No longer cherishing that monster foul,
 "That beast of deadly hate, which gnaws on peace,
 "That rest, or intermission, none we find,"
 Behold that rigid persecutor Saul; 435
 With threat'nings breathing, and on slaughter bent,
 He worried the lambs; and even put to death,
 All who pronounc'd, that Jesus was the Christ!
 After such public signs,—the darkness, dead
 Arising, earthquakes, and the temple's rent, 440
 Who would not, in the scale of human sense,
 Pronounc'd him irrecoverably fallen?

For from what cause could he assign his deeds?
 From what mistake excuse himself? If hell,
 In that infernal moment, at his fall 445
 Triumph'd, as Satan, sin, and death, rejoice'd
 At Adam's, and those signs mysterious made,
 Saul, surely then must know he fought for hell;
 Or if the power of darkness rose, from what
 They charg'd him with,—the casting devils out 450
 By devils' power, even that condemns itself,
 As nothing triumph will in its own fall.
 Yet guilty Saul had pardon from above,
 Enlighten'd with the truth peculiarly,
 Became one of Christ's flock, his greatest teacher, 455
 And with the teachers suffers martyrdom,
 The proud Corinthians, dipt in vices deep,
 As were to all morality disgustful,
 Should even law and gospel be mere dreams,
 Were sanctified, were justified, were holy made 460
 Through his transcending Comforter: those who
 Were once the burden of the earth were chang'd
 Delightfully, to man, themselves, and God:
 Even his greatest enemies, who cried
 "Away with him, we have no king but Cesar," 465
 Through God's long suffering, and abundant grace,
 Were brought to truth, and light to see their sins.
 But what excuse could have they for their crimes?
 They heard his doctrine, and his wonder saw?
 But that devouring monster interest 470
 Was touch'd; their gains and pride both level'd at;
 Their offices of power in danger standing:
 Therefore a rotten weapon they embrac'd,
 And charg'd his wonders to the power of hell!
 They seiz'd his person, dragg'd him first to Caiphas, 475
 And then before a heathen judge, who had
 More mercy than themselves, and would our Lord
 Acquit, till they with treason charg'd him;—charg'd
 Our Lord with undermining Cesar's crown;—
 Told Cesar's judge that Cesar was their king, 480
 That Pilate scarcely knew then how to act;
 For should he think the charge to be fallacious,

Yet his great master Cesar might not think
 It so. Barrabas they would pardon; he,
 A worldly sinner like themselves, gall'd not 485
 Their erring consciences with truth, as did
 Our Lord; he rather fed their mortal drifts,
 Expecting that releasement he obtain'd.
 The sun, in darkness mourn'd; the trembling earth
 Convuls'd, threw up her dead; and wonder not 490
 Had she unto her centre split, and dropt
 Such murderers into her deepest gulf.
 Shall those forgiveness hope for? Hopes they'd none
 Beyond the grave;—their forms and ceremonies
 Mere mockery. Shall those not be consign'd 495
 To wrath eternal? Shall impurities
 Design'd, oppression, and hard hearted deeds,
 Exult in proud existence here, and meet,
 No check in transient, or eternal life?
 But mark the providence of gracious heaven,— 500
 Forgiving mercy of our Saviour Lord:
 For many at the Holy Ghost's descent,
 Of those impious tribes, were of their state
 Convinced, were wounded with a conscience stung
 Remorse, and to the cross for refuge fled, 505
 Their sanctuary; and their pardon there,
 By the baptismal seal, had ratified;
 And in his doctrine keeping firm, were made
 Partakers of eternal happiness;
 In which they'll shine, as endless monuments, 510
 Of most distinguish'd mercy; and receive
 Felicity past utterance, from him,
 Whom they had crucified, through hellish hate,
 Well might the prophet zealously cry out,
 "Who is a God like unto thee!" Let all 515
 Flesh know, greatly rejoice, that with the Lord
 There is such mercy, and redemption; know,
 That the wild Indian, and European sage,
 May learn alike their Maker's law; and both,
 In heavenly love, and earthly join at once; 520
 And learn barbarity, and blasphemy,
 Are in that law forgiven. What a dome

Majestic is the sky! Appearingly
 A semicircle wrapping half this ball;
 Though in reality a circle whole, 525
 And wraps the whole of our internal world.
 Where are the props that bear this stately arch?
 What hidden power keeps the vast fabric up?
 What ballance in geometry,—man's art,
 Can with this work compare? A work upheld, 530
 While generations of us mortals here,
 Like bubbles on the stream, have rose and sunk?
 If those stars are of such amazing bulk,
 How are they fasten'd in their lofty bounds?
 So many pondrous orbs, how fasten'd so, 535
 They fall not here, or there, or on our heads?
 May I once more in part this mystery
 Remove;—explain to the deficient sense,
 That up or down in the ethereal space,
 There's none? This, to the learn'd is known, the rest 540
 Is left to God; We see them pendulous
 As we conceive, though fixt to motions; fix'd
 Those motions too, unerring fixt, that take
 No flight but where they should: the architect
 Of heaven and earth,—the wise almighty cause, 545
 Keeps them in bounds, from causes infinite,
 That finite hardly comprehends; stretch'd out,
 In east, in west, in north, and south, his stars
 Unnumber'd, globes on nothing hung; yet have
 Foundations surer than the solid rock; 550
 So sure, that ages cannot find them err!
 The planets are, ye real religious few,
 Your teachers, or like you in constancy;
 A wise example for us all! Though man
 In nature is enfeebl'd,—in himself 555
 So weak, not many perfect thoughts may think!
 Yet if he'd try to think of good, he may,
 And by that thinking oft repeated, may
 Amend: though various snares encompass us,
 Innumerable mischiefs seek our ruin, 560
 Though various roads grace finds its way, will warn
 Our negligence, and make us try to think.

When virtuous thoughts within ourselves grow dull,
 That work is oft accomplish'd by another,—
 By teachers who the heavenly instinct catch ! 565
 I will, with my right hand of righteousness,
 Uphold thee, saith the Lord. A blessed truth !
 The arm that fixt the stars, and guides the planets,
 Is ready to preserve salvation's heirs.
 My sheep, adds the Redeemer, from my hand 570
 No one shall pluck. What words of joy ! And did
 They come from him, who has all power in heaven
 And earth ? And were they spoke to ev'ry one
 That seriously believe ? Omnipotence
 Must fail then if salvation fails ! Should we 575
 Then ask, where's our security, if we
 Until the end endure, continue firmly
 In righteous works and thoughts till death ? We see
 The ether lighted up by fiery globes ;
 We see its order on real wisdom form'd : 580
 Then what security seek we besides ?
 When suns are darken'd, and keep not their bounds,
 And planets lawless through the dungeon run,
 With dreadful thunders heard from jarring spheres,
 Deep sounding through the hollow tomb of fate ; 585
 Earth rolling backward, or at random rolling,
 The sun at random rising here and there,
 A frightful globe of black combustible,
 If any light through agitation shows him ;
 Our thoughts and works upon a moment built, 590
 From order snatch'd by orders infinite,—
 By numberless authorities wrapt up
 In atoms, infinite in shape and power ;
 Think then that all is chance without a God,
 And thy immortal soul a shadow too : 595
 Till those things be, we have security
 Until the end. Be of good courage then,
 My soul ; on those supports divine rely,—
 Those promises faithfully made, as sure,
 And fixt, as the wise order of the sky.
 Though grace be languid as the glim'ring spark, 600
 And by corruption dar'd to keep its throne ;

Yet if the great Jéhovah undertakes,
 To cherish this dim principle, not all
 Corruption's acting causes can destroy it; 605
 Though 'tis as feeble as the smoking flax,
 Yet righteous acts, and faith, will feed the flame,
 Till it beams forth a lamp of glory, hung
 Immortally in the immortal heavens.
 God's covenanting word with man may be 610
 Seen emblematically in the sky,—
 In the stability of its inhabitants;
 Those that are fixt continue so; no shock,
 Disorder, violence from elements,
 Are able to remove them; fixt, and seems 615
 Each one a hinge, that all its worlds turn on.
 Through the whole flight of time, they vary not
 From their respective centres, one hair's breadth;
 And the erratic retinue, that round
 Them roll, describe the roads they have describ'd 620
 A thousand years ago. How easily
 Are human works disorder'd? Works of fame,
 Discoveries, loaded machines, up hills
 By wind ascending? some by magic force,
 Or some such random virtue in them lodg'd? 625
 See others sinking ships to rise them up
 Again, and never rise; balloons too steer'd,
 Then burst, and steer their steerers headlong down;
 Some finding soundings without lead or line,
 Or think they can; see some at longitude, 630
 And would correct with steady motions earth
 Herself upon her axle rolling; see
 Some at perpetual motions fixt, till fix'd
 Indeed by accidents, or want of power;
 Some scheming surer modes of death in war, 635
 And some with clocks great wonders to perform,—
 To show you monthly days without man's aid;
 Nor is exempted the proud alchymist,
 Or melter vain to find a flux, and turn
 A shadow into substance: all these would 640
 Be Gods! All would on nothing build their works,
 As God has built his universal worlds,

Performing mighty wonders as they think :
 Perform they may some shadowy effects,
 Till some slight accident upsets the work, 645
 Like Babel-builders leaving half undone ;
 And weak as Babel with the sky compar'd !
 Weak architect art thou, Oh man ! And weak
 Thy works founded on transient things ! But all
 The heavenly movements are so nicely hung, 650
 So perfectly proportion'd, and supplied
 By the eternal hand in quick repairs,
 Repairing and renewing as they waste,
 That their deficiencies, to human sense,
 Are never found : their axes never fail, 655
 Their orbit wheels the same ; their magnitudes,
 From records of vast ages here, found not
 To gather or decrease ; while human works,
 The best, decay ; then disappear ; then lost
 In memory : and so vast empires too 660
 Shall change ; change from their state of luxury ;—
 From kingly pride devouring lab'ers' earnings,
 Fall into slavery ! But who lays down
 At night, and doubts the day's return ? Doubts years,
 Or seasons in their courses due ? 'Tis true, 665
 The sun o'er Gibeon stood, while Joshua
 The battle fought ;—or earth more likely cess'd
 Its rolling course : then need we doubt of God's
 Veracity,—his stable word to man,
 When by his power, for stiff neck'd Israel, 670
 He stopp'd the sun's swift daily flight ? Swift flight
 Must be if earth sits still ; And though God's truth,
 The firmament declares in steadfastness,
 Yet his more steadfast promise hear : "The heavens
 "And earth shall pass away : but unrevok'd 675
 "My word shall stand." Without that promise, man
 No stedfast surety has ; no guide, but lost,
 Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of errors !
 The system of created things is by
 That word upheld ; should it instable prove, 680
 Then for a first, almighty cause, we seek
 In vain ; effects will momentary catch

The rule, and be a cause ; and all become,
 A wild uproar of causes and effects ;
 Excepting that nitrous combustible, 685
 That is in matter lodg'd, which whirls the clouds,
 And gives to nature motion, is destroy'd :
 That, or annihilation of the whole,
 Must stop the wild uproar of chaos feign'd,
 Feign'd to exist in element'ry strife. 690

"All unawares

"Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plump down he drops
 "Ten thousand fathoms deep ; and to this hour
 "Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 "The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud, 695
 "Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 "As many miles aloft."

God's sacred word throughout all nature runs,
 And chiefly by the prophets handed down,—
 The gospel's promises,—our greatest gift : 700
 To his unerring word, unnumber'd worlds
 Owe their support ; and shall it not, when ills
 Seem threat'ning, cheer our souls ? Can we
 Have firmer claim, or other hopes than this
 Again declar'd, "Who comes to me, I will 705

"No way cast out ?" What more assurance then,—
 What form'd conveyance, deed of settlement,
 Left to our options should we choose ? We have
 The word of our immortal king, his law
 And grace, by sureties indisputable ;— 710

By sureties ratified by oath, and seal'd
 By Christ's triumphant vict'ry over death ?
 Fam'd cities may their charters lose, and states
 Be overthrown by states ; these are the works
 Of wills deprav'd : for the instable mind 715
 Is to corruption fixt, and not to God !

To spell a syllable of the first cause,
 In the sky's manuscript we have endeavour'd ;
 And caught a glimpse of the Almighty there :
 But if we would his full perfection read, 720
 In greek and latin on the cross 'twas written
 The firmament, appearingly to us,

Is sown with stars irregular ; they seem
 To cluster here and there ; uniting all
 Their fiery sparks, adds lustre to the whole : 726
 Like jewels on a crown, whose mingling beams
 Reflect, and help with brilliancy each other.
 But wisdom infinite, in Jesus shines,
 Surpassingly this rich ethereal dome,—
 This canopy, though richly seems embroider'd 730
 The making of a world, made by a word,
 More trifling seems in God's eternal power,
 Than man's redemption from the grave ; but who
 Can fathom his eternal ways ? Who say,
 He here too little gives, and there too much ? 735
 Weighs man's rewards in partial, unjust scales ?
 If the offender should escape, is death,—
 Sin's wages paid ? Or where's the word's dependence,
 Veracity, that solemnly declar'd,
 The soul that sins shall die ? Who can suggest 740
 A method, to absolve the traiterous race,
 Yet vindicate the honours of a God ?
 Or dare to give his being's cause a law !
 These awful attributes, are in array
 Set terrible ; they're like some battlements 745
 Impenetrable, guard, opposes all
 Apostates from salvation's rights : to man
 These are intricacies ; corruption's sphere,
 Can judge not incorruption's ways ; except
 True grace, may here and there in part, unlock 750
 The mystery of the Almighty's hand ;
 And has unlock'd ; the secret is reveal'd
 In our redemp'tion by a dying Saviour :
 There, even babes may understand, what minds
 In nature's penetration cannot form. 755
 Where does the power divine exert itself
 So signally as in the cross of Christ,—
 That glorious conquest made to life for man ?
 Our Lord, in his humility, gain'd more
 A victory, than when in figure through 760
 Dividing seas, and the waste wilderness,
 His prophets rid upon his chariots ; when

His hands and feet to wood were rivetted,
 He death disarm'd, he snatch'd the prey from hell,
 And reinstated our created rights: 765

Humility best answers God's decrees!
 Now he's exalted to his heavenly throne,
 Behold the operation of his grace;
 Grace, truer to its Lord, than generals
 To kings, fights for our glorious liberty: 770

Presumptuous sin now weaken'd, shrinks within
 Itself; though oft repuls'd, becomes more busy.
 Where grace can conquer, frights and fears, that haunt
 The sinner, are no more; the wretch deprav'd,
 Whose dev'lish disposition is to 'mself 775

A hell of tantalizing changes,—shows
 Of pleasure, is not only happy made
 By his new model'd stable mind, but is
 Become, a link more useful in the chain
 Of men; for grace will ever actions mend! 780

Would you, then see, of excellence divine,
 An incomparably more bright display,
 Than the unspotted firmament,—the sky's
 Gay number stately wheeling west; and Sol's
 Nocturnal course, now climbing east, though hid 785

From us, exhibit? Yes, Jesus our Lord;
 He is the brightness of the Deity,
 The image of the incorrupted God:
 He shone perfection forth unchangeably,
 And still shines forth:—hear mercy, with a voice, 790

More charming in its unison, than sounds
 Of softest melody: benevolence,
 From mercy's choicest stores, we feel;—the love
 Divine we feel! Did ever pity look
 So amicably soft, as in those tears, 795

Which swell'd his eyes, and trick'd down his cheeks,
 To soften man's inveterate crimes? In such
 A scene, was it for patience possible,—
 In such an hour of mortal punishment
 For patience possible, to form a mind 800

So lovely, praying for his enemies,—
 Hell's instruments, for God to pardon them,

They knew not what they did? In many things
 Jehovah's glory scatter'd we may find,
 But all in Christ united; out of Sion, 805
 And in Sion's Redeemer all sprang forth;—
 In perfect beauty Deity was seen!
 Search then, my soul, beyond our mortal paths;
 Search through the scriptures of redeeming love;
 Let those thy study be: in those are hid 810
 The child of wisdom's bliss, the charm of angels,
 The fount of love, on which our essences
 And theirs depend: without this heavenly love,
 All knowledge is but pompous ignorance.
 The bible's laws are true directing posts; 815
 No lab'rinth there of mazes intricate
 Perplexes travellers; true guide to souls
 Benighted; truth's unerring model; man's
 Dependence, surety, never failing guide;
 Nothing so powerful a lively faith 820
 To work, so sovereign to antidote
 The pestilential poison of the world,
 As this remember'd, and our Saviour's death!
 The genuine, and ever fruitful source
 Of all that's heavenly, is the unfeign'd 825
 And steadfast love to Christ: an altar is
 His cross, from which a living coal we may
 Command, shall into immortality
 Soon kindle us. Behold that matchless man,
 Whose virtuous, humble life, should lead the way, 830
 True leader even to morality
 Alone, if only earthly happiness
 We seek; mark well his conduct through this life;
 Contemplate all his graces; to thy thoughts
 Familiarize his edifying words, 835
 And enter deeply into them refin'd;
 His graces then into thy breast may be
 Transfus'd, and doctrines in thy heart transcrib'd.
 Then follow him to Calvary's black mount,
 Where darkness reign'd and earthquakes shook its base;
 But innocence, that heavenly beam, shot through 841
 The black tremendous gulf; like his own bow

Shows brighter in the blackest cloud, and sham'd
 His murderers ;—sham'd those who smote their breasts,
 And cried, this truly is the Son of God ! 345
 Behold the spotless victim nail'd and pierc'd !
 Behold him canst in thy conceiving eyes,
 And hear him too in thy conceiving ears,
 Pouring out prayers, even for his murderers !
 Behold the wounds, that with forgiveness stream, 350
 And bleeding balm, for a distemper'd world !
 Behold the justice, goodness, of the hand
 Divine ; his mercy, vengeance,—attributes
 So justly answer'd in that tragic scene,—
 Fulfill'd to man, through sin's mistaken zeal. 355
 Since God is inconceivably so great,
 As these his marv'lous works declare ;
 Can we forbear to bow our heads to earth,
 And worship him from whom these glories spring ?
 Prayer is an advantageous work ; it smooths 360
 The rugged heart ; it cultivates, improves
 It, for a correspondence with Jehovah,
 To carry on that glad'ning intercourse,
 With his enlivening spirit. Shall I then blush,
 To be before the throne of grace found prostrate ? 365
 Or be ashamed, my social supplications
 To offer up in public, rather wishing
 Retirement, to be heard by none but God ?
 In public should, and all true ministers
 Not wanting interest, nor praise from man : 370
 There is the doubt, the trying mystery !
 Let me this privilege enjoy,—upon
 My knees in secret worship ; there commune
 With life's eternal fount uninterrupted ;
 Unclogg'd, perhaps, by sounds ill sorting that 375
 Conjunctive harmony of spirit with spirit :
 To stand a teacher by the croud ador'd,
 Permits a cause of sin close at the elbow.
 This promise, which, in the prophetic words
 So oft appears,—that I will be thy God ! 380
 Crowns all the covenanting benefits
 With man. Will this supremely blest, this cause

Of all existing things protect a worm ;
 A worm of reason, and whose reason makes
 Rebellious ; serving to no better end 885
 Than lustful appetites, to covet what
 Is not our own ? Yet in this breach of law
 Will God vouchsafe to lend his aiding hand
 Repeatingly, and help our weakness sway'd
 Too much by subtle reason, high priz'd sense, 890
 Dear bought,—the stumbling block of thousands, not
 To grace alone, but to the worth of moral life ?
 Yet in those wandrings of our carnal lusts,
 A heavenly whisper breaks of right and wrong ;
 Though heard by all, yet only by a few 895
 Obey'd : the stubborn rest go stumbling on,
 Transgressing still the law, till love from God,
 In the Redeemer given, finds the soul ;
 Perhaps does what a rigid discipline
 Can't do ; or if not so, it wipes away 900
 The stains. How often Israel's king exults
 In the assurance, that this good is his !
 Deep interested there, to every ill
 He bids defiance,—rests on steadfast faith :
 He says, the Lord is my salvation, light, 905
 My strength of life ; 'of whom then shall I be
 Afraid ? What's so effectual as this
 Appropriating faith, with dignity
 Superior to inspire the mind, and wean it
 From transitory trifles ? Or create 910
 A temper, unalarm'd by vulgar fears,
 Or unappall'd by death itself ? The same
 Heroic personage cries out, "The Lord
 "Is my unerring shepherd, therefore I
 "Shall nothing lack." How is it possible, 915
 He who supplies immensity's defects,
 Shall fail with man ? While power and wisdom pure,
 Can all things justify and ratify,
 Who under such supreme authority
 Cannot be blest, if righteousness he follows ? 920
 Here, let us pause ; and with humility
 Contemplate God , together with ourselves,

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Or rather his created systems movements
 With ours, in a relative view : if we,
 Reflect on nature visible,—the stars 925
 Extent,—incomprehensible their number,—
 So wonderfully wise in distance plac'd
 Avoiding dang'rous influencies, proving
 From one creating hand they sprung ; such, lead
 Us to reflect on those accomplishments, 930
 Wise order, rectitude discerning, which,
 Ought to be found among the human race ;
 As flowing from the one, sole fountain head
 Of all created things. If we proceed,
 Consider farther this wise Author, first 935
 His wonders in the starry firmament,
 Then next his guardianship, his government
 Of all his creatures here below ; the whole
 Supporting by an ever watchful eye,—
 His providence presiding over all 940
 Existing things, from worms to monarchs crown'd ;
 An infidel a chain of right may see !
 If we no other blessing have than here,
 All would be wretched fate, all chance indeed,
 All chaos, all things God, all rule awhile, 945
 A momentary rule, this catch the helm,
 Then that, orbs would in orbits err : but look
 Into the skies, and we see no such thing !
 With unremitted liberality,
 God gives to ev'ry thing some worth peculiar,— 950
 A bounty suiting ev'ry atom's sphere,
 And makes the matter'd universe one scene
 Of right : nor is that law in us neglected ;
 Thou discontented worlding hast thy share :
 Then is it possible for human hearts, 955
 Under such captivating views, or in
 Such wise connected order plac'd to be
 Indifferent, towards this most benign,
 Most beautiful original of bliss
 And being ? Let me introduce these lines 960
 Of Young, so well adapted in this place ;
 "Since the great Sov'reign sends ten thousand worlds,

- "To tell us he resides above them all,
 "In glory's unapproachable recess."
 Can any in stupidity be so 965
 Immers'd, and lost in irreligious views,
 In darkness lost through a licentious life,
 To say to God, we're independent, self-existing,
 And covet not to know a power superior?
 Vain pride! Where lies thy independency? 970
 Canst thou ensure one step from stumbling blocks,—
 The slightest fate that momentary waits thee?
 If such a harden'd principle exists
 In man, corruption's vices have so seiz'd
 His root, they dig his grave eternally! 975
 If we our state consider; first, how frail
 Our bodies are, that even changing winds
 Effect us; next, our agitated minds
 Of hopes and fears,—disasters bred by some
 Vain enterprise, that acting nature sat 980
 Afloat, in our corrupting frames, to weigh
 Our spirits faster down; can we amidst
 So many wants,—under infirmities
 So dreadful,—helpless, seek no cure? Can we
 Be unconcern'd in such a weaken'd state, 985
 Should there be none to help? And should there be
 Can we lay harden'd, seeking not his aid,
 And live without a God, when slipp'ry sin
 Has done its sports,—has worn out all its baits
 And play-things here? Imagination's throne 990
 Must totter at the thought! Can we, without
 A hope well-grounded, that we're reconcil'd
 To some almighty cause rest satisfied?
 A cause, whose goodness is unchangeable,
 That our last hopes may on a rock be fix'd? 995
 By sad example no foundation here
 We find! If there be any one, who sells
 His joys eternal, for a moment's toy;
 Whose apprehensions are erroneously
 Misled, and rates himself on ignorance 1000
 That blinded child of dear-bought sin,—proud sense
 Its being and its name. let me bewail

His misery, and his impiety
 Abhor! Bewail his misery let me,
 Though popularity crowns him with fame! 1005
 Though conquer'd slaves should at his elbows wait,
 And half the world subdued beneath his feet,
 Short happiness he may expect from them,
 Who'd catch his rule, and money too, and leave
 Him destitute of all his laurels. Take, 1010
 Ye to yourselves, proud men, the toys of state,
 Unenvied, unoppos'd; while I in this
 Eternal hope rejoice,—this hope in God,
 And triumph in his name! And on this world,
 I'll scarcely one vain hoping thought bestow, 1015
 But pity its deluded votaries!
 These universal bodies, though immense
 In size, and-number numberless almost,
 Are to the hand divine obedient; God,
 Their number knows, their various properties 1020
 And ways; can by their names command, assign
 Them offices; arrange the starry host
 More eas'y than a general his troops;
 Give them to know when to advance, retreat,
 In time more perfect, than war's wisest march. 1025
 The sun, at his creation issued forth,
 Under command to travel round this earth,
 Or on her axle earth was bad to roll;
 Since which, her labour never ceas'd, except
 For Israel's conveniency. The moon 1030
 Had charge to monthly round this earth,
 Though following the sun, appearingly,
 In his nocturnal and diurnal flight;
 And while he over Gibeon stood due south,
 She over Ajalon stood also south, 1035
 Stood fixt, which was no use to Joshua,
 Though he in form commanded it; which shows,
 Earth's rolling motion on her centre ceas'd.
 So subject is material nature, so
 Obsequious in its forms, to its high Lord, 1040
 That thunders rage, and light'nings dart but where
 They should, where nature wants them most;

Their gen'ral usefulness out weighs their mischiefs,
 Though rocks they rent, and men sweep into graves. 1045
 The flying storm, and whirlwind wear God's yoke ;
 The raging waves revere his nod ; they shake
 The rocky clift, they dash the sky with rage,
 And may sometimes encroach upon low lands,
 Yet never pass the boundaries of right.
 Though planets, swifter than the northern blast 1050
 Sweep ether's tracts, yet by a plan they're guided.
 All these enormous globes of light and heat,
 Which through the boundless azure send their rays,
 And are the centres of unnumber'd worlds,
 Whose magnitudes inferior bury them, 1055
 Keep steadfast fixt, and dare not rove abroad ;
 Dare not on one another to infringe,
 And set the firmament in war ; or worse,
 With too much heat conjoin'd, set it on fire,—
 Destroy all acting causes,—wildest nature,— 1060
 Old chaos or necessity itself.
 Since all, throughout the dumb assent of things,
 Obedient are to order's harmony,
 Shall man's created knowledge that transgress ?
 Shall his unruly appetites reject 1065
 God's law, and trample happy order down ?
 They may, with sin and Satan leagu'd ; and had
 The planets conscious knowledge, might the like
 Had suffer'd, if God had permitted it.
 With Satan leagu'd ! Whoe'er is that, is chain'd 1070
 On earth, and feels that hell that Satan feels !
 Be stung, my soul, for those who never sought
 For grace, nor held it when it came, when offer'd ;
 When it appear'd in lovely form, and told
 Them they were guilty ; but, the tares of life, 1075
 Were then so thickly sown, would suffer it
 No growth. But shall not God the sceptre sway ?
 And does he not ? His law for us is fixt,
 And if we disobey his justice follows :
 Yet we are spar'd to live awhile, and call'd 1080
 To righteousness repeatedly. Come then,
 All ye, created powers of human sense,

Adhere to your almighty cause, the cause
 From which you sprang; a cause that only wants
 Your best endeavours to be good,—your aim 1085
 In your corrupted state towards perfection,
 And angels can't do more: his just decrees,
 Like servants dutiful, obey; they'll make
 You happy here, should here alone be all!
 But if we feel a happiness in good, 1090
 'Tis that points out eternity to man!
 All nature is in motion; and shall man
 Stand still,—not suffer change? Yet changes say
 Not he's immortal; all immortal are,
 That join this frame of intellectual life,— 1095
 The body too, though to the grave 'tis doom'd;
 Should resurrection never be perform'd
 'Twill live in matter there. But order is
 To God: and who that order most obeys,
 That order most do feel, and will receive,— 1100
 Whose province is eternal happiness!
 A resurrection is the life and joy
 The good man hopes for; to the grave resigns
 Himself; shakes off the sorrow aged years
 Entails, and in his bless'd Redeemer sleeps: 1105
 I am the resurrection and the life,
 Christ says, and shew us how to gain that life.
 At my first entrance on this evening scene,
 The luminaries shining now so bright,
 Were all eclips'd; the sun was not depress'd 1110
 Below the horizon, his powerful blaze
 Outshone them: as the daylight wore away,
 Bright Hesperus, that evening star, which leads
 The nightly train of lamps, first caught my eye;
 Now at her greatest height from setting sun, 1115
 And equal distance with him from our earth,
 Will there some nights be found as standing still;
 Because our earth is falling as she falls,
 And going on with her the eastern way;
 Then drops, then faster drops, till down she gets 1120
 Between us and the sun; then moving still
 She gets his other side, and rises then

Before him Phosphorus call'd, the morning star.
 Indust'rous she will seem awhile, by rising
 More early ev'ry morn, till at the height 1125
 Of her courageous fit; then drops as fast
 Into a sloth, and scorns to rise before
 The sun. While I, on this first visiter
 Stood gazing; here and there, the starry train,
 Began to peep, through the blue curtains; scarcely 1130
 Had these my sight allur'd, but soberly
 Encreasing stole ten thousand into view;
 In shining splendour, and confusion sweet,
 They pour'd all over the empyrean plain,
 Till like one constellation wonderful 1135
 The whole appear'd: a flood of glory broke
 From all the skies. Is not the prodigal,
 The atheist, and the harden'd sinner, much
 Like this reclaim'd? During their vainer years,
 Their greatest glory lies conceal'd; concerns 1140
 Of greatest worth are disregarded then:
 But when bright grace gets footing, and takes root,
 How vain all former acts appear? How blank
 And cloudy? Nothing heavenly to be seen!
 But gently like this starry train, the veil 1145
 Removes, he sees with joy a treasure, hid
 Before; which is establish'd, and enlarg'd,
 By serious love, and study of the right,
 And application to the sacred word:
 Then will new truths continually appear, 1150
 Like evidences charging with past guilt;
 Scenes of refin'd delights addresses him
 With their attractives; new desires take wing,
 New thoughts are born, new tempers form his mind,
 New conversation regulates his school, 1155
 Old things are pass'd away and new arriv'd,
 Darkness is fled, he sees his happy road!
 The more I view this heavenly concave sky,
 More of its splendid retinue discern;
 Minuter lights, at one material glance 1160
 Conceal'd, by close inspection visible
 Become. The galaxy, so call'd, a tract

Distinguish'd by a sort of milky hue,
 Form'd brilliant more, by more bright suns sown there,
 Or for some cause plac'd in the upper air, 1165
 A region seems to be all on a blaze.
 Besides the vast profusion I see here,
 Was I more near the pole, I should behold
 Vast numbers more, that from this latitude
 Were never seen: the optic glass, us'd here 1170
 Or there, would bring new wonders still to view;
 And if we could still further be convey'd,
 Ten thousand more to view would be display'd!
 And further still, what should we find besides?
 A dungeon dark, or lighted suns to rise! 1175
 Old chaos fabl'd, and eternal night,
 Or this expanse of heavenly beauties bright!
 "Come forth, Oh man, yon azure round survey,
 "And view those lamps, which yield eternal day!
 "Bring forth thy glasses; clear thy wondring eyes; 1180
 Millions beyond the former millions rise;
 And millions more blaze in remoter skies!

CHAPTER III.

CONTENTS.

Contains but little more than astronomical observations, with a few religious and moral references drawn from those.



THROUGH distance, and through our constructed sight,
 Those starry orbs as glitt'ring points appear;
 The planets, though so near our earth, quite close
 With their vast distances compar'd, yet gain
 Scarce any superiority in size. 5
 They have no light within themselves as suns;
 'Tis suns which give them light: should any orb
 Or body intervene, their shaded faces
 Become to us almost invisible:
 It is his blazing beams which shows them to us, 10
 If of material, and things visible,
 We've such imperfect apprehensions, how

More scanty, and imperfect, must it be,
 To judge of what's invisible? To judge
 The depth of God's internal ways? The stars 15
 We do behold: though bigger far than this
 Our stretch'd out earth, that ignorance calls all
 In all, yet seem meer nothings to the sight;—
 And in idea too with vulgar minds.
 But faith the glory of the Saviour sees, 20
 More perfect than the learn'd can judge these globes;
 Should they apply the best optician's skill,
 Their distance would almost elude their search;
 And ignorance of this grand sky see less,
 As sinners see of grace. This earth, though mov'd 25
 At certain times, full eight score million miles
 Nearer some stars, yet sensible impression
 It makes not to our sight. Thou sinful man,
 In that, as well as thy Redeemer's love,
 Thy sense falls short; thy narrow judgment forms 30
 Of both, without his grace, inspired grace,
 A dark, bewilder'd scene! Vast are which roll
 In the expanse of heaven those bodies; far
 More vast are ether's fields through which they run!
 If those stars are so many magazines, 35
 Of light and vigour inexhaustible,
 No reas'ning doubt prevails of their grand ends,—
 Their mighty causes in their spheres,—their worths,—
 Their universal powers,—their sitting lords
 Or kings of many worlds,—unnumber'd worlds,— 40
 Or viceroys from the first, almighty cause;
 Fixt in the centres of their subjects, best
 Place for their rule, by influencing force
 Bestow'd, and their attractive mites receive;
 Though dead in all things but attraction's force,— 45
 Enough for them; no higher quality,
 Or knowledge plac'd in them, their dwellers want.
 To specify, explain their purposes,—
 Their worth to us, or to themselves, the task
 Is hard for man,—poor puny mortal here, 50
 The offspring of a puny globe, mere mite
 With other globes compar'd: enough we know

From reason, they are useful in their spheres ;—
 Created for no trifling end ; as much, or more
 Of Deity enjoy, as this our earth: 55
 How wonderfully wise the whole are plac'd:
 Are from each other plac'd to suit their powers !
 No farther than the sight commands, nor yet
 So close each other to destroy ; which would
 Destroy, or in confusion fall, through their 60
 Too great attractive and repulsive powers ;
 But now their influence is gentle ; force
 Upon each other little have ; their worth,
 As to themselves or planets, with themselves
 Is lodg'd ; each sun reigns o'er his own, supports 65
 With light and heat the worlds that round him roll ;
 His neighb'ring sun he hurts not, if he does
 No good.—A bright example for mankind !
 Thou hypocrite with double face, take that
 To thee. Who can that wondrous cause adore 70
 Sufficiently, that strews for man the earth
 With blessings ? And to charm his sight, and light
 His nightly paths, gives him ten thousand worlds ?
 They beautify our azure roof ; they time
 Divide, and fix its solemn periods ; days 75
 And years they measure out ; teach us to know,
 When heat, or cold, or storms, we may expect,—
 The farmer's guide, and navigator's too:
 Since God has given us these measurers
 Of time, to show us how our days fly on, 80
 How blind are we to lose our reckonings,
 And suffer age, that thief, to steal our wits !
 That noble kalendar above, tells us
 More than ten thousand comprehends ; tells us
 How we shall know our age, and not make waste 85
 Of time. The very heavens are bid to be
 Accomptants, and our gardians too of years ;
 Then may we part with days, as misers do
 With gold ; but put them to a better use :
 The miser's gold buys int'rest in this world ; 90
 It is his God, his all ; he looks a saint,—
 And would be thought a saint, to fleece mankind,

Go love thy money do, but love thy own ;
 And love not that, but for thy honest wants :
 Go love industry,—root of moral good ; 9
 Keep honesty in view, and ill extremes
 Thou'lt shun ; and thou'lt be happy with thy mite,
 To offer up thy daily thanks to God.
 How bright the starry diamonds shine ! The kings
 Of eastern climes, enjoy'd a pride to be 100
 Compar'd with them,—they deck'd their robes with stars.
 See how they glitter through the void ! They form
 Night's richest dress,—they on her sable robe
 Like gems of richest lustre sparkle ; spread
 So in extent, no nation so remote, 105
 But sees their beauty : ev'ry age and clime
 Produc'd their gazers ; even when the mind
 Was rul'd with dark ideas, earth to deem
 And honour universal king, enthron'd
 In idle state ; and all besides, round her 110
 Their labours follow'd, and their tribute paid,
 By some attractive virtue from them shed.
 And ev'ry generation yet unborn,
 And wise astronomers in nature's womb,
 Shall gaze on them and new discov'ries make ; 115
 Shall see their ways a thousand years to come,
 If nature lives, as we behold them now ;
 See earth obliquely roll on her high road,
 While round her central sun she yearly flies,
 To bring the season's useful change ; see suns, 120
 Though fixt from wandring roll their bodies round ;
 See those two bodies inside us eclipse
 Our fountain light,—or transits make, and form
 A speck on the sun's face ; see fancied seas
 And mountains in the moon, her growing edge 125
 Like rocks strewn here and there and bright as pearls,
 High lands suppos'd ; and see her like a friend,
 Show us no double face, though changing oft ;—
 Changing for use, and not hypocrisy,
 Shows us one constant face, though black and white, 130
 By rolling on her axle once from full
 To full ; that those inhabiting one half

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That orb ne'er saw this bulky planet earth,
Without they travel'd,—never saw this globe,
Which is to them the largest in the skies! 135

And likewise see, her northern boundaries,
Shall show her lighted up, when on her back,
As some observes; and learn the cause, learn why
North latitude commanding her, should have
That tendency: all these, and more they'll learn; 140

Learn what is from the present age conceal'd!
Thou moon, thou due attendant, faithful friend,
True follower of thy great master earth;
Nor are thy labours there completed, all
Thy changing faces are perform'd by thee,— 145

By monthly races round thy master too,
If she for us such races run, shall man
Be idle here, in God's great end and aim?
End rather to himself, and aim to God?
Methinks she shows me of my state, prompts me 150

To new activity,—to run my race.
Oh ye majestic monitors, I read
Your meaning! You, attractive charms display,—
Incitements powerful, to exercise
My moral life, and duty to my God: 155

I will henceforth observe your intimation;
When zeal languid becomes, or light grows dim,
Ye heavenly lamps, I'll ask of you my way.

It is observable, the polar star
Against earth's axes plac'd, out of the wheel 160

Of day and night almost, seems almost fix'd,
Through small nocturnal flights. Thou star, bright guide
To navigators anciently so thought:

They sought thy aid, they search'd for thee eclips'd
By clouds, while on the wat'ry world bewilder'd. 165

But when thy face broke through the gloom, thou sat'st
Them partly right; they seiz'd their helms with joy,
And steer'd with some degree of certainty.

Such is the light, and surer word of God,
To those who are bound to the eternal shores; 170

Who're in a ship of feeble flesh embark'd,
To pass the waves of this tempestuous world.

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Consider, read their qualities, the law
 I'll read, by which they are suppos'd to move;
 Attraction and repulsion are the springs, 215
 Which whirl them round the sun; the reins
 Attraction holds, the spur repulsion has,
 That keep the trav'ling planets in their roads,
 The gravitating property,—that force
 Attractive,—or that force centripetal, 220
 Join'd with repulsion's temperature,—swift
 In flying Sol's too piercing beams, rolling
 From side to side, by too much heat repuls'd,
 The other side that's cold attracted, give
 Their daily rolls, and circles round the sun, 225
 As light as nought in the ethereal void.
 They hang; to that attracting law is all
 Their weight; and to that law adhere, more quick
 Than compass'd needles do to steel. Could we,
 A ball, hang unsupported in a room,— 230
 That's free from that attraction to our earth,
 Which makes the weight of all things, more or less,
 As porous more or less the atmosphere
 To drink; that ball, would by the fire be then
 Attracted or repuls'd; be sway'd or mov'd, 235
 According to its nature or its heat;
 And to the fire it would adhere, as do
 The planets to their central sun. Once more
 Let me observe, and teach the minds that have
 Small studios turns, or geniouses this way 240
 That up or down, in the ethereal space,
 There's none: the planets, huge and heavy seem;
 Yet all of weight is to their centre bound:
 And as they unsupported seem to hang,
 So I that substance meant hung in the room.— 245
 But let me more explicitly explain,
 What's my opinion on attraction's force,
 And power repulsive; 'tis that temp'rate heat,
 The planets bear, agreeing with the sun;
 From that they fix their distances and roads; 250
 Repulsion whirls the hottest parts away,
 Attraction draws the coldest parts more near:

We feel that temperature in ourselves:
 When we are cold, we're to the fire attracted ;
 As soon as we a due proportion get, 255
 We shift our bodies round, and next withdraw,
 Which is repulsion's law, and take our stands,
 Where our own heat and that, in temperance
 Agree: and as observ'd, the planets have
 No weight to move, but what attraction gives; 260
 They're open to that central law of heat,
 More quick than steel is to the loadstone's power.
 Those two grand principles that move the orbs,
 Bear great affinity to human life ;
 They bring to memory morality 265
 And grace; morality is oft a spur,
 First mover on, or fair foundation lays
 For righteousness: devotion next succeeds,
 And grace holds fast the reins,—attractive grace
 That keeps the life in bounds. 'Tis then the child 270
 Of both, sweet temper'd love by name, is born:
 These, like the universal law, unite
 The faithful to each other, and to God ;—
 To God their everlasting centre! Should
 You ask, why true believers shun base deeds, 275
 The answer with propriety is this ;
 It is their faith working by love; and that
 Their souls in wickedness no pleasure find:
 They cannot into riot run, for love
 To their Redeemer curbs the reins: lull'd in 280
 Lethargic indolence they cannot lie ;
 For love that gentle spur, and faith the guide,
 Move on their willing feet, through God's whole circle.
 The christian is by this united power
 Preserv'd, to run his race unerringly, 285
 Like that repulsive and attractive law,
 Which moves the planets round their central sun.
 Attraction, gravitation, or cohesion,
 Are near related to each other's cause;—
 Perhaps so near, that they are really one, 290
 Though under different names; and 'one I'll make
 Them for my present use: it penetrates

All bodies, and itself diffuses through
 The universal systems; by which law,
 The worlds, self ballanc'd, on their centres hang: 295
 And though of magnitude immense, have this,
 And only this created property
 For their support! Or downward would they fall?
 Run from their homes they might, run here or there;
 But that distinction—down or up—with them is lost, 300
 Unless their centres may be call'd their down.
 The atmosphere,—a force expansive, wraps
 The earth, and with her makes one globe; as fix'd,
 And to her centre by attraction drawn,
 As mountains, or the grosser sea below;
 Though some this virtue gravitation call. 305
 This force attractive in th' earth's centre lodg'd,
 Whatever, 'tis, no human art yet knows;
 But most suppose it to be fire: what can
 Attract our wants, to liquid and to food,
 But fire within us lodg'd,—that must be fed? 310
 Much may be said.—and I could run a long
 Way from my friend; but counting it unfair,
 I'll to his subject keep, fall in once more.
 The yielding atmosphere,—expansive fluid,
 Still constipated by an energy 315
 Attractive, wraps the globe, and us surrounds
 With force,—a weight, a pressure, though
 Unfelt;—a useful bandage to the whole:
 Without it, man would, lose partly, his weight
 Or his attraction to the centre would be less; 320
 As would the rock upon the mountain's top,
 Decrease its weight, from that more deep in earth;
 And man, should he a ladder climb, or stone
 Ascend, might never more return; they both
 Might wholly lose their weight, by being out 325
 Of gravity's command; and earth herself,
 If that should be the case, could not be fed;—
 Could not draw home the flying particles,
 That are at present lodg'd in her by fluids,
 To ballance her corrupting superfluous. 330
 It is well known, if not well known, it is

By strongest reasons well suppos'd, could we,
 Outside the atmosphere be nearly plac'd,
 Which now is gravitation's full extent, 335
 (Earth may send her attracting qualities
 Much further through the void for aught we know,)
 We should our weight diminish; further still
 Be plac'd,—even to the atmosphere's extent,
 Lose all; and light as planets hang, should we. 340
 Through this attracting hidden quality,
 Copious, and healthful rivers circulate,
 With soft, and pleasing murmurs; some
 More swift, rush o'er descending cavities;
 And would rush on, if passages, to earth's 345
 Deep centre, and no further go. The same
 Mysterious law, attracts the fluids up,
 To feed the highest tree; by the same law
 The ocean feeds the clouds; sends up vast floods
 Without the aid of engines,—human art; 350
 And in thin air suspended whirl about,
 Till earth, more dry, attracts it down: first air
 Is fed with it, next earth, returns in dew,
 Soft rains, floods violent, and frozen drops,
 All useful in their spheres: this law unites 355
 Ten thousand particles into one rock,—
 Cohesion this more rightly call'd; this law
 Materials give to all mechanic arts;
 This is the chain which ties all atoms fast,—
 In close adherence ev'ry thing together. 360
 And what is this attracting principle.
 This powerful coherence, gravition,
 With all its various names, as if to sound
 Some mighty thing in ignorance's ear,
 And serve the wise proud atheist as his God? 365
 Is it a quality in matter lodg'd
 Before the world began, and reign'd in chaos?
 Reign'd independent of the Deity,
 If matter is eternal? No; it is
 God's law; an active principle it might 370
 Have had, while fire was in it lodg'd, but not
 An orderly: on the creation day

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That work was God's, if he from chaos took
 His elements. This law, this order wise,
 Is not innate in matter, nor to man 375
 Intelligible; dark to worldly sense,
 As heaven's operating spirit: grace,
 That feels the power divine, may better feel,
 And better judge this heavenly quality,—
 Attracting worth, much like attracting grace; 380
 Attracting worth unites the atoms here,
 But soul to soul doth grace, and soul to God!
 This gift is from above, and ev'ry gift
 Of good: but sin, that proud aspiring fiend,
 Without he thanks the whole will nothing thank;— 385
 A wretch of discontent, that flies for ease
 To earth's luxurious softest lap, but flies
 In vain,—a shallow, hard repose he finds
 The bed! The saints, or heaven's truly born,
 Have all times trod, and can, vice under feet; 390
 Have triumph'd over this delusive world,
 Convers'd with heaven while they dwelt on earth;
 Not I, but heavenly grace, which is with me,
 Was the acknowledgement of ev'ry one.
 By this same graceful succour, the whole church 395
 Is still enlighten'd, quicken'd and sustain'd:
 Through this the shades of darkness are remov'd;
 The sorrows from the broken heart eraz'd;
 And man begins to find a settl'd mind:
 His hopeful thoughts, in elevation high 400
 Are rais'd, fixt on an everlasting joy,
 Beyond the baseless fabric of this world!
 Yet humble in this boundless hope;—his soul
 Is more abas'd than that fixt on this life,—
 Fixt on its baubles rotten as his pride. 405
 When I contemplate the ethereal plains,—
 Stars as so many splendid globes of light,
 Fruitful abodes of life; and that there may
 Be millions more beyond our sight; and turn
 My thoughts to the innumerable beings, 410
 Inhabiting these spacious worlds, from men
 To insects here, degrees more various there,

MM

In shape, in thought, in worth, perfection's worth,
 A total change for aught we know, how vast,
 How wonderful are all? If infinite 415
 The space, and infinite the worlds, then all
 Are infinite, in shape and quality,
 That dwell thereon! When I consider this
 Attentively,—this wonderful profound,
 In whose eternal bosom all things live 420
 That God created,—all the active spheres,
 That roll in perfect harmony, how vast
 The whole appears, and great and wise its cause!
 He rounded at his word the fiery globes,
 And lighted up old night,—that dungeon through 425
 Necessity existing; then form'd man,
 His beautiful creation to enjoy;
 Form'd him erect exalted, with his sense
 United, he may know, how far his state
 Superior is, from all things living else; 435
 And that he is immortal, though the grave
 His body claims; for that immortal end
 Created, and to know the good, and feel
 The worth of right, in moral rectitude,
 And hopes of ever to be bless'd: though all 435
 Of animated life gives us a wonder;
 The brute, or mite dissected, equal is
 With man,—in structure, wonder, and in dust!
 God bids the crimson fluid roll, or heat
 That's lodg'd in animated things attract, 440
 From the extent of limbs, the coldest blood,
 Home to its central heart; and their reviv'd
 Repulsion next takes place; as comets through
 The system run,—come home for vigour fresh;
 As soon as they a just proportion get, 445
 From their great central hearth,—the sun, they fly
 Repuls'd, till cold attracts them home again.
 Who can deny, this reason can confute;
 That when through ether's space, unnumber'd miles
 They've ran, but that their fiery tails, they show 450
 To us, become like glow-worms in a chilling night?
 Invisible to any eye, so near them plac'd,

As when we see them home, so near our sun,
 Their centre, vigour, fountain, active life?
 And man, a little system'd universe 455
 Is fram'd, with nature's law in miniature.
 God bids the vital movements play,—a world
 Of wonders summ'd in animated life,—
 Of springs and movements acting to one end,
 As much in smallest insects as in whales: 460
 Nor one is overlook'd, though ever so
 Minute; his law as perfect in a mite,
 As in a globe, or in a system'd world;—
 As perfect in its movements and its make,
 According to its sphere as man: all things 465
 God's glory in some measure share: all life
 And joy are his; calm joy and healthful peace
 Are heav'nly born, corruption and despair
 Are hell's. This rolling world, (that rolls more true
 Than wheels from temper'd springs man's subtle art,)
 With all the rolling worlds besides, above, 471
 Beneath, or underneath the zodiac signs,—
 Those constellations bright, which wrap us round,
 And monthly come to view, as earth pursues
 Her annual flight, nor misses once her tract, 475
 To baffle calculations wisely made,
 In transits or conjunctions by the learn'd,
 Bear witness to the atheist and the vile,
 There is a God! A God of order too!
 Go learn thy ways from planets, erring man; 480
 Keep from thy centre,—gold, as from the sun
 Keeps earth; no closer than thy joyful days
 Move round, nor farther than thy wants require;
 Go learn of wisdom from the system'd race,—
 Their harmony and justly ballanc'd powers, 485
 Dependent on each other's good, as man
 Should be with man; for no infringement there
 Thou'lt find. In all creation God shines forth,—
 In ev'ry atom perfect as a world.
 His goodness in the morning sun beams forth; 490
 Nor is the evening cool a barren hour,—
 A wilderness of time neglected, cut off

From good; but carries Deity's full face,
 As splendid as the noontide's sun. An eye
 Enlighten'd, God in ev'ry object sees; 495
 A heart devout, in all things him adore;
 Thanks him for ev'ry attribnte, nor dares
 To live without him in the world. If those
 Bright spangles to the naked eye be suns,
 And numbers more the telescope declares, 300
 Illuminating worlds that round them roll,
 A centre each of vigour, light, and heat,
 And show us beauty in a midnight scene,
 Who can gaze on them with indifference,
 And not adore, nor even think of God! 505
 Though systems, glorious, as we see, or suns,
 The greatest universal orbs, yet man,
 The meanest slave of man, carries a gem,
 More noble, in his breast, more worth to him,
 Than all the suns in ether; joyful hope, 510
 That everlasting friend, that child of thought,
 And thought the child of an immortal soul,
 Dwells happy in the righteous breast: the soul
 Surpasses ev'ry thing the eye can see
 Of matter gross: material substances 515
 Must like our bodies end, or suffer change.
 For this invaluable soul, the laws
 Of nature been controll'd, and miracles
 Have frighted sinning thoughts: what has been left
 Undone by heavenly power, to point out laws, 520
 And man's free agency? If uncontroll'd
 We move, having the gift of conscious life,
 (Which suns nor systems have,) a dang'rous link
 To nature, and ourselves, we might become:
 Therefore, the law was written with God's hand,— 525
 Man's ways directed in the sacred page;
 And soothingly to lead us to the law,
 And sanctify our souls, his Comforter]
 He sends, with sweet transforming influence,
 Dove like, to brood upon the human heart. 530
 On this important subject let me pause,
 And weigh that heavenly worth 'gainst mortal things—

Heroic acts renown'd in story, breath
 Of fame that's living when yourself can't live ;
 As soon as nature shuts your eyes, your name
 Is born ; but while you liv'd, through envy's pride, 336
 By those who fish'd for the same slipp'ry fame,
 'Twas stiff'd in its birth: such is the worth
 Of all, mortality can give! To save
 From slavery a kingdom's race; or fleets 340
 From shipwreck by the well-skill'd pilot's art,
 Are deeds of fame mortality registers:
 But set in competition with our souls
 Steer'd clear of endless misery, how small
 It looks, and light its value! Then, free will, 345
 To thee, I will appeal; thine, with the Christ,
 And teachers helping is the office: then,
 What vigilance in us can be too much?
 And what solicitude too much from guides,
 The guardians of this valuable charge, 350
 Who feel the peace of righteousness, and would
 Help us to feel, what happily they feel,
 And link mankind in one firm chain of love?
 And will thou not assist in thy own work?
 Shall ev'ry nat'ral incident, obstruct 355
 Thy greatest, matchless, endless good? Shall toys,
 That charm as momeatry as the child's,
 Engage thy whole of elevated sense?
 Eternal bliss is greater;—worthy more
 Thy thoughts; secure it, thou securest more 360
 Than all the toys gross matter can collect.
 How at the sight of yon celestial orbs.
 Have I been often charm'd and aw'd, when even
 I darkly them consider'd? Something then
 Like wonder seiz'd my opening mind! I look'd, 365
 And look'd again; I saw the spangl'd sky,
 And would its bodies count, if numbers had
 Not baffl'd me. Though in an early age
 I view'd the moon, and ask'd within myself,
 What was her substance, what supported her; 370
 Nor rested till her changing's cause I knew!
 Snatch'd from this lower world by gazing oft,

The more I look'd the more of beauties saw ;
 Till fancying the spheres commanded me,
 To quit below, and fix my all above,— 575
 To watch their motions, and their cause to know :
 I thought they wisdom taught as well as shone.
 May they for ever act as ministers
 By heaven ordain'd ; as counsellors, and guides,
 To our benighted steps ; as lamps to this 580
 Dark wilderness below ; and lead our souls,
 In righteous paths, through their abodes to heaven.
 I gaz'd, I ponder'd, and I gaz'd again,
 And thought on things ineffable ; I look'd
 Repeatedly with ravish'd views ; I sprang 585
 My eager thoughts into the fields immense,
 There found new beauties momentary born ;
 As righteousness in me took root, the works
 Of the Almighty's hand I more admir'd !
 And what did my admiring then avail ? 590
 To better know my God, and him adore !
 All knowledge else of their infinity,
 Their distances, and how they move, to shine
 In envied science here, is worth me nothing :
 Had I a Newton's eye and thoughts, with all 595
 The human crotchets in my head ; to pierce
 Through the illimitable void, the task,
 Would fall as short, of its completed end,
 After the greatest inroad by the eye
 Of fancy made, as when I first began. 600
 Few do with inward eyes look through that space ;
 No studious thoughts have some that way inclining ;
 Nor can they look through't wholly if they try !
 Then seek what is before thee sat,—thy task
 To run,—thy honest action as a friend 605
 With man, and faith's devotion as a friend
 With God. Oh may we seek that charity
 That makes us ever bless'd ! 'Tis humble love,
 And not conceit in worldly wisdom keeps
 The doors of heaven ; a faith sincere in Christ, 610
 And not the haughty self-sufficient spirit,
 That scorns to be of any knowledge short,

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Renouncing almost all dependancies,
 Presents a key to those abodes of bliss.
 This present state, to exercise our worth, 615
 Appears, in conscience, and in reas'ning sense,
 To be devotion's scene ; to be the dawn
 Of our infantile minds, advancing forth
 To endless day : there, souls by faith's true school
 Prepar'd, prepar'd by principles of love, 620
 Will dwell in light, and range the bless'd abodes,
 That landscape ever beautiful and new.
 Let those unnumber'd worlds in ether's space,
 Sink deep my soul in worship's humble hope ;
 Let their bright fires new kindle in my heart, 625
 A gratitude to their almighty king ;
 Then shall I be, if not in science wise,
 Wise to a happier end ! Now having walk'd,
 And worship'd in this universal temple,
 Emblaz'd with stars, and ceil'd with blue ; have cast 630
 An eye, like the enraptur'd patriarch,
 With reason and devotion through the scene ;—
 The former, meeting wonders in the skies,
 The latter, Deity in ev'ry view ;
 Having, as Moses, who beheld Jehovah, 635
 Amid the shining bush as fire reveal'd,
 Beheld him also faintly in the stars ;
 Having in heaven's book, whose orbs are words,
 Stupendous wonders read ; what now remain,
 But that I close my contemplating scene ;— 640
 Withdraw improv'd, in moral works and grace,
 In love and faith, forgetting not this place,
 Where I in solemn meditation trod,
 The stars to gaze on, and adore their God !

A WINTER-PIECE.

CHAPTER I.

CONTENTS.

Introduction. Sun's retirement. Rain, Tempest, their Effects. Pitchy Darkness; riding in it. thick Rime. keen Frost, and Serenity of weather. Severe Cold, and piercing Winds. Deep Snow. General Thaw. Evergreens- Storms of Hail. Rainbow.

THE winter fled and vernal months come in,
 The face of nature chang'd, all looking gay,
 The teeming earth hatching varieties,
 To feed the sight and hunger's keener sense,
 Let me the summer's fruitful months pass over, 5
 To overtake stern winter in the rear.
 The sun upon our tropic mounting, heat
 Ensues; the leaves expand, as if design'd
 For cool retreats to shade the living race.
 God spreads the cooling arbour, and to fan 10
 Us, softens surly winds; the growing moss
 Becomes a couch of luxury,—fit place
 For thoughts to multiply, on things of heaven
 Or earth; on earth, perhaps, and multiply
 Our worldly cares! The murm'ring stream hard by, 15
 With such smooth-whispers rolling, prompts the thoughts
 To harmony;—fit haunt for troubl'd minds,
 And studious; there, they each can build, unbuild,
 Create their fancies, castles in the air,
 Or on a better basis, let loose all 20
 Their wand'ring powers. Next autumn shows
 Its hop'd for face rewarding toil with crops,—

A wages mutable, that furnishes.
 The board with luxuries, creating vice,
 Or scantiness, to humble wicked pride. 25
 Are these the months alone God's providence
 Smiles down? Behold stern winter now in view,
 Has she no charity? Is she an outcast?
 Or dull in works,—a sluggard useless, wretch
 Of sloth, to others useless and herself? 30
 Is she an useless member in the year,
 And lives upon the active fruitful spring?
 Is she cut off from nature's fruitful works,
 And gives us no relief? Nor yet declares
 Throughout her dreary plains a cause almighty? 35
 Far from it; she no atheist shall be call'd;
 Her ways are God's as perfect as the spring's!
 He on her whirlwinds rideth; storms fulfil
 His word, and sound his mighty name; Frost speaks
 Of him, and bids the shivering beggar seek, 40
 Beyond the grave, a home surpassing this!
 Be thou, stern winter, for a while my theme;
 I'll be thy friend, though impolite thou seem'st;
 Thy qualities of good perhaps are hid,
 And like a friend sincere conceal'st thy gifts: 45
 I'll find in thee thy secret worth; a school,
 Thy wilderness of naked good shall be;
 Thy face, unpolish'd, shall the sycophant's
 Outshine; the reader shall thy beauties see.
 "Go on, my muse, I am attent to thee, 50
 "And would be more, had I my liberty;—
 "Was I not tied to my religious friend,
 "More I might say,—but his I cannot mend!"
 Say thou, or Hervey first, what next shall follow:
 The sun now wheel'd in other climes for change, 55
 And not for better services engag'd,
 Leaves us half cherish'd by his oblique beams;
 He, like a visitant unwilling, shows
 Us scarcely his clear face; through the thick air
 His feeble rays he shoots, and half the world 60
 Leaves freezing: joyless seems the face of nature;
 In more remote climes more joyless still.

His cheering face conceal'd for many months; How partial this to some appears! Yet know, That impartiality is at the root!	65
How dim his face, how languid are his beams, While on the southern horizon he rolls? Or should he wear a cloudless brow by chance, Yet like the cheerful in the house of mourning, Uneasy seems, as he so soon withdraws:	70
The flow'ry families lie dead; the tribe Of tuneful birds lie dumb; the trees stript bare, And lash'd by tempest's, spread their naked arms, To the relentless heavens; for in the air Fragrance no longer floats, but chilling damps, And cutting gales instead! The earth disrob'd, Sits like a widow destitute of friends; Or like the half cloth'd poor that shiv'ring stands, While winds in doleful accents howl, and weep. Down rain for their abandon'd state: yet he Can well be spar'd in clouds to hide, since we No warm advantage from him gain, but shows The desolation he has caus'd. When rooms With funeral black are hung, and dismal sights Around, who would the glim'ring taper wish Alive, that only shows us woe, or makes The horrors visible? And since this life, Through sin's conflicting scenes is scarcely better, 'Tis good our years are but threescore and ten! 'Tis for the righteous pilgrims long enough, And for the daring sinner far too long, Except through time his sea might find a shore! Our way to good, lies through sin's various snares, All seeming painted beautiful to sight, And even traps those righteously inclin'd; Say then, shall we accuse, or rather bless The providence, that made the passage short? The sooner we these mortal aches lay down. The sooner be with incorruption bless'd!	75
The day, with us, is got so short, it cuts Off half our labours; shorter still with some; And some have none, 'tis wither'd from the year.	80
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	100

The vapours gather, thicken to a gloom
 Almost impenetrable, to both light
 And sight. But thou, impartial, honest sun, 105
 I'll speak in praise of thee, (and winter too
 Before I end,) thou serv'st the world in turn;
 Thou canst not serve it all at once: then since
 Thy absence is my song, I'll winter pour,
 Like a deluge upon the face of things, 110
 And break through narrow minds' impediments.
 Say first, my muse, shall poison'd air fly round?
 Or say, friend Hervey, shall foul winds descend?
 Or loaded clouds discharge their pondrous weight?
 The rain, attracted by the thirsty earth, 115
 More than its own instinctive force impel'd,
 In torrents come; sink deep in earth, through her
 Hot pores, to nourish growing nature there;
 As useful to the mettle beds, as dew
 To herbage: making passages the floods 120
 Roll on, while man, for some slight accident
 Receiv'd, calls winter surly and unfair!
 But mind thy hedges, houses; cultivate
 Thy works when other seasons suit that purpose,
 Or winter in its turn will chastise thee: 125
 'Tis true, it some slight injuries does,
 To work a greater,—gen'ral good? which good,
 The lesser with it no proportion bears.
 The ploughman soak'd forsakes his half till'd acre;
 The carrier, facing long its battery, 130
 Or sideway peeping to evade its force,
 With hopeful paces watches ev'ry milestone;
 The peasant's child, a youth half fed, half cloth'd,
 With toil its outrage long for small reward
 Must bear, perhaps the family's dependance, 135
 To buy them bread for many days to come;
 The tenants of the boughs fold up their wings,
 Afraid to launch into the streaming air,
 Sagacious of their safety and their ease;
 The beasts dispirited seek sheds; their chew 140
 Their quids, and seem to ruminate on things
 More sensibly than man's conceit allows them;

Nor stir till floods are ended. Friend deluge
 I'll call thee;—though thou sweepst down rotten walls,
 Thou sweep'st off nuisances, and clean'st the soil; 145
 Thou com'st when tainted air prevails,— (unpurg'd
 For want of exercise,) and cleansest all
 Stagnated things; thou com'st inore forcibly,
 When earth is bare, and nothing has to lose,
 And driv'st thy nourishment deep down, to grow 150
 Metallic substances,—yea ev'ry stone, and feed
 The fluid passages, whereby the earth has growth:
 Or how can she hold ballance with corruption,
 Corruption daily wasting substances,
 If generating not the while? Few know 155
 The age of ores; they may be quick in growth,
 And quick in perishing for aught we know:
 The most obdurate substance will decay,
 However deep, where nature with her fluids reach!
 If this hypothesis be false, then earth 160
 Can't be earth long; her seven thousand miles
 Diametar will soon be less; or worse,
 Become a dead inactive mass,—spin not
 On her soft axle, neither fly the sun's
 Repulsive virtue in an oblique course, 165
 To bring us seasons and the years. Where sleep
 The stormy winds when calms ensue? There stores
 Exhausted are; as transient things they're dead,
 Till acting nature breeds and kindles new;
 And some whirl'd round this earthly ball, where most
 Attracted, cleansing long inactive air, 171
 That like still water poisonous becomes,
 Till purg'd by other waters hurrying through't.
 The springs of active life is in air lodg'd,
 As in the earth that whirlleth round the sun: 175
 The atmosphere is hurl'd into the most
 Tumultous state; the fiery wanderer,
 Or nitrous wild combustible drives on,
 And gathers universal particles,
 Till it becomes a body gross, a cloud 180
 Frightfully black, and frights the traveller
 At night's approach upon the dreary plain,

Whose horse or team can scarce make head against it ;
 The sturdy oak is to the root upsat,
 The poor man's dwelling o'er his head unroof'd ; 185
 And what is worse, the navigator loss'd
 In reck'ning, darkness, toss'd upon the surge
 With helm and canvass useless : vain his toil !
 Now providence becomes the pilot whole,
 Commander whole, and worker too,—the helm, 190
 And ev'ry action, they give up. Hear how
 The wind roars round the vessel's empty poles ?
 If men could have the gift of weather wise,
 'Tis then, thou sailor, that belong'st to thee !
 Thy all, and life, depend upon the shock ! 195
 Next see the peasant tying down his cottage,
 To house the cattle children haste ; his all
 Disturb'd from their repast of homely food,
 And winter's long night talez. Then see
 In pop'lous cities tiles ript from their bonds ; 200
 And chimneys from their basis, bursting roofs
 And threat'ning death to all below, that frights
 The unpraying sinner in his bed. And woe
 To the strange traveller, in darkness lost,
 That sees nor knows his path ; left destitute 205
 To cuff the raging elements ;—and rage
 They must, for from their raging ev'ry thing
 Have birth.
 "All things exist by element'ry strife,
 "And passions are the elements of life." 210
 Their raging is but temp'ring to unite :
 'Tis the Almighty's law, in nature fixt,
 Thou weak constructed man, what canst thou do,
 When rocks and forests bend beneath its scourge ?
 Thou mite of art, that ants in nature equal ; 215
 Thou breath of chaff, wilderness of words,
 Compos'd of treachery and lies,—thy pride
 And cunning, take it to the stool of grace,
 (But purge it first from filth,) and offer't up
 A sacrifice, as fit for nothing else. 220
 Condemn not winter, thank thy God ; his gifts,
 His ways, his wisdom, on the whirlwinds ride,

A GINTER-PIECE

207

As on the golden sun: man's wants are in
Eternity, and not the present hour:

Although he bids his agent sun, to roll 225

In other climes, yet he remembers thee

Although the city reels, and houses heaps

Become, sleep fled affrighted, tranquil joy

For frantic fear and wild uproar exchang'd,

Thy worldly good may then in nature's womb 230

Be form'd, and in a future day be born!

The active clouds set in commotion all

Beneath it; man, as well as sea; and should

Imprison'd air beneath the surface lodge,

'Tis mov'd to join its native element, 235

Split mountains, shake the earth for liberty.

Dreadful event to timid mortal man,

To see his neighbour swallow'd up in earth!

Yet he might call that moment on his God,

Or be prepar'd for any thing we know! 240

Those tempering events, with earth and air,

Not only serve the general production,

And free the earth from her surcharg'd with vapours

But warn the world, and bend man's haughty ways,

Prepare us for that awful hour, when earth 245

Shall to her centre shake, and give up all

Her long-imprison'd dead, instead of air!

The ocean with tremendous movements rage;

The pond'rous waves, from their capacious bed

Are heav'd, and almost lay the bottom bare; 250

They dash the rocks, and upward fly with rage;

They climb the craggy clift, they undermine,

Work out the load,—those tender arteries,

That bear, the fluid nourishment along,

To generate, and swell all substances; 255

It overleaps its bounds of sandy soil,

And overruns low lands; there stay, till tide

The next, more easy throws fresh forces in,

And drown rich meadows, never more to rise;

And even villages swept in the ruin. 260

Ye mariners dismay'd, if earthly hopes

You've lost, your heavenly may not, your end

Of good not yet! Cry unto him who holds
 The storm; if calms appear not, other calms
 He holds for you, if you have righteousness, 265
 And grace obtain'd; or may incline his ear
 To your repenting cries, that change presage
 To your licentious life,—licentious some,
 Appearingly, among your hardy crew.
 Sometimes a joyless night a joyless day 270
 Succeeds: the lazy, luring vapours, weave
 So thick a veil, that the sun's beams cannot
 Pass through, nor break their combination: then,
 What gloom must overwhelm the midnight hour!
 All must be pitchy darkness,—moon and stars 275
 Invisible! The face of ancient night,
 Before the suns were lit, or worlds were born,
 Could not a blacker veil put on! Thou air
 Unpurg'd, thou foul, and gloomy atmosphere,
 That weigh'st the spirits down, and multipli'st 280
 Man's fears, or mountains mak'st of mole-hill fears,
 And horrors giv'st to worldly minds for trifles,—
 Thou mother of despair and suicide,
 If Satan is the prince of air, 'tis then
 He sits inthron'd, and reigns triumphantly 285
 Where grace is not. Thou happy righteousness,
 Which can against those changes hold a ballance;—
 Thou'rt not puff'd up with vanity when high
 The spirits, and not dejected when depress'd:
 When grace we have, and knowing well the cause 290
 Of this effect, we are against self murder arm'd.
 Thou happy grace, that nature's vanity,
 And flighty moments by its changes brought,
 Thou canst set lightly on. I oftentimes have
 The beaming taper left; from nature's ease 295
 Withdrawn, where its luxurious bounties flow'd;
 From ruddy fire into the damp extreme,
 These sooty shades; regretting not, but rather
 Exulting in the change: the gloom, compar'd,
 With that corrupted conversation there, 300
 Was pleasing; darts from envious lips flew round,—
 Their tongues stabb'd worse than swords, stabb'd in the
 And characters from ambush fighting fell [dark]

Their throats, like death's sepulchres, gap'd fell wide,
 To swallow all perfection: loudly too 305
 They'd ball against religious ways; would challenge
 Almost omnipotence, as if 'twas fame,
 Or wondrous sense, to insult Deity,
 Or cherish opposition to his law:
 Much like the envious, ignorant low man, 310
 That cherishes the opposite of good,
 And shines in being saucy to his betters.
 A humble modesty will few offend;
 Obscenity will thousands; and the few,
 Sweet modesty offends with virtue's sting, 315
 Good reason'd conscience soon heals up the wound.
 Though deepest darkness now surrounds my path,
 And human company from me excluded,
 Yet I am not alone; a heavenly guest
 I can converse with, suiting better far 320
 My thoughtful mind, than those bold libertines,
 That treated ev'ry aim to righteousness
 With a proud mockery: a happy scape
 From what my conscience evil deem'd,—from mirth
 Ill plac'd, from sense abus'd, when boasted wit 325
 Made deaf'ning shouts on others' failings, deem'd
 As failings by their self-esteem, and gain'd
 Applause from worldly interest alone.
 Are not their ways in darkness worse than this?
 Though sconces give us artificial light, 330
 And flambeaus light men to their luxuries,
 'Tis oftimes lesser thank'd for and enjoy'd,
 Than humbler food is by the poor cottager;
 Though lighted up in worldly splendour still
 They are in darkness, grov'ling far away, 335
 From that great prize they're seeking,—happiness!
 They've forc'd me out, and are, perhaps, now charging,
 My reverence to God, as nothing more,
 Or worth no more, than singularity,
 Ill humour, disrespect to them: whatever 340
 They think, no indignation I indulge:
 If any thing like it should on my mind
 Intrude, I will convert it into prayer:

And though these changes in me dwell not, yet
 For them I'll pray: thou Sov'reign Lord above, 345
 I pray thee hear my humble supplications;
 Oh spare those valient workers of a day,
 Till sin in nature run through all her shows!
 They then, bent down with age, may come to thee,
 And save themselves, should'st thou prompt not before!
 Or if it pleases thy eternal wisdom, 351
 That wisdom acting for some secret good,
 To suffer nature,—that deceiving jilt,
 To throw some slight misfortune in their way,
 Which might their dang'rous soaring check, and bring
 Them to morality, if not to grace! 356
 Or send thy operating spirit down,
 And light their paths; show them the precipice,—
 That deadly gulf close by their side; convince
 Their self-will'd minds, how dangerous it is, 360
 To aim to live without thy aid; without
 A rooted hope in thee, to take us out
 Of nature's world,—this maze, this wild uproar,
 Our being, and our end, are worse than nothing!
 Go, man, and fix upon thy wanton sports 365
 Some bounds; thou art for nobler purposes
 Design'd, than here to live, and die, and rot,
 Through nature's changing elements. Go, try
 One act of good, repeat it with another,
 And then a third, so on till thou with it 370
 Familiar get'st, thou'lt find, another sort
 Of instinct in thee beaming forth, beyond
 The graves corruption! Something telling thee
 Good is rewarded! Which reward thou'lt feel,—
 Not only through eternity, but here! 375
 My horse, more wise than me in nature, finds
 The road, I can't: if dangers me surround,
 He is to me a guide; but providence,
 Through other various channels acting, has
 A greater, even to this mortal being: 380
 For God, should I a thousand fathoms fall,
 Can save me in this life, or in eternity! :
 Though I've no human friend, this lonely hour . . . :

To cheer, and to divert suspicion's fears,
 My faith gives me a guide; I can with God 383
 Converse, and inwardly rejoice, to feel
 His dictates, through my humble supplications ;—
 No place improper for the exercise ;—
 This solitude society as good,—
 These spiritual dictators; disputants, 390
 And quarrellers, are banish'd from my presence :
 Then why distress myself with nat'ral fears?
 Access to God, is not only a worth,
 That's indefeasable, but is a kind
 Of ambulatory defence: for those 395
 Who put their trust in him, and pray for his
 Protecting care, enjoy his angels' charge
 Over their welfare; angels them escort;
 They are their pilots through this wild abyss.
 May I enjoy the presence of my God, 400
 Then light and darkness are alike to me!
 Let him but whisper to my conscience peace,
 This awful gloom will charm like summer's shades!
 Let his perfections penetrate my soul,
 I shall not want the beauties of the morn, 405
 The noon, nor the impurpl'd evening sky,—
 Those transient charmers of a nat'ral mind!
 How changeable are nature's elements!
 I left them the preceeding evening, plain,
 And unadorn'd: but now a rime has shed 410
 Its hoary honours over all; has shagg'd
 The fleeces of the sheep, and crip'd the locks
 Of travellers; fring'd hedges, and the ground
 Profusely powder'd, peeping through the fog
 That's now declining. But the air, amidst 415
 These gaudy decorations, is with damps
 Unwholesome charg'd. the hazy influence
 Hangs heavy on the springs of life; the stream
 Of purple juice, glides faintly through its channels;
 The spirits rolling with it dull become,— 420
 That active vapour from its heat ascending!
 In vain the ruler of the day, exerted
 His beaming powers, even when at noon he rul'd,

To drive these combining particles,
 That are so close together glued by damp. 425
 I for the neighb'ring village look ; I send
 My eye, in quest of the uplifted tower ;
 But send in vain ! Its stature, and the house
 Superb, are now as humble as the cot
 To sight ! Where is the blue ethereal arch ? 430
 Eclips'd by those cohesive particles !
 The dark existing space, ere suns were lit,
 Is now to me as dark, as if no eyes
 Were given me to see them ; all are hid ;
 That space again appears an empty void ! 435
 The fog is now return'd with double force :
 Some nitrous cloud, some slight combustible
 Erewhile pass'd through and broke the combination :
 The fluid atoms fell to right and left,
 Like broken ranks by cavalry,—but now 440
 Are clos'd again. As darkness now invades
 The sight, without the gospel so it would
 The mind ; without the law, we should not know
 True good, nor evil real ; all strive for right,
 Pretended right ; a rogue would give harangues, 445
 And preach the good man's conscience out of doors :
 The present state would be confusion all ;
 The future, dark, incomprehensible
 To all, by works or grace, excepting those,
 Whose consciences faint glim'ring tapers lead. 450
 As I move on, the fog at distance seems
 Almost a solid body,—such as would
 Be proof, 'gainst ev'ry penetrating ray,
 And me imprison in obscurity :
 But when I enter it, I find myself 455
 Agreeable mistaken,—find the mist
 Much thinner than appear'd. Such is the fate
 Of mortal hopes and fears : they both fall short
 In their possessing ends : in both we are,
 By providence, judiciously deceiv'd : 460
 That hope should be our greatest blessing here !
 Next frost, its subtle influence spreads round ;—
 That northern artist, cunningly at work,

While southern nature, takes its warm repose'
 Presents its produce to the morning sun: 465
 But ill rewarded; it no merit gets;—
 For all its silver trump'ry is soon wreck'd;
 Its painted glass, hard temper'd substances,
 Glaz'd pounds, forg'd swords, built bridges, all destroy'd;
 Or rather say they must no longer reign,— 470
 They've done their office—work of use, though short:
 Behold the air, purg'd by that northern work,
 Serene and clear becomes; its pois'nous parts
 Are kill'd, and pestilence destroy'd in embryo!
 Affliction's cold corruptions mortify, 475
 And in some measure viciousness subdues.
 The dry, purg'd atmosphere, recruits our vigour:
 The purple stream, in which the spirits move,
 Flow faster round, and ev'ry branch of faculty
 Accelerates. In summers' months, such sky 480
 Unclouded, and so bright a sun, might act
 Reverse;—might throw us into feebleness:
 The rural shade, fast by the murr'ring brook,
 Fit consolation then;—fit place for thoughts
 As languid as the frame! But cheerful now,— 485
 None loiters in his path; all active seem;
 Much like misfortune's rugged schools, that teach
 Adversities;—soon train the mind to think,
 Exert, and cowardly indolence shake off!
 The northern winds, prepar'd by northern climes, 490
 Come loaded with the frozen particles,
 And make a fierce descent upon our isle:
 Within the black and scowling clouds they drive,
 Dreadfully whizzing through the darken'd air,
 That walls can scarce restrain them; in they creep; 495
 Through ev'ry cranny force a passage: wing'd
 With ice, they scatter agues through the land;
 They nip the tender plants; they cut from life,
 And thin the number of the short ag'd race,
 And summer's insects totally destroy. 500
 Nor dare the corn to peep too freely up,
 Nor blossoms bearing fruit too freely out,
 Lest they untimely are cut off. Yet all

This havock, though a heavy loss to some,
 Is no way equal to its gen'ral good! 505
 See faces pale, hear chatt'ring teeth, all you
 Who're bless'd with mortal gifts; feel for the poor
 Distress'd, you who in luxury regale;
 Feel for the orphan, and the half fed child
 Clung to its mother o'er the dying flame, 510
 That mocks its wishes more than warms its limbs;
 With hunger teasing the afflicted parent,
 Consid'ring how to lay her sixpence out,
 The only mite ordain'd for many days;
 See the poor shiv'ring child, half starv'd, half cloth'd 515
 And fire extinct: all ye that are of God
 Indeed, will not pass by that scene: See more,
 Amidst the frowns of these inclement skies,
 Benumb'd with age, to second childhood come;
 Who in their vig'rous days made waste of time, 520
 For mortal good, and good immortal too,
 Now lab'ring under want; whose shy remains,
 Of that uplifted pride, when in their bloom,
 Scarce humbl'd yet, to ask relief: Their wants
 Supplied, will bless the charitable hand; 525
 Methinks the blustering winds plead loudly for them:
 Then may they pity breathe into your hearts,
 While blowing hardships in their crazy huts.
 Observe those purple flames in burning coals;
 The quick'ning cold creates that property; 530
 A seasonable warning to the gay,
 Who round them chat, enjoying luxury,
 To quicken them with feelings for the poor!
 Then may their hearts at such a juncture, blaze
 With gratitude, as cheerful as the flames! 535
 Detain not your superfluous piles of wood,
 But haste them to the starving family's good;
 Bid them expire, the house of want to cheer,—
 To soften,—mitigate the rugged year!
 So shall it, mingl'd with their thoughts, ascend 540
 To God, with ardent prayers for their friend;
 Ascend to God, more gratefully receiv'd,
 Than costli'st offerings on the altar lay'd!

BEHOOLD that black and dreadful cloud, and large,
Eclipsing all the hemisphere, while rain,
Discharg'd by its evacuating powers
Descends, and freezes as it falls: at first
It thinly makes appearance, having not
Its force repulsive instantaneously,
As no evacuations have, from sea,
Or air, or earth, or animals; from sea,
In mist, or water-spouts ascending; air,
In rain, or thunders loudly roaring; earth,
In earthquakes, or in mountain's burnings; all
Have their discharges; and the animal,
Which is a universe in miniature,
Has its discharges, too well known to mention:
All which are springs of temperance and health.
Then flakes more large and numerous come down:
They dim the air, and hasten night's approach.
At morn's return, we through our windows peep,
And see the whiten'd earth,—see it and shrink,
And feel, and fancy feel 'its very cold,
And postpone early rising. Wishful sight
To beast and birds, whose food lays on the ground;
And man likewise, who from the ground must earn it.
Now the earth's beauties, with her rough produce,
Seem equal'd;—the waste wilderness can vie
With meadows gay,—put on as good a coat;
All dress'd in white, that far out shines the lawn
Of slatterns on a winter's day; or lilies,
Should they full rob'd appear, would tarnish'd look
Compar'd with it. Now man struck idle, has
A time, to meditate, on nature's scenes, and read
God's wondrous works, and learn the changes we
Learn whg, from what necessity the sun

Withdraws, and leaves us to the winter's mercy :
 When this consider'd, known, he'll find that God 35
 Is just, and winter has its worth ; that God
 Impartial cares for all ; an atom only not,
 But all creation's bounds ; and that the sun
 Cannot serve all the earth at once ; and could-
 He do't, where would the wise advantage lie, 40
 If by his changes all things are produc'd ?
 If we contend for that, contend in vain,
 If by those changes all things are upheld !
 Like greedy misers aiming to get all,
 The little which they have they often lose. 45
 More northern climes severer winters feel ;
 Yet agent nature is not idle there
 With good, more than between the tropic lines ;
 And there, more sturdy robust things produces,
 Than tropic baubles, work of sunshine days. 50
 Though winter, long and rugged reigns, yet it
 The soil prepares, recruits its burnt up loss,
 To undergo the same proportion'd summer :
 The scale of nature justly balanc'd is !
 The snow a garment for the corn affords ; 55
 Screens it from nipping frosts, and cherishes
 Its infant growth ; abides, and exercises
 Its fost'ring influence : then touch'd by heat,
 Or soften'd by some gentle gale, it melts,
 And sinks into the soil, engendering 60
 New substances, or adding to the old ;
 Replenishing the glebe, with such recruits,
 As will appear in spring, and autumn ripen.
 "As rain and snow descend, and not return,
 "But watereth the earth, and make it bear, 65
 "To give the sower seed, and eater bread ;
 "So shall my word, that goeth forth from me,
 "Return not void, but shall accomplish what
 "I please ; shall prosper in the thing, wherein
 "I've sent it." 70
 Nature, at length, puts off her lucid veil,
 She drops it in a trickling thaw : the snow
 In sheets slide down the houses' tops. Wee now

To rotten roofs and walls, or rather those
 Who them neglected; various op'nings spot 75
 The hills, and while we look, more numerous
 Become. Since we see nature's face again,
 What verdant traces can she show? A few
 Existing, scarce as friends when really needed,
 And should like them be highly valued! 80
 The holly here and there, hangs out its berries:
 The laurustinus spreads its graceful tufts,
 Beneath a covert of unfading foliage:
 The hardy ivy clothes the crazy wall,
 Nor shrinks beneath the pinching drudgery, 85
 Though frowning elements still threaten it:
 The laurel, firm, erect, and bold, expands
 Its leaves of vivid green; in spite of storms,
 Or winter's whole united force, maintains
 Its spot, and strength, while with'ring millions fall: 90
 Worthy by conqu'ring winter's rugged force,
 To crown the genious of the worthy race!
 Nor must the bay tree be forgotten, which,
 To be a pensioner on vanities,—
 A few hot days of short liv'd summer scorns: 95
 These, and a few besides, retain their worth,—
 A comely aspect in the bleakest climes,
 And in the coldest months. How bappy he,
 Whose temper is as firm! Whose righteousness
 The changing elements can't sway! Who can 100
 Subdue his lust for transient ornaments!
 Behold in a true glass the forward wit,
 That shines in saucy, momentary laughs,
 Affronting one to make a sport for ten!
 Who can look through the wise man and the fool, 105
 With thoughts unrid'd as the smoothest air!
 Such are the pleasures of a sense refin'd,
 And the religious hearts, that scorn base deeds:
 For nature's world, in its corrupted state,
 Betwixt prevailing ignorance and sin, 110
 Is scarcely worthy wisdom's child to nurse!
 The wise man borrows not his peace from hence,—
 From trifles or absurdities, that tend,

To neither grace, or good morality :
 The wise man has a fund within, lay'd up 115
 A stock in early days, when providence
 He courted, and she gave him hope: he saw
 Its use; he pin'd after the golden toy,—
 Bless'd wisdom, which his courting soon obtain'd,
 And grace soon follow'd her companion dear! 120
 If snows compose the light-arm'd troops, methinks
 The hail composes the artillery :
 When driven by a vehement wind, with what
 A rapid force the stony shower descends?
 How it rebounds from the hard frozen ground, 125
 And rattles on resounding domes? How smoke
 The rivers, by its scourging them to foam?
 How nips the tender flowers, and the plants
 Of shallow roots? How spoils the gardner's toil,—
 Knocks in his feeble glass work batteries? 130
 How darts against the trav'ler's face, who turns
 His head in haste, and feels as though his cheek
 Was wounded? Should he to the house retreat
 It follows him; and like an enemy
 Resolv'd, seems to bombard him there; the glass 135
 Can scarcely shelter him. But the attack
 Is quickly over; the revengeful cloud
 Soon spends his shafts; and well-design'd it should!
 And now appears the bow of reconciliation;
 Its uniformity so regular, 140
 That mocks the human artist, shames his works;
 No circle half so perfect can he make.
 It tells us to forget the storm, writes peace
 On earth, good will to men, bids joys increase,
 That we a happy kingdom have in view, 145
 Where sin can't reign, but glories ever new;
 Where storms shall beat not, winter pierce no more:
 Then happy they, who make that heavenly shore!

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